WEEK ENDING JAN. 26, 1929

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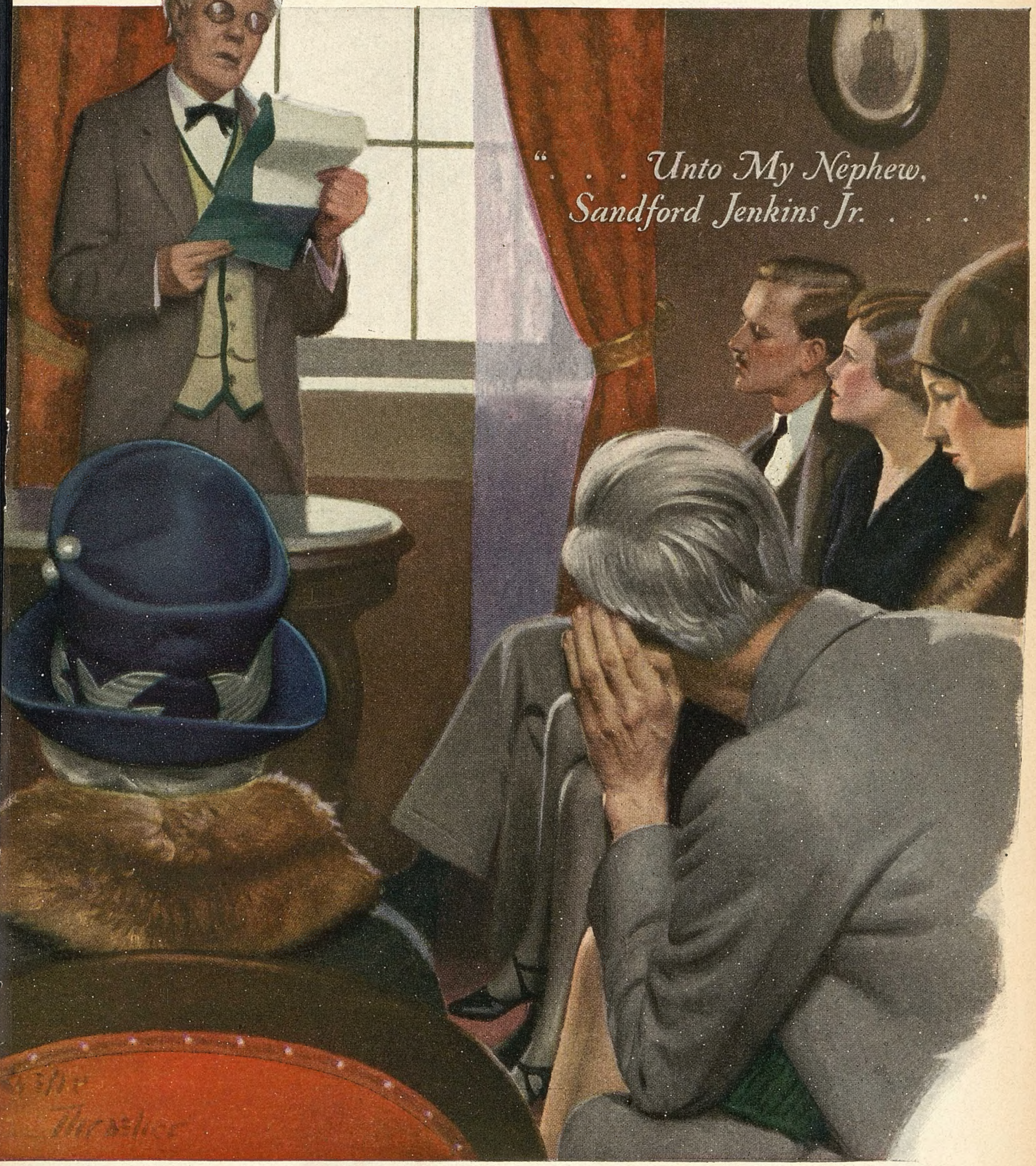
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody



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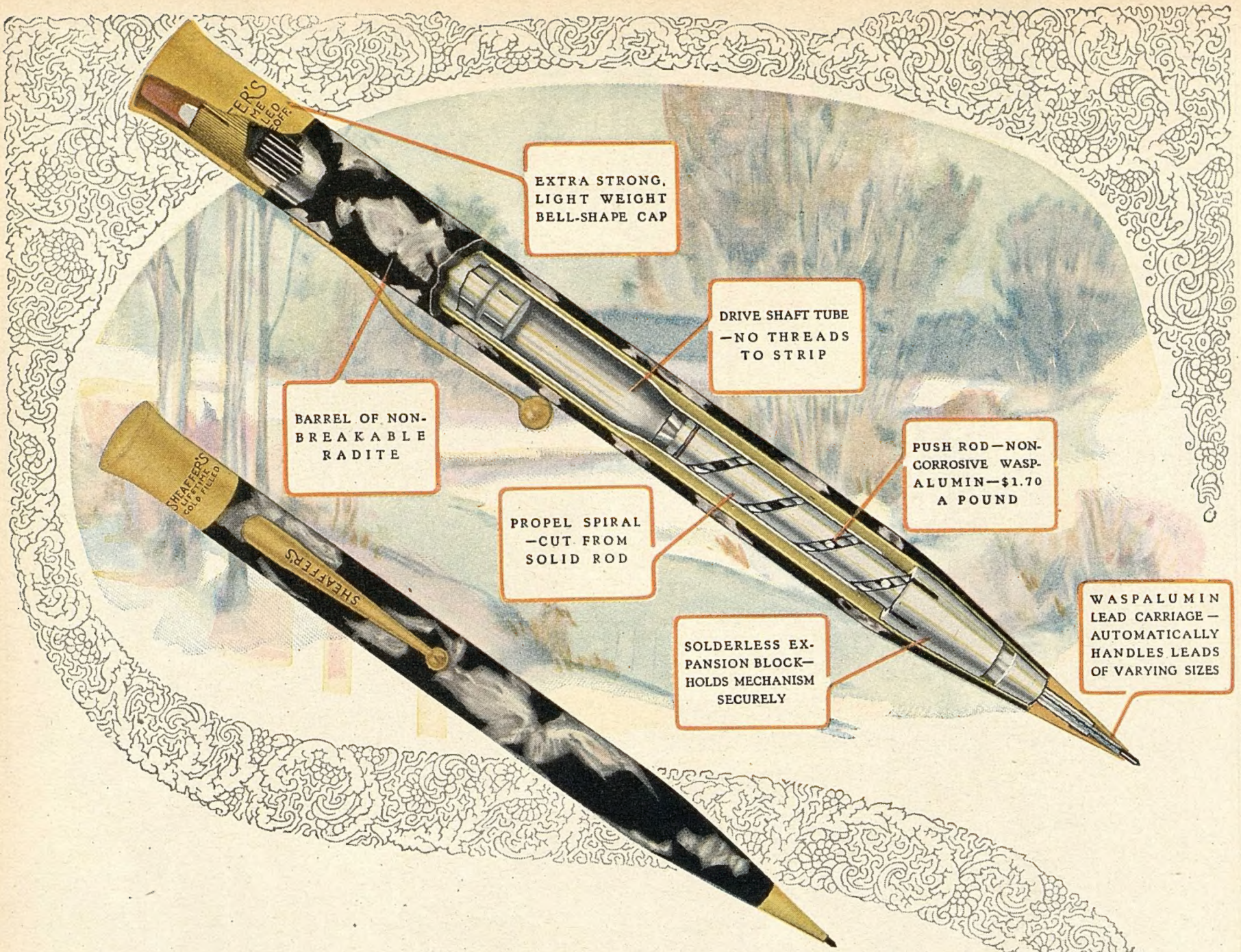

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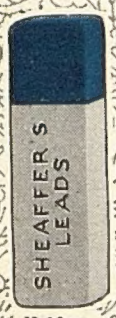

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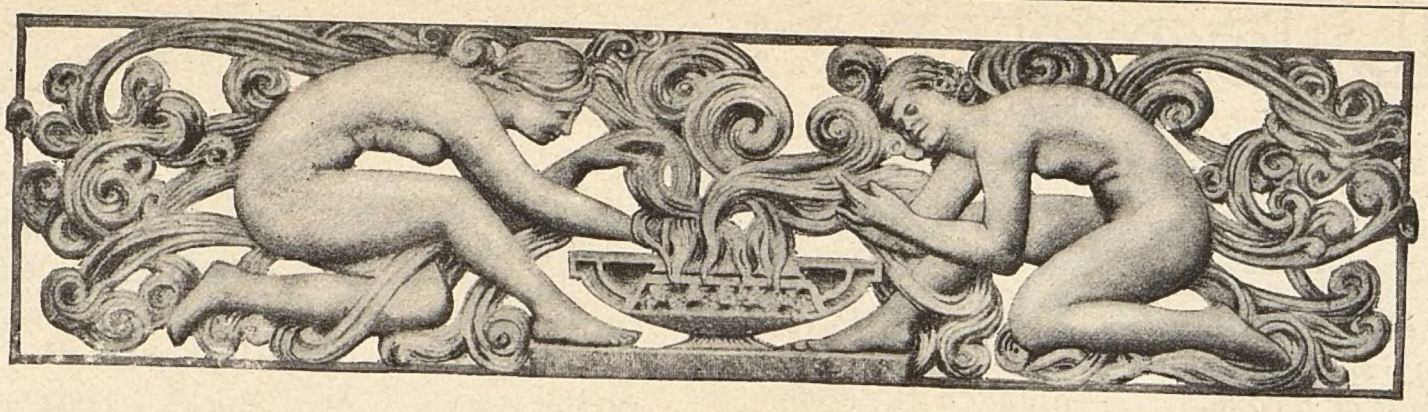

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JAN. 26, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 3

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

S. P. C. A. AGAIN

You may remember certain recent observations in this place on "cruelty" to animals. We find that we have not quite unburdened ourselves of all our thoughts on the subject. Here are a few more.

What we were trying to say was that some people permit themselves to become so morbid about hurting animals that they carry it to an extreme which not only fails to help the animals but probably tends to hurt the people themselves.

When a Gandhi loses his influence because he kills a sick cow, while 300,000,000 of his people are ruled by 50,000 British, something is wrong.

It is false sentimentality that gathers animals in Bide-a-Wee homes and treats them with lethal gases to put them out of the way. We venture to say the homeless cats and dogs thus removed from the world would rather live hunted, hungry lives than to be deprived of any life at all.

And the people who will do this sort of thing are the same people who will take a police dog, essentially a wild animal, and walk him up and down with a muzzle and on a leash in the city—the worst cruelty conceivable to this particular kind of dog. It is like solitary confinement for a man.

These are the people who are distressed by thoughts of the fate of Spanish bulls, gamecocks, and fighting terriers. Such animals are raised to fight, and they love it. If that were not so, they would not have been raised at all. Is a magnificent death on the battlefield to be despised for animals and glorified only for men?

As for game laws, when you come to analyze them, they are really devised so that more men may kill more animals; so that the pleasure of killing may be extended to further generations.

Some humanitarians may think it proper to restrict the shooting of ducks. That simply means that more generations of ducks will be killed.

Tender hearted folk have deplored the fate of the American buffalo, speaking sadly of that vanished spectacle, a sea of buffalo backs on the western plains. Well, if the buffalo had not been exterminated there would be no cattle on the western plains. And if there weren't any cattle there wouldn't be any white men.

In other words, if we are to prolong the life of certain species it must logically be for the pleasure of killing them. If game laws are not for this purpose, then they should be abolished, and the rest of us should take it out in gang wars.

All this suggests the story of the little boy looking at a picture of Daniel in the lions' den. The boy was crying, and his mother asked him why.

"Are you crying because you're afraid they'll eat him?" she said, prepared to console him.

"No," was the reply. "I'm crying because I'm afraid the little lion in the corner won't get any."

Whatever the sentimentalists may say, animals are in the world to be subject to man's superiority —to be eaten and have their pelts worn, and to be shot for pleasure. And the nation that does not realize this is in peril of misconceptions vastly more grave.

The S. P. C. A. movement and its sympathizers would do well to pause and examine some of their premises.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

January 26, 1929 LIBERTY Vol. 6, No. 3

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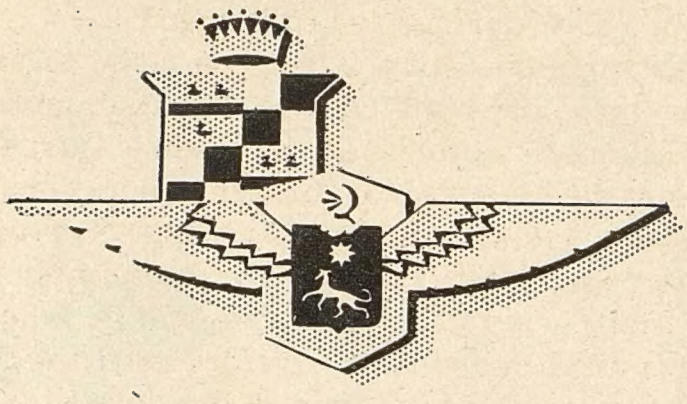

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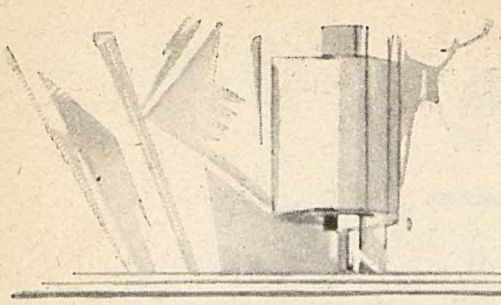

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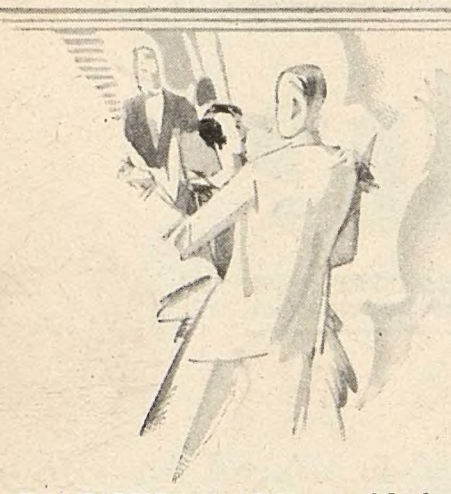

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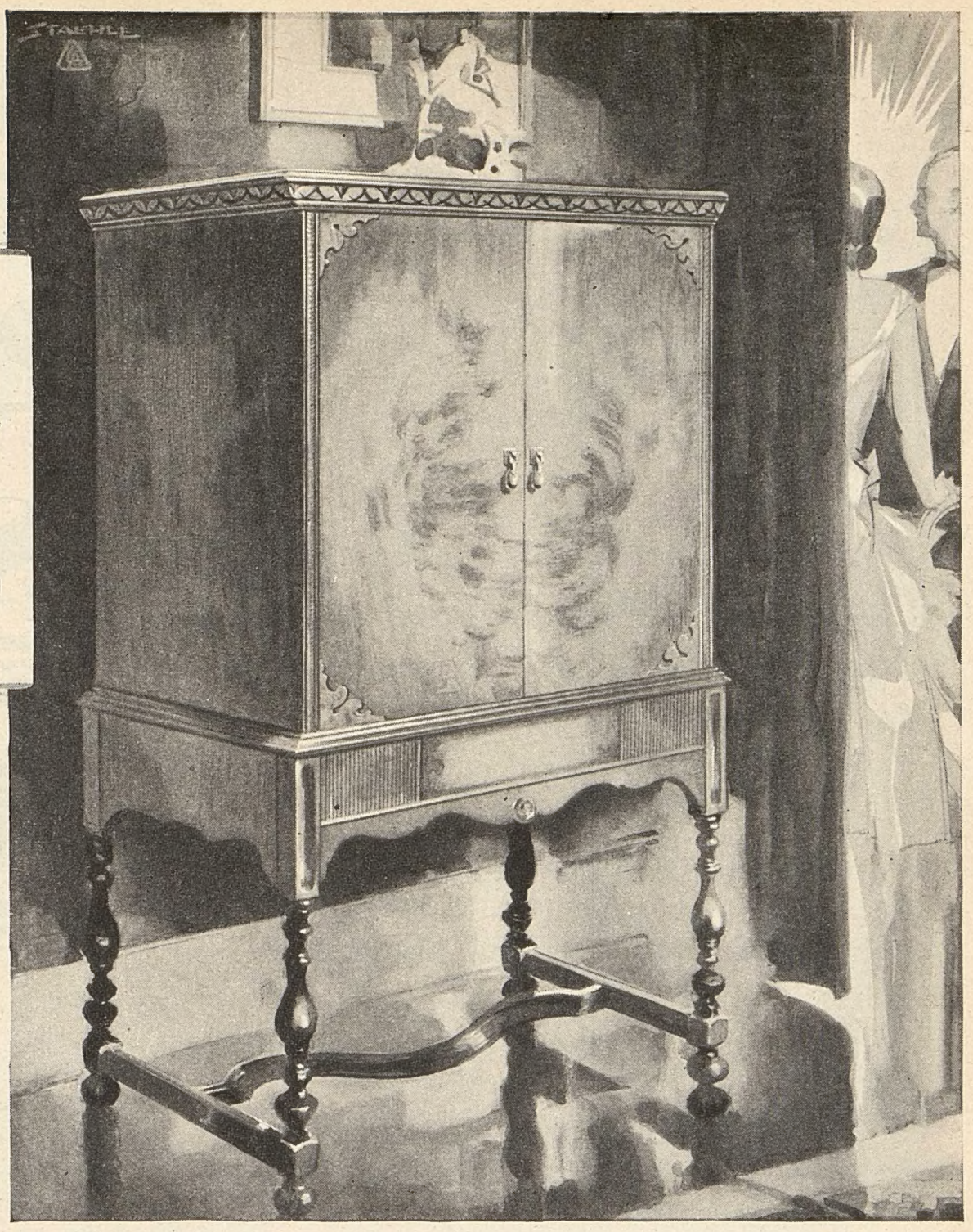

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The Mystery of the Bridge Whist Expert

The Story of a Murder that Simply Couldn't Have Happened—But Did

By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

P. & A. photos

Newspaper men at Elwell's door two hours after the murder, quizzing an assistant district attorney; and, at the left, Joseph Bowne Elwell.

JOSEPH BOWNE ELWELL was born in Cranford, New Jersey, in 1875, the son of Joseph S. Elwell and Jennie A. (Fisher) Elwell. After attending the public schools there he moved to Brooklyn about 1900 and got a job as salesman for a hardware firm.

Since his teens Elwell had been a good card player, and by the time he was twenty-five he was a wizard at bridge whist. He joined a few Brooklyn clubs, among them the Irving Republican Club, where he won large stakes, particularly at bridge. This game was a passion with him, and a few years later he wrote a couple of books which were quickly accepted as authoritative throughout the bridge whist world.

Then he began to teach this game to wealthy society women in Brooklyn, in Hempstead, and in Garden City. About 1904 he married the former wife of a Long Island City lawyer; and to them was born a son they named Richard Derby Elwell. The boy was about fifteen when his father was murdered in 1920. Mrs. Elwell collaborated with her husband on his books; and a year or so following his marriage, so widespread had his fame become, they moved to Manhattan, where Elwell was soon making more than $20,000 a year from his pupils.

Contact with the idle rich of both sexes presently had its not unusual consequence—Elwell tired of family life. In 1916 he and his wife separated and thereafter he contributed $200 a month to her and paid all his son's expenses. By that time Elwell had fine town quarters at No. 244 West Seventieth Street, a three-story house which he occupied alone, and had cottages at Palm Beach, Saratoga Springs, and Long Beach, Long Island.

Elwell also made large sums in cotton futures, acting on market tips given him by bridge pupils. A firm of brokers in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel handled his account. Royalties from his books approximated $7,500 a year, and he won sizable sums in gambling clubs. After building a comfortable home for his aged parents in Ridgewood, New Jersey, and banking a sum sufficient to insure the monthly payments to his wife and son, he branched out again.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MYSTERY OF THE BRIDGE WHIST EXPERT]
Continued from page seven

With William H. Pendleton, a well known turf man, Elwell organized the Beach Racing Stable. His stud farm was at Covington, Kentucky, and he hired Lloyd Gentry to train and breed the fifteen or twenty thoroughbreds he owned. He also was a partner in two fine stallions with Phil Chinn, a noted Kentucky sportsman.

The former hardware salesman had long before plunged into the night life of New York, and into such Manhattan society as would welcome his genius as a bridge player.

The bachelor quarters in West Seventieth Street became a seraglio. Elwell was now a connoisseur in feminine charm. Single women and widows and wives and chorus girls and night club hostesses and the wantons of the town became his companions.

The Elwell household consisted, by 1920, of William H. Barnes, secretary and valet; Edward Rhodes, chauffeur; and Mrs. Marie Larsen, housekeeper. None of them lived on the premises. The house was stocked with an assortment of fine liquors, prohibition having come into force only five months before the murder.

Elwell could remember the position of each of the fifty-two cards in a deck—but he could not trust his memory in the matter of the fifty-three women who entered intimately into his life. After his death a card index was found in his desk which contained the names and initials and pet names and addresses and telephone numbers of these fifty-three playmates. To have published their names at the time of his mysterious murder would have smirched them by sheer innuendo.

The police also found hundreds of photographs of women, many of them celebrated in different strata of New York's cosmopolitan society. And concealed in a drawer under other papers the police found Elwell's "love pension" list, a list of women to whom he sent sums monthly—for what reason you are at liberty to imagine for yourself. Canceled vouchers and check stubs substantiated this information.

Here is a good place to observe that there was a world of motives which might have accounted for the murder—angry husbands, jealous mistresses, persons he had despoiled at cards, jilted maidens, turf quarrels, liquor deals—for after he was buried strange tales were told of his bootlegging activities; night club scandals, blackmail. In such a life as he led, there might have been a hundred persons who could have wished his death.

AT 7:30 o'clock in the evening of Thursday, June 10, 1920, a gay dinner party stood before the cloak checkroom in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lewisohn, a surname noted in New York's business and Broadway annals, a sister of Mrs. Lewisohn named Viola Kraus, and Joseph Bowne Elwell.

As they turned toward the dining room they confronted a couple—Victor von Schlegell, a famous Yale football player in 1898, and in 1920 employed by the United States Rubber Company, and Miss Emily Hope Anderson, a young Minneapolis singer studying voice in New York.

The quartet and the couple bowed—and then laughed merrily; for that very day a judge had made final the divorce of Von Schlegell from Viola Kraus!

Two or three hours later the Lewisohns' party was at a prominent table on the New Amsterdam Theater roof, where the Midnight Frolics were playing. There they were joined by Octavio Figueroa, a South American journalist and mutual friend. As they seated themselves they all laughed once more—for two tables away were Von Schlegell and Miss Anderson.

"I can't keep away from Vi even if the judge said today that we needn't be together again," Von Schlegell said to his companion, nodding and smiling across at his former spouse and her friends.

The party at the larger table continued until 2 o'clock in the morning of Friday, June 11. They went down in the elevator to Forty-second Street, offered Elwell a lift home in the Lewisohn taxicab, and, when he refused because it was crowded, said good night and left him walking toward Seventh Avenue, where he was to take a cab and go north to his house in West Seventieth Street.

ELWELL did take a cab, the cab driven by Edgar Walters, a colored man, who traversed the identical route the next day with a cargo of detectives. Walters told them that at Sixty-sixth Street his fare had him stop at a newsstand where he purchased a Morning Telegraph and got in the machine again. At No. 244, the driver said, the passenger paid him, gave him a thirty-five cent tip, and crossed the sidewalk and went up the three steps to the little landing and the front door.

Elwell entered his door at 2:30 A. M. Some time thereafter Viola called him up. They had had a mild quarrel, she testified later, which was probably one reason why Elwell wouldn't ride north in the Lewisohn car. At 4:39 A. M., the telephone company's records show, Elwell called Far Rockaway 1841, the Long Island phone number of Pendleton, his partner in the racing stable. After about five minutes the girl reported that that number did not answer, though Pendleton later testified that the phone extension stood on a little table by his bed and he would have heard it if the bell had rung.

At 6:09 A. M. Elwell telephoned to a number in Garden City, Long Island. But whom he called, or why, or how long he talked, or whether, in fact, he got an answer has never been revealed.

At 6:15 Henry Otter, a driver for the Sheffield Dairy Company, stopped at Elwell's house and left a quart of milk in the little vestibule.

At 7:10 Charles S. Torey, the postman, opened the storm doors, placed a number of letters on the tiled floor, and pressed the electric buzzer twice, his customary signal at every house.

At 8:10 o'clock Mrs. Marie Larsen, the housekeeper, picked up the quart of milk, unlocked the door, and entered the house. As she walked down the hall she happened to look through the first door on her right into the living room.

In a large chair just inside, its back against the hall wall, and facing the fireplace across the room, sat Elwell in his pajamas—the coat unbuttoned, no slippers on his bare feet, his toupee and plate of false teeth missing.

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN MURDER MYSTERIES

THIS Mystery of the Bridge Whist Expert is the first of ten stories of celebrated, never solved murders that I am going to tell.

Since everybody is a detective at heart, it has occurred to the publishers of this magazine that interest in the stories—most of which will be told in this series from beginning to end for the first time—may be pleasantly heightened by offering cash prizes for the best feats of detective reasoning.

LIBERTY therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten mysteries. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, the prizes will be duplicated.

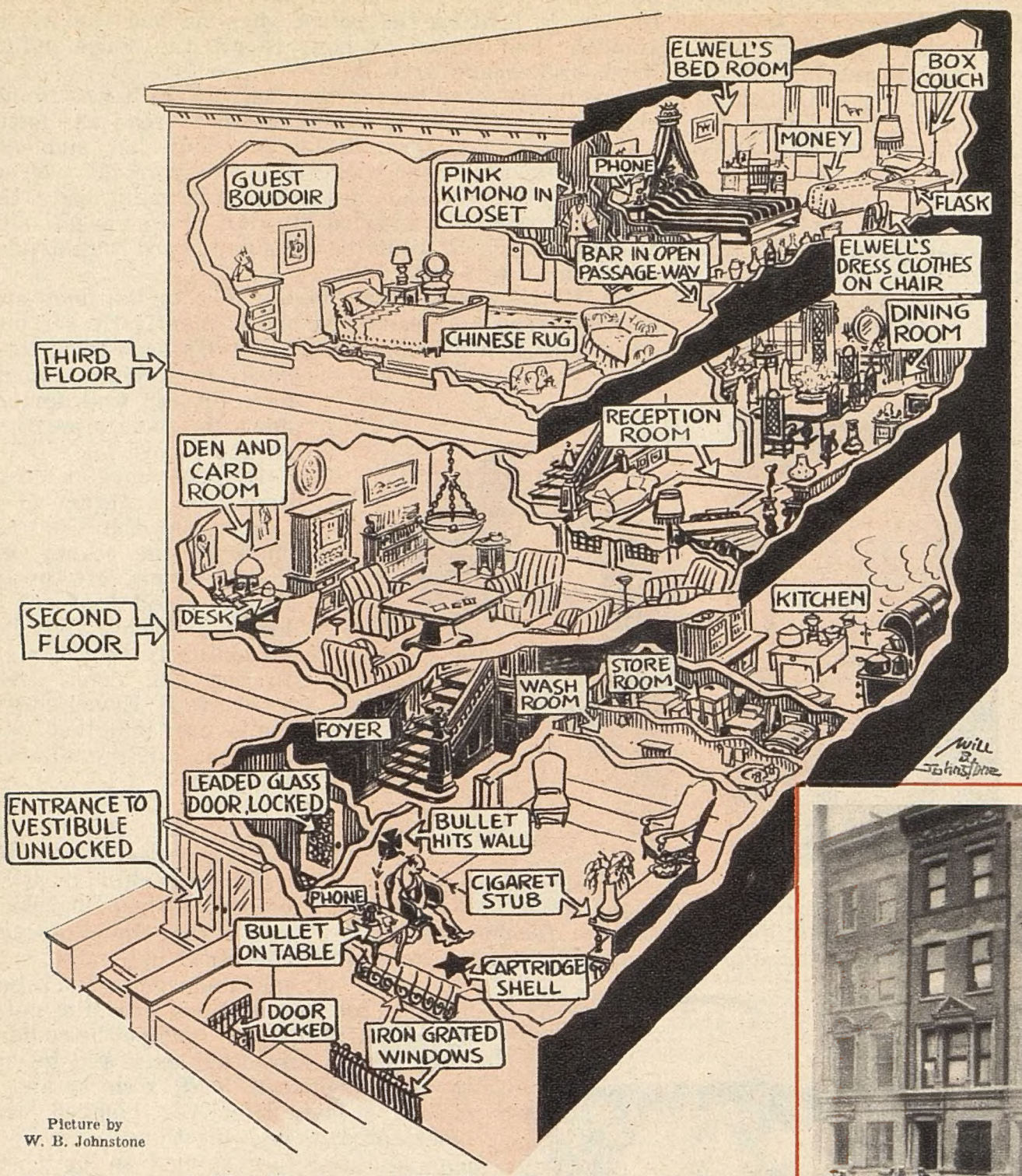
Read the story, figure out who committed the murder, and mail your solution to me in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to LIBERTY. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. It might be well to say it within 500 words, simply telling who you think did the killing, and why you think so.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your contributions. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, any solution mailed to me must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story appears. Names of winners will be published as soon after they are selected as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND.



Picture by W. B. Johnstone

A diagram of Elwell's house, No. 244 West Seventieth Street, New York City, showing where his body was found, and the arrangement and furnishing of all the rooms.

International photos

Front and rear views of Elwell's house. At the hour when he was shot, entrance was possible only through the front door.

several unopened envelopes on the floor, and in his lap an open letter which he had been reading.

Directly between his eyes was a bullet hole, and blood was spattered all over the wall, his face, his body, and the carpet around the chair. He was breathing heavily.

Mrs. Larsen ran out of the house and across the street to where the Sheffield dairy wagon was standing, Otter having returned to pick up empty bottles or to collect bills from risen households.

"Call an ambulance, quick! Mr. Elwell has been shot," Mrs. Larsen cried.

"I'm not a policeman—I don't know how to call an ambulance," the driver answered. "Run up to the corner and tell the cop about it."

Mrs. Larsen ran and told the traffic policeman, and they hurried back to the house. The policeman, after one glance, found the telephone out of order and went next door to an apartment where he telephoned police headquarters. The call was registered there at 8:31 o'clock.

Who was in the house, or who entered the house, and shot Elwell, between 7:10, when the postman rang the bell, and 8:10, when Mrs. Larsen arrived?

In a little while District Attorney Edward Swann and Captain Arthur Carey (later Deputy Inspector Carey in charge of the Homicide Bureau) reached the house. In their wake was Medical Examiner Charles S. Norris. This is what they discovered:

There were only two entrances to the building, the wide front door and a small door under the street stairs leading to the basement. This door was locked on the inside. All the windows were fastened inside, save for one in Elwell's bedroom in the rear of the third floor which had been left open because of the warmth. Nobody could have entered or departed through that window.

Downstairs, the large front window was covered by a heavy iron grill. The housekeeper found the front door locked, the Yale lock having been changed some time before and two keys provided, one carried by Elwell and one by Mrs. Larsen.

UNLESS Elwell admitted some person, or absent-mindedly left the front door ajar, there was no way for anybody to have entered, the detectives agreed.

On the third floor, above the front entrance, was a bedroom fitted to gratify the most fastidious feminine occupant. The bed had not been disturbed.

In Elwell's bedroom, the bed covering had been tossed back halfway, as it would be when a man tries to keep cool on a June night, by lying atop the sheet in his pajamas. His pillow indicated he had lain there, but the other pillow was undented and that side of the bed undisturbed. On the floor lay the Morning Telegraph he had purchased on the way home, open at the pages containing Friday's entries at the different tracks.

On a chair at the foot of the bed Elwell had carefully placed the trousers of his evening clothes, and in a pocket was $400 in bills. On the dresser were his jewelry, his toupee, and the plate of false teeth. His slippers were on the floor. Nothing in this room or, indeed, anywhere in the house even remotely hinted at the identity—or the sex—of the assassin.

In the death chamber downstairs was a weird and baffling situation. Elwell was sitting upright in his chair near the hall door facing the fireplace. At his right was a table and on it lay a .45-caliber steel-jacket bullet. It had pierced his head, struck the wall directly above and behind him, and ricocheted to the top of the table.

On the floor near the bare feet was the empty shell which the army automatic pistol had ejected the instant the gun was fired. Examination of the bullet and cartridge established the fact that they had been made in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MYSTERY OF THE BRIDGE WHIST EXPERT]
Continued from page nine

1917 for the army by the U. S. Cartridge Company.

Opposite Elwell's chair, but to his left and in the corner of the room, was an expensive Cogswell chair behind which a man might hide, as Captain Carey proved by having a detective conceal himself there. But the bullet could not have been fired from that spot, because the thirty powder marks on Elwell's face proved to the trained detectives, beyond all possibility of question, that the gun had been held not closer than three and not farther than four feet from his face.

Furthermore, the path of the bullet indicated that it had been fired either from the hip or while the slayer was crouching, because the hole in the back of the head was exactly one inch higher than the wound in the forehead, and the mark on the wall behind proved it had continued on its upward flight.

Elwell possessed an understandable degree of personal pride; and it is extremely unlikely that there were more than six persons in the world whom he would have admitted to the house while he was divested of his false hair and teeth, in his bare feet, and with his pajama coat open. I shall refer to these six presently.

On the mantel above the fireplace the detectives found a cigarette stub of a brand other than the ones Elwell kept in his humidor.

The telephone stood on a table near the front window, but it had been tampered with. Mrs. Larsen said it had been out of order for several days—yet Viola Kraus had called Elwell that night and he had called Long Island twice!

There were no fingerprints anywhere, and there was no sign of a struggle.

THE murder, it was obvious, was committed either by a person whose presence was a 100 per cent surprise to Elwell, sitting there reading his mail and shot before he could move—or by a person in whom he placed 100 per cent confidence and who he never expected would draw a pistol and kill him.

By the former, I mean it was done by a burglar; and, assuming for the moment that it was such an intruder, a number of speculations immediately arise.

When did the burglar get in? If he was in the house when Elwell got home, why didn't he do his burglarious stuff while Elwell was in bed, either sleeping or reading his paper or telephoning? If he got in after Elwell returned, how did he get in? And what was he doing in the interval between 2:30 A. M. and 7:10 when the postman called? If he was acquainted with the housekeeper's daily routine and knew she would be there at 8:10 o'clock, why didn't he go upstairs and get Elwell's money and jewelry after he shot him?—because Medical Examiner Norris declared Elwell had been shot at least forty-five minutes before Mrs. Larsen found him.

If it was a burglar behind the Cogswell chair, the only piece of furniture where he could hide without being seen by Elwell as he sat down with his letters, how did he contrive to get from the chair to the three feet he was away from Elwell when he pulled the trigger without the victim seeing him coming?

If he had the wit to move the chair, after the shooting, from a position directly in front of Elwell, so as further to confuse the police, then he had the wit to know he had almost an hour to rob the house before the housekeeper's arrival.

Was he crouched behind the chair where it was found, and did he wait until Elwell began to read the letter which was found open in his lap, and then suddenly leap across the room with the pistol pointed? If so, why wasn't Elwell shot in the left side of his body, the natural target of a hurried burglar, or in the left side of his head, which would be the side toward the intruder as he ran toward the door?

Or, if the burglar was on the way to the door and Elwell turned his head in surprise, manifestly the bullet, even if it had gone through Elwell's head from forehead to occiput, would have hit the wall farther down the room toward the front window.

Did the burglar do so unnatural a thing as to leap, from the Cogswell chair in the corner, obliquely to his left toward Elwell, stand in front of him and shoot, and then go obliquely to the right to the hall door? And what was Elwell doing while our imagined robber was angling all over the room?

N. Y. World photos

Victor von Schlegell, who was questioned in the Elwell investigation, and Viola Kraus, his former wife, who was in Elwell's company the evening before the murder.

International photo

Emily Hope Anderson, who was the means of Von Schlegell's alibi and who later became his wife.

HOW did the burglar leave after he shot Elwell? He couldn't have left before nearly 7:30 o'clock, and at that time the street contained any number of men and women and school children who would have seen him going down the front steps—and yet he couldn't have left by any other exit, and he had to leave between 7:20 o'clock and 8 o'clock! The detectives combed that block for days and questioned every person who was accustomed to be thereabouts between those hours.

Let us say that the murder was committed by somebody enjoying Elwell's complete confidence. Who might that be? One of his relatives? Not only was there no motive for his parents or his brother or his two sisters to kill him, but each of them had an unassailable alibi. Mrs. Elwell, from whom he had been separated for four years, was not only wholly indifferent to Elwell's mode of living, was not only dependent upon him for $200 a month and her son's expenses, not only knew that Elwell had cut her off without a cent in his will, but she also had a perfect alibi as to her whereabouts.

It is extremely doubtful if any other man or woman was so intimate with Elwell that he would take him—or her—home with him and permit that person to see him wandering around *à la* truck driver; or that, in that unsightly condition, he would admit any man or woman who might have called after the postman left the mail.

But if there was a person who came to the house after Elwell got home at 2:30, whose relationship was such that Elwell didn't care how he looked before him—or her—where did this mysterious man or woman sit or lie or stay from the time he or she arrived until Elwell was shot? The beds proved nobody had been in them during the night, either robed or disrobed.

The letter Elwell was reading was from Lloyd Gentry, his racing stable trainer in Covington, Kentucky. The other letters, unopened, likewise hinted nothing that

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

PEP O MINT
LIFE SAVERS
For "good taste"
always include a
package of —
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
THEY SWEETEN BREATH AND AID DIGESTION

PACKARD

—It's prestige never wanes

THE inherent beauty and prestige of a Packard remain undiminished through many years of driving—whether in the hands of the original buyer or serving a second owner. For Packard builds long-lived cars and does not depreciate them with frequent or radical changes in design.

Below, for example, is a Packard Club Sedan now the property of a young superintendent of construction for a large contracting firm. Its first owner, a prominent broker, turned it in to accept delivery of a Sedan Limousine.

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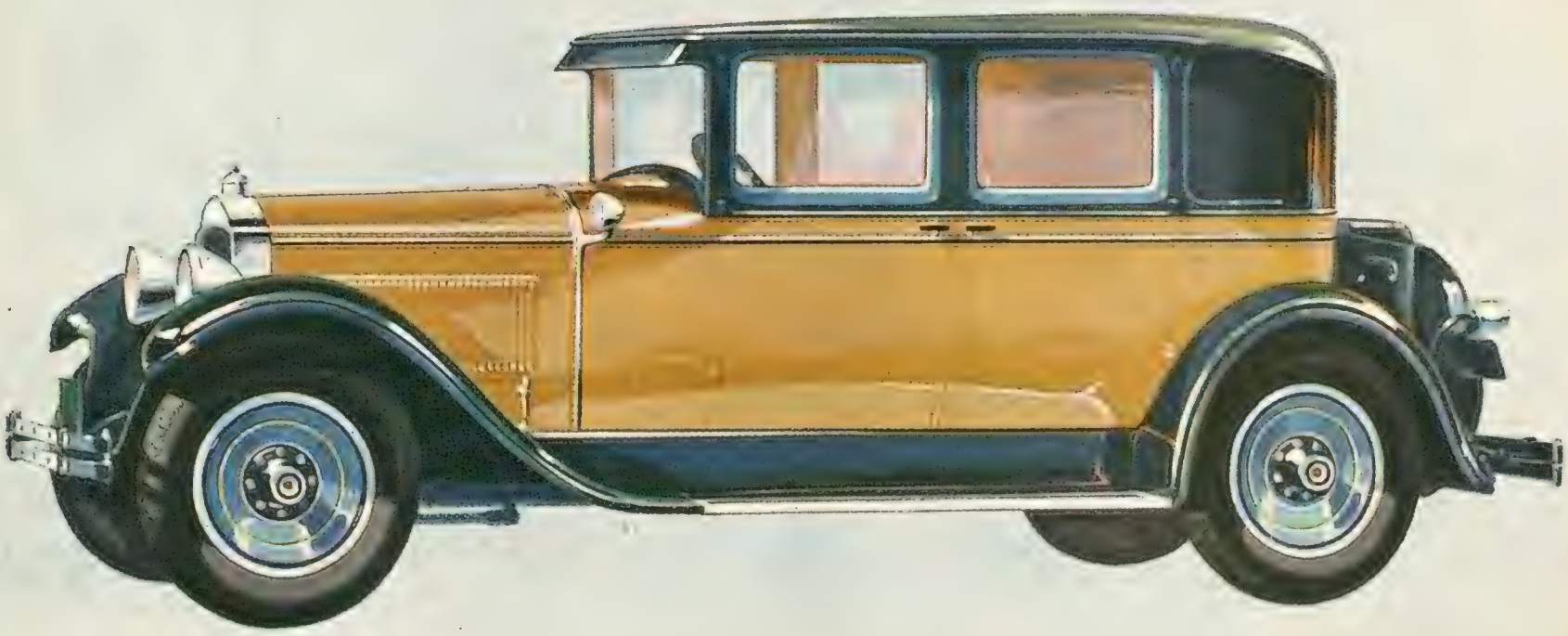
Why not see the Packard dealer in your city? He may be able to make early delivery on the very car *you* want. Why not enjoy Packard ownership at costs no greater than for many lesser cars?

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN]

might have infuriated an angry visitor waiting for the mail to be read. All these were letters that the postman had left that morning.

It is unlikely that anyone to whom Elwell owed money feared he couldn't pay, because Elwell not only had plenty of cash in his banks, but had resources quickly convertible into any sum he might owe.

NOW, I've said that the detectives found a card index of the names of fifty-three women, a "love pension" list of apparently discarded mistresses, and a vast number of photographs of women. They also found a great many letters from both men and women.

Somewhere in that pile of documents lies the motive for the murder, the ordinary reader will exclaim. Well, there might have been motive enough—but the detectives investigated the relations between every man and woman named in those papers and the dead man, and their whereabouts during the unescapable time of the shooting.

And every single man and woman established a definite and unimpeachable alibi!

The sleuths did not content themselves with this exhaustive inquiry; they went to Palm Beach, to Kentucky, to Long Island, to every race track and city where Elwell had ever been. They examined every man and woman he had ever known, so far as they could discover, whether or not their names were among those found in Elwell's house. They ran down every anonymous tip, and hundreds came in; they literally exposed every human contact Elwell had ever had in all his career—and in not one instance did the men and women he knew fail to have the necessary alibi.

Where was Viola Kraus after she left Elwell at 2 o'clock on the sidewalk in front of the New Amsterdam Theater? She proved that she was with her sister in the Lewisohn apartment all night.

Where were Von Schlegell and Emily Hope Anderson? Did Von Schlegell resent Elwell as an escort of his divorced wife? Nothing was adduced to indicate that Von Schlegell had the slightest interest in anything his former wife did. And he proved that Miss Anderson had had breakfast with him in his apartment at the time when he would have had to be in Elwell's living room to shoot him.

Mr. Von Schlegell left his apartment on East Sixty-first Street, nine blocks south and across Central Park from Elwell's address, and went to the Willett Garage at 15 East Fifty-eighth Street, where he kept his car, arriving there at 8 o'clock. He intended to drive to Atlantic City with Miss Anderson that morning. But the car was out of order and he was told he'd have to come back for it at 9.

The actual time elapsed between his tête-à-tête breakfast in his rooms and his appearance at the garage excluded the physical possibility that he could have hurried to Elwell's house, shot him, and got to the garage at 8 o'clock.

Miss Anderson departed for her home in Minneapolis till the scandal and the excitement subsided. A couple of years afterward she and her breakfast host were married.

The net of inquiry was tossed out and several names came to the surface of the ocean of printer's ink spilled on the case. Mrs. Josephine E. Wilmerding, a fashionable divorcée of New York and Narragansett Pier, became identified as the "woman in white," such labels being popular in the columns of the metropolitan press. She established an alibi.

International photo

The room in which Elwell was murdered. He sat in the chair at the right. The arrow points to the scar the bullet left in the wall after going through his head.

Viola Kraus became known as the "woman of the pink pajamas," these silken trifles having been found in Elwell's home—but she has been cleared of the killing. Besides, women don't shoot men with heavy .45-caliber army automatic pistols.

Countess Sonia Szinswaska, a Polish friend of Elwell, and Princess Dalla Patra Hassan el Kammel, said to have been a niece of a former khedive of Egypt, were dragged into the limelight, but were cleared of any knowledge of the homicide.

Pendleton, Elwell's partner in the racing stable, couldn't have shot him. Barnes, the secretary-valet, and Rhodes, the chauffeur, were exonerated after a searching examination.

Mrs. Schuyler L. Parsons, née Betty Pierson, a bridge pupil, found her name and photograph in the newspapers. She had no trouble in proving her ignorance of the mystery.

Mrs. Larsen told of numerous feminine visitors to the house, and they came out of the investigation intact. Mrs. Larsen's husband, Andrew, a former butler, had been caught in the army draft and was now a butcher. He might have had an army automatic pistol—but he also had the requisite alibi.

ELWELL was buried a couple of days after he died in a cemetery at Ridgewood, New Jersey. Mrs. Elwell tried to help solve the murder, and saw that her husband's estate was not wholly taken from her son; but beyond describing Elwell as "a piker all his life, and a chaser of women" declined to discuss him or his career.

At last the newspapers turned to the next "good" murder and forgot the Elwell case, referring to it only from time to time as some of the characters then so prominent again broke into the news.

Mrs. Jennie A. Elwell, the murdered sportsman's mother, died in February, 1927, at the age of eighty-two. Her will gave $30,000 each to her son and two daughters and the same amount to Andrew McCreery, Elwell's legal adviser and now a city magistrate.

The money Elwell had left her had multiplied under wise investment.

Richard Derby Elwell and his mother attacked this will, the boy then being about twenty-two years old and a graduate of Yale. A settlement was made out of court, the youth having, when he was twenty-one, come into the principal of his dead father's estate, amounting to some $50,000.

Viola Kraus went to Paris and under the name of Viola Cross opened a dressmaking shop where she stayed for some years.

Walter Lewisohn lost his mind over an imaginary love affair with beautiful Leonora Hughes, the dancer, and today is confined in a sanitarium in Connecticut.

Who killed Elwell? It isn't so interesting or important to know *why* he was killed—but *how!*

And one wonders what became of Annie. Poor little sixteen-year-old Annie!

Among the letters found in Elwell's desk was one from Kentucky signed simply Annie. She wrote that she was going to get in trouble and begged Elwell to do the right thing.

Did Annie's father or brother come from Kentucky to New York to ask Elwell to do "the right thing," and, failing to be persuasive enough, resort to the eloquence of a .45-caliber army automatic?

It would have been all right if he had—but how did he get into the house and how did he get away without leaving a single clew to the murder of Joseph Bowne Elwell?

Mr. Sutherland will lay another real life murder mystery before you in next week's issue.

Flow and Ebb

The Story of Two Loves

By
ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

SHE was drawn to Bennett at once, the first day he came into the office. She watched him as he sat at his desk, and she liked his lean hardness, his clever, irregular face; she liked the sound of his flat New England voice. Once she met his eyes and smiled at him; his answering smile was tight-lipped and unresponsive, but she liked that too.

The next day she stopped by his desk and spoke to him. He was very civil; she saw that her friendliness pleased him, and though he was reserved, almost stiff in his manner, she knew that he liked her.

They talked about the people in the office; she said outrageous things that made him laugh; she had no respect for anyone. She was a tall, thin girl with blue eyes that seemed sleepy, a little insolent, and a delicious, laughing mouth. Her outspokenness was sometimes alarming, but there was no malice in it; she was generous, warm-hearted, and reckless.

Their friendship developed rapidly. She made no secret of her interest in him; indeed, it was she who first suggested their having lunch together. He wanted to pay for the lunch, but she would have none of that.

"It would spoil everything," she said.

He could see her point of view. She was earning almost as much money as he, and she wanted to feel free to suggest that they lunch together. He did not like her to pay her share, but he respected her independence and admired it, as he admired everything about her. He had never met a girl like her; she seemed to him the perfect type of what a woman ought to be, vital, beautiful, and strong.

"Nothing sleepy about her," he thought. "I can really *talk* to her."

One Saturday morning she said to him in her casual way:

"Want to come up and see me tomorrow afternoon?"

For some time now he had kept all his holidays at her disposal, and he accepted promptly. He knew that she lived with her mother and brothers and sisters, but he was not interested in them; she was, to him, an isolated phenomenon, a young wonder, perfectly independent. He didn't want to see anyone but her.

He was a little surprised to see where she lived, on a street far uptown, in a third-rate apartment house. He climbed four flights of stairs and rang the bell, and she opened the door herself with a queer smile on her face.

He was still more surprised by the inside of the flat. She was always so well dressed, so nonchalant about money, that he had imagined her living in a sort of careless luxury, and instead of that he found her here in this shabby, untidy flat with her kindly, tired mother and all these brothers and sisters.

"There are five of us at home," she told him. "Six altogether. And that's about five too many for the family income."

She took him into the dining room because one of her sisters had a caller in the sitting room. Her mother and the other sister were in the kitchen and it was impossible not to hear parts of their conversation, an argument, mild and patient on the mother's side, rebellious on the girl's, about the possibility of a new coat. The brothers seemed to be continually coming in and going out of the flat, going out for newspapers, cigarettes, to the delicatessen.

"Like a railway station, isn't it?" she said.

HE liked her family as individuals; they were all good-looking, amusing, and friendly. But collectively they oppressed him. There were only two in his family, himself and his sister, and he had always had privacy and quiet and dignity in his life.

The next Saturday afternoon he asked her to come to tea with him.

"I have a furnished room," he explained. "Of course it's pretty bad, the furniture and so on. But it's big and it's quiet. We can—have a good talk."

"Why, it's wonderful!" she cried when he opened the door for her.

He thought she was joking; no one could find anything "wonderful" in this dingy old front parlor.

"I've never in my life had a room of my own!" she said. "Never! Even before father died, when we weren't so darned poor. I always had to share with my sister. I'm fond enough of my people—but sometimes—"

"You said some people' who were nice to you in Paris, but you meant just her. You lied to me!"

He was startled to see her lip tremble.

"Sometimes when I come home tired, and there's nothing but doors banging, and talking and talking—and borrowing—and the smell of cooking—I—hate it. There are *too many* of us!"

"I can see—" he said.

"I hate you too," she said with an unsteady smile, "because you have all this."

"Jerry!" he cried, so touched by her miserable little smile, by her envying, actually envying him this dingy old room.

She turned away, stood looking out of the window.

"Jerry," he said, "are you—laughing?"

"No!" she answered vehemently. "I'm—being—a fool!"

He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her round to face him.

"You're not a fool!" he said. "Jerry . . . poor little kid!"

He caught her in his arms; her head rested against his shoulder.

"Now—we're both fools—" she said in a stifled voice.

HE didn't care. He had loved her all the time, since that first day. He had not known it before, but he knew now. His arms tightened about her, and she, his friend, his comrade, made no pretense of coquetry; her lips met his willingly, gladly; her eyes, still shining with tears, met his in a long, long look.

"I haven't got much," he said. "But we can manage. . . . Perhaps we can live here for a while."

"Frank," she said, "I don't want to get married."

He did not understand; he looked at her with a faint frown.

"Frank," she said, "I—*hate* marriage! Lots of people feel the same way. We don't have to get married. It's nobody else's business."

His face was not an expressive one; only his mouth tightened.

"No," he said, "it can't be like that, Jerry."

She drew a little away from him, still holding fast to his hand.

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"I can't, Frank!" she said. "It seems horrible to me. If we love each other and trust each other, that's enough. I don't want us legally tied to each other—like slaves—"

"I'd—always let you go," he said. "I promise you that. If you ever want to be free, I promise I'll help you."

"But why should we make such a contract? Why can't we just trust each other, Frank?"

"Because I—I couldn't stand it like that," he said. "I can't argue about it. I just—couldn't stand it, that's all."

She told him that he was old-fashioned, conventional, timid, and he had nothing to say for himself. Then suddenly she was stricken with an unbearable tenderness and pity for him, standing before her, silent, white, and miserable, and she yielded, throwing her arms round his neck, drawing his face down against hers.

"All right, Frank! I will!" she cried.

"I'll try to make you happy," he said. "I—haven't got much just now, but we can manage."

"Oh, Frank, I don't want to 'manage'! That's what I hate and dread so, that cramped, wretched way of living, counting every penny. I've had so much of it. I want to keep my job, Frank. I like it. I like to get out and see people, and earn my own money. I want to be—just your pal, Frank, not a millstone round your neck. Don't you see?"

"Well . . . yes," he said reluctantly. "If you'd be happier, Jerry."

"And, Frank—"

Something in her voice made him glance up uneasily.

"There mustn't be any children, Frank. Not until we have plenty of money."

"Oh, Lord, no!" he said hastily. "Of course not."

THEY paid a visit to Frank's people on Sunday afternoon. Not a very successful visit. Frank's mother had tried to dissuade her son from this marriage, and when she could not she displayed a chilly resignation. Jerry's people were friendly, but preoccupied with their own affairs; there was, on the part of both families, a disposition to let Frank and Geraldine manage their own affairs.

They felt perfectly well able to do so. They were married one morning at the City Hall, and then they went back to Bennett's big room. They wanted no other honeymoon.

He had bought flowers; they were all about; the long windows stood open and the summer wind blew in; it was hot and dusty in the streets, but cool and dim in here. And so neat. She marveled at his orderliness. The moment she entered she had caused an unaccountable little chaos, her hat on the bed, her bag open on the sofa, things lying on a chair. She began to tidy up, but he stopped her.

"I like to see your things all over the place, Jerry," he said.

He loved all her ways, all she said and did. And she was happier than she had imagined anyone could be. She, who had been simply one of a family, was now of unique importance; her least words and acts were interesting to him; she was filled with a sweet new dignity.

He was so considerate, so courteous—and that sort of courtesy was new to her. At home when she bought a bottle of perfume her sisters would use it; if someone gave her a box of chocolates her brothers would help themselves. They had all been willing enough to share whatever they had with her, and she had been good-natured about their borrowings. But how she loved and appreciated this peace, this security!

Frank had a profound respect for other people's property, and a queer tenderness about her belongings; if he had to move her hat out of his favorite chair, he would lift it so carefully—put it away in the wardrobe for her. As she left things when she went out in the morning, so she would find them when she returned in the evening; nothing borrowed, nothing lost.

At home someone had been always asking her to do something, to stop and buy something on the way home, to set the table, to help in a dozen ways. And now she was like a queen. Frank deferred to her in everything; he was always ready to go out and buy anything she suddenly needed. They would leave the office together at 5 and go home in the subway, and when they got back to the big cool room she could rest; no errands, no little services asked of her.

They went out to dinner at 6, at 7, at 8, whenever they pleased. They went to Italian tables d'hôte, Chinese restaurants; sometimes they went uptown to more expensive places. In the evenings they went to plays, to the movies, took rides on top of a bus, or sat at home in the dark with their arms about each other. They always had so much to talk about: office gossip, all sorts of things.

On Sundays they alternated dutifully between her family and his; the strangest contrast between her careless, cheerful, crowded old home and his mother's house in Connecticut, orderly, quiet, a little severe. But they did not really want to see anyone else. They were utterly happy together, that golden summer.

IN the autumn Frank got a better job in another office. Jerry was glad for his sake; she was proud of him. Yet the old office was so dull without him; for a long time, when anything amusing happened, she would glance toward the desk where he had used to sit and feel a little heartache, missing his smile.

The first thing they did with his increased salary was to buy a lamp. They took a whole Saturday afternoon for it. At first they said fifteen dollars, then twenty, and at last they were bewitched by one that cost forty. The moment they saw it, they knew it must be this one; it was lighted, standing on a table at the end of an aisle, a black Chinese lamp with a dull gold shade.

"I'll pay half!" said Jerry.

"No, you won't!" said Bennett. "I'm going to give it to you."

But she insisted, and in the end she had her way. She was always scrupulously fair about everything; she paid her half of the room rent, of their meals, bought her own clothes.

"We're pals," she told him often. "I want to help you."

"I'm making a good deal more than you now, Jerry."

"You deserve to," she answered candidly. "I work because I like it. I like to get out among people—and I like the money. But you're really ambitious."

They took the lamp home in a taxi, and as soon as it was dusk they lighted it. It was magic! The whole room was transformed in that mellow radiance. And looking at Frank, Jerry was impressed by the fastidiousness of his lean young face.

"He does love nice things!" she thought, and somehow it hurt her. Because her love for him had changed a little, grown more tender, more anxious. He was working very hard now; he often looked tired when he got home, and it distressed her.

The next day the landlady complained about the lamp; she said that the two bulbs used too much current.

"Let's move," said Jerry. "Let's take a flat."

For she thought that Frank would be more comfortable in a flat. They found a furnished one—for they had no money saved to buy furniture. The rent was considerably more than they had been paying for the room, and Jerry could not possibly go on paying half. But Frank could afford it, and he was so pleased with it.

So was Jerry; yet the first night they spent there she cried quietly to herself in the dark because they had left that room where they had been so happy.

They were still just as happy, but it was different. Jerry would hurry home from her work, buy the dinner, and cook it. At first Frank objected to that.

"It's too much for you, Jerry," he said.

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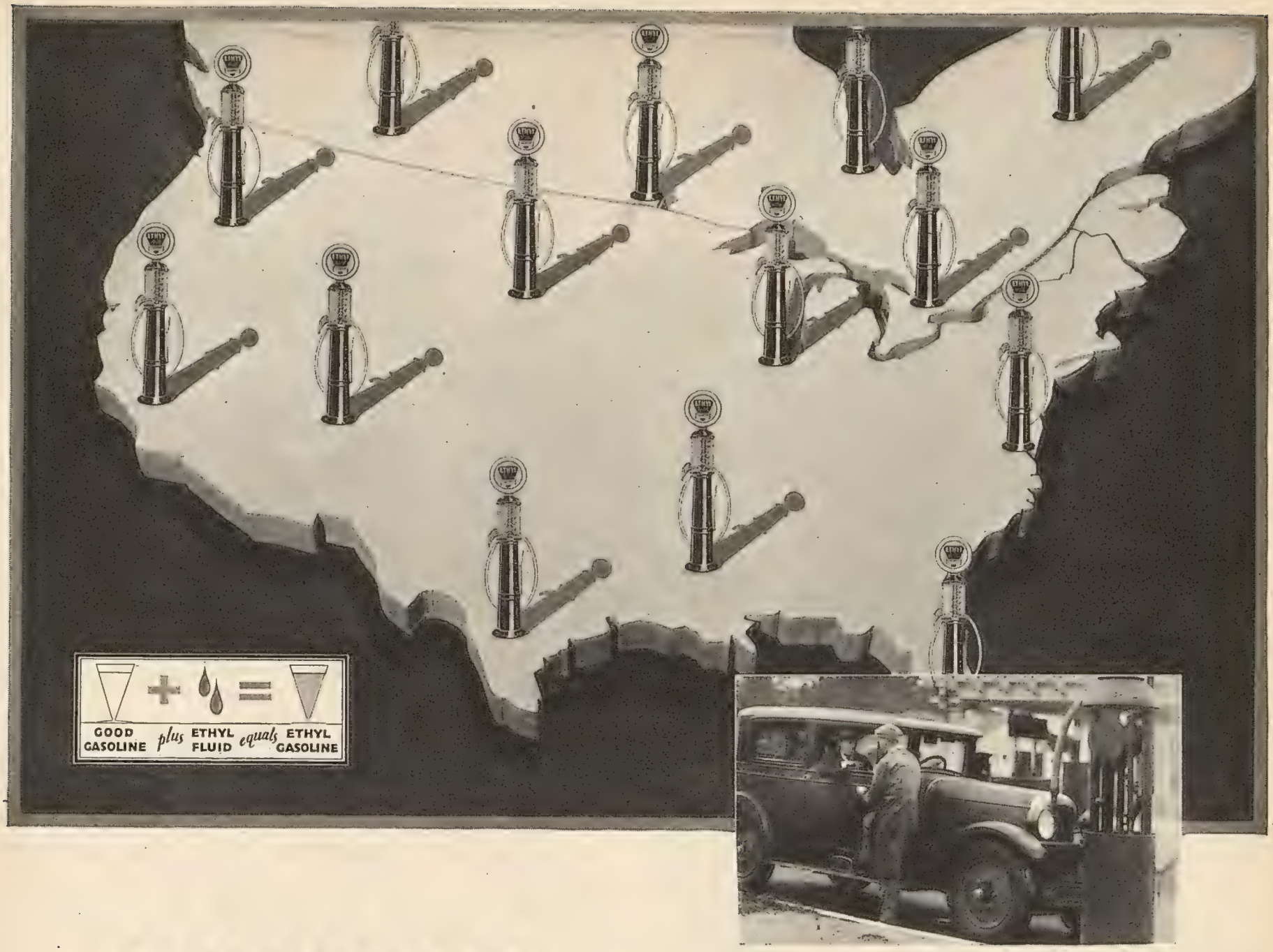

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"You ought to get a toy dog to take your mind off your precious Frank."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

But she denied it. When he got home, she would have a bath run for him, and by the time he was dressed dinner would be ready. And it was wonderful to see how he enjoyed all that, how rested he would look.

She was almost never tired. She was young and strong and happy, and her work in the office made little demand upon her. After dinner she would talk to Frank about his new job; she followed his progress with intense interest. Sometimes she told him bits of news about the old office, but he was, naturally, growing less and less interested in that. Sometimes they went out together, sometimes they had friends in for dinner or to play bridge.

"YOUR life's just about perfect, isn't it, Jerry?" said her youngest sister.

"Just about!" said Jerry, and meant it.

When the year was up they renewed the lease of the flat. And a few months later Bennett was made manager of a department. They went to a very expensive restaurant to celebrate that, and Jerry looked her best in a new evening dress he had given her; so pretty, with her shining dark hair, her eyes that looked sleepy, a little insolent, her delicious, laughing mouth.

"You haven't changed a bit in these two years," he said. "Unless you're prettier."

Her heart leaped at that look in his eyes.

"It's because I've been so happy," she said.

Their eyes met across the table. She loved that smile of his. . . .

"Jerry," he said, "you know, we could afford a little house out of town now."

"But, Frank!" she cried, startled.

"You could give up your job now," he said. "I'm making enough."

"No!" she said to herself in a panic. "I mustn't say anything now. Not until I've thought. This is important—terribly important."

The orchestra began to play and she said she wanted to dance; she talked hastily, brilliantly; she made him

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

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MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

laugh. He did not mention the subject again that evening. After he had fallen asleep that night she lay awake, shaken to the depths of her soul.

So he was not satisfied with their life together.

"I was!" she thought. "I was so happy. I don't want anything better, this side of heaven. I've been so happy—and all the time he's had this in his mind."

He knew how little a domestic existence would please her. Yet he suggested it.

"He wants a child," she thought.

She shivered as if a chill hand were laid upon her heart. A child of her own . . .

The idea was strange, and terrible; yet, at the same time, she knew that it had been with her all her life, since she was a little girl with her doll.

"A child . . ." she thought in awe, in wonder. "I'd be glad . . ."

Her own child in her arms, its head against her breast . . .

She was not aware of falling asleep, but when she opened her eyes, the gray light of dawn was in the room, and she could see her husband's dark fastidious face on the pillow beside her. And a great fear swept over her.

"If I did," she thought, "if we went out of town to live, and I had a baby, things would never be like this again. We'd never be pals again. I can't give up this beautiful, happy, happy life! Not yet!"

She had not realized that she loved him like this. In these two happy years she had felt herself strong, young, free. And she had not been free.

"If I had a child," she thought, "perhaps I'd never be pretty again. I'd lose him! I couldn't go out with him as I do now. I couldn't be his companion ever again. I'd lose him. And I'd rather die than lose him."

She made up her mind that when he spoke again of a "little house out of town" she would be sympathetic but vague. She would put him off. It was not time for that. Not yet.

But he did not bring up the subject again.

WHEN the weather began to grow warm a curious new irritability developed in him.

"It's the heat," she thought.

But other summers had been hot, and he had not been like this.

"He works so hard," she thought.

But he had always worked hard.

She was very patient with him; time after time her gay good humor disarmed him. But one evening he was too unreasonable, finding fault with everything.

"You never used to be like this!" she cried. "You've changed—"

When the words were spoken they frightened her. She looked at him, and he looked at her, his face grown a little pale.

"Jerry!" he said. "Jerry darling—I'm sorry . . ."

He took her in his arms; he was as tender to her as he had ever been; but now, for the first time, his words and his embrace could not comfort her. He *had* changed. He was twenty-seven now, and in these two years his boyishness had gone; under her very eyes he had changed, grown older.

She studied herself in the mirror that night with merciless intensity. But there was no change in her, except that she really was prettier. He was only two years older than she, yet now he seemed more than that; it was as if he were growing and she were not.

There came to her mind the memory of her mother's face, lined and tired. There were women she knew in business who were as old as her mother but who looked years younger, well dressed, alert women. That was what children and domesticity did to women, made them old and tired.

"If I were shut up in the country with a baby to look after," she thought, "I'd get like that. I'd lose my looks. I'd get narrow and tiresome. He'd be in the city every day—he'd meet people—attractive girls. . . . I'd have nothing to talk to him about. I'd lose him. . . . I can't!"

But she was not satisfied with the pretty image she saw in the mirror. It occurred to her that, after all, her life was curiously lacking in experience. She saw a great many people; her days seemed filled with stimulating interest. But it was superficial; there was nothing in it really to stir her. Frank did not listen to her talk as he had used to listen.

"I'll have to brace up," she thought. "I'm too much wrapped up in Frank—and that's fatal. I've got to take more interest in other things."

She watched him now with growing anxiety, so terribly afraid of boring him. In the evenings, if he showed no disposition to talk, she would pretend to read; and if he began to talk, she would be so ready, so responsive, witty, gay, eager to hear all about his work.

THE lease of the flat was running out and she dared not mention it. Suppose he spoke again of that little house out of town? It would be proof that he was not happy with her, that her companionship was not enough.

But that difficulty solved itself. He came home one evening to tell her that the firm was sending him to Paris to inspect the branch offices there.

"Jerry, I'm so sorry!" he said. "I hate to go without you."

"I mustn't be silly!" she was thinking. "This is important—for both of us. If I'm silly—if I try to hold him back, it will be a mistake I can never undo. He's got to see that I want to help him, not hinder. I mustn't be—silly."

"It's only three months, Frank," she said aloud. "It'll pass so quickly. We'll write to each other. . . . And it's such a wonderful chance for you."

"I know. But we'd always planned to go abroad together sometime."

She clung to him and her anguish frightened her.

"I never knew I'd love him like this," she thought. "It's—horrible."

In the time before he left he was his old self again, tender, devoted, making so many plans for her welfare while he was gone. She agreed to get her sister to stay with her; she was gallantly cheerful all the time. Until he had gone.

Then there was nothing left. There was nothing left in her life but Frank. Her sister came, but the arrangement was a failure; they did not get on well. Jerry did not want Evelyn there, sitting in Frank's place, disturbing the memories of him. And Evelyn saw that.

"I'm going back home!" she said. "I can't stand this! You just sit around, mooning. . . . You ought to get a toy dog to take your mind off your precious Frank."

"You'd better go!" said Jerry. "I don't want to see you again, ever."

She had never been so angry before in all her life. To dare to say that to her—as if she, with her full, interesting, useful life, were like those women who needed little toy dogs to fill their empty days. . . . She, a worker, earning her own living; she who could be the beloved companion of a man like Frank.

His letters were her great solace. He wrote to her fully, easily, about his business, the people he met, his thoughts, his impressions.

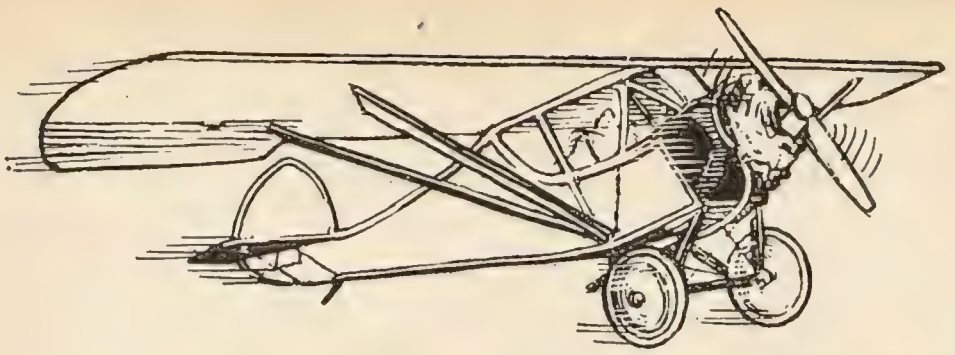
The agent came one evening to ask if she wanted to renew the lease. She had meant to say yes, but she did not.

"We can always get another flat," she wrote to Frank. "I won't make any arrangements until you get back."

She took a big furnished room with a bath attached, and moved into it, with the lamp. The day he was to land she bought flowers. It was an unusually mild day in October; the long windows stood open, just as it had been that other day, in that other room.

"It's like old times, Jerry!" he said when he got there.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



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ALMOST every week LIBERTY publishes some story or article by a well-known writer dealing with the foremost subject of the day—flying. Elliott White Springs, General William Mitchell, Captain Roy Brown (conqueror of the immortal Richthofen), Floyd Gibbons, Lieutenant John Macready, Lieutenant Walter Hinton, Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland, are but a few of the noted birdmen and authors who have thrilled and are thrilling LIBERTY readers with their fascinating stories of adventure above the clouds.

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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Mono-Aircraft, Inc.
BUILDERS OF
The Monocoupe and The Monocoach
POWERED BY VELIE
MOLINE, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

PLEASE ADDRESS YOUR COMMUNICATIONS TO THE COMPANY AND NOT TO AN INDIVIDUAL

Sept. 10, 1928.

Liberty Weekly, Inc.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

We are very enthusiastic about the response from the August 18th Monocoupe advertisement in LIBERTY. As this is the first time airplanes for personal use have been advertised in a mass publication we believe the following information on our returns will interest you:

We received 15,000 inquiries in 20 days, and the responses are still coming in. These responses included 'phone calls, telegrams, personal calls from dealers and requests for distributorships. The dealer inquiries have been very satisfactory. The inquiries from individuals for the most part are of high quality and apparently from people who can afford to own a Monocoupe.

We selected LIBERTY because we felt that LIBERTY readers are Aviation conscious as a result of the numerous articles on aviation which have been published in LIBERTY. We think LIBERTY readers are young and aggressive--the kind of people who are quickest to accept new modes of travel and transportation.

We believe our judgment in choosing LIBERTY for the initial announcement of Monocoupe has been vindicated.

Yours truly,

W. L. Velie Jr.

W/V

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

But it was not. He had come back to her eagerly, ardently, but it was not the same. There was some shadow now. . . .

After he had been home a few weeks he said to her one evening:

"Look here, Jerry. . . . You know, there were some people who were darned nice to me in Paris. . . . They rang me up today to ask if I'd make a fourth at bridge this evening. Someone's dropped out at the last moment. But if you mind I won't go, dear."

She was silent for a little time.

"Of course I don't mind!" she said heartily. "Let's have your friends for dinner next week at a restaurant."

"Yes . . ." he said. "Yes, that would be very nice."

Before he left he went out and bought her a box of chocolates and a magazine. And nothing in her life had ever hurt her as those gifts did.

The next day she got home earlier than he and, with that growing desire to do something for him, she began to look over his clothes. His dinner jacket ought to go to the tailor's to be pressed; she went through the pockets as usual, to see if he had left anything in them, and she found two seat checks for a moving picture, dated the evening before.

Two. Only two. . . .

Well, what of it? Perhaps the whole party had gone to the theater after their game. Perhaps he and someone else had had to sit apart from the others. Two. . . . Well, *what of it?*

"I won't be a fool!" she said to herself. "Even if Frank did go alone with someone—even if he went alone with some woman—what of it? I won't even ask him about it. I trust him."

She threw the seat checks into the waste-paper basket and, sitting down, opened a book. But her hands shook and she could see nothing.

"I trust Frank," she said to herself. "I won't be a fool."

She heard his step in the hall and she looked up with a smile of welcome. She would not be a fool. She loved him and trusted him.

THEN, as he opened the door, such a storm swept over her that for a moment she could scarcely breathe.

"Where did you go last night?" she demanded.

The sound of her own voice shocked her, it was so harsh. But she could not stop now. He stood just inside the closed door, and she knew by his face how he resented her tone, what a mistake it was.

"I told you Mrs. Lyall telephoned—"

"Was her husband there?"

"No," he said curtly. "She's a widow."

"You told me—you said—"

"Look here!" he interrupted. "I told you I was going for a bridge game—but it didn't come off—"

"You went out alone with her! You said 'some people' who were nice to you in Paris, but you meant just her. You lied to me!"

His face grew white.

"You'd better—" he began grimly. Then he checked himself. "Jerry," he said in a different voice, "Jerry, old girl, don't be such an idiot! There's nothing in this. I give you my word. It's only that Mrs. Lyall was so decent to me in Paris—"

"Then why didn't you bring her to see me?"

"Well, Jerry—I didn't think you'd like her. She's not—your kind."

"Then how can *you* like her?" she cried, in such pain, such amazement.

"Well, you see, Jerry . . . the thing is—she was just a darn good pal to me. I give you my word, that's all."

"Haven't—I—been a good pal?"

"The best in the world!" he said and tried to put his arm about her. But she pushed him away with terror in her eyes.

This other woman a "good pal" too? Why not?

"Frank!" she said. "Frank — *never* see her again. . . ."

"But, Jerry, dear girl—"

"No!" she cried. "No! No! Don't—ever see her again! Frank! We'll get a little house. Frank, I'll give up everything in the world—"

"But, Jerry, I don't want you to give up everything. That's not my idea of marriage—a sort of martyrdom for you. Jerry, you know we said we were always going to be friends — comrades. You know I said I'd never interfere with you—"

And she must not interfere with him. He was speaking gently; she saw in his face pity for her terrible agitation, a sincere, faithful affection. But that was not what she wanted.

"FRANK—if you knew how I love you—"

"But, Jerry—" he began, and stopped.

She understood. He meant that he did not want to be loved like that. It was oppressive to him, unwholesome.

She remembered the beginning. He had not wanted to be free then. He had not thought of her as a friend and comrade. She had been something marvelous to him then; not only the woman he loved but the woman he wanted to serve, to work for, to set above all the world.

And she had refused his service, had refused that unique place in his life. She had wanted to be his comrade, and she was his comrade. She had wanted them both to live in affectionate freedom—and it was her bitter misfortune that her own heart had betrayed her into so lamentable a slavery.

He still loved her; she knew that, but it was a different love. It had changed, as it was right and natural that it should change. And what was left now? What had they in common now? Office gossip, a superficial interest in external things, a kindly, easy habit of camaraderie. No roots . . .

She had flung away every advantage, and she had nothing left now. She looked about the room as if she were in a trap.

"We bought that lamp—*together!*" she cried.

"Yes, I know . . ." he said, anxious and puzzled.

She caught him by the sleeve.

"Frank!" she said. "Frank dear—*let's* move out of town. I won't be—giving up anything. I'd like it—a little house—of our own. . . ."

His dark face flushed.

"Yes . . ." he said. "But—we'd better wait, hadn't we? I mean—not much sense in moving out in the country with the winter coming on, is there? I mean—"

She stood as if mortally stricken, all the color drained from her face. And he was sorry for her.

"Jerry!" he said anxiously. "Put on your new hat and we'll go out to dinner, Jerry dear."

She did not push him away now. As he put his arm about her shoulders, she held fast to him, clung to all that was left.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Unpleasantness at Bludleigh Court

One of the funniest stories P. G. WODEHOUSE ever wrote

© Pirie MacDonald

P. G. Wodehouse

I Got to Love One Man Till I Die

A lively love story by WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Elsie Janis

Mother Still Knows Best

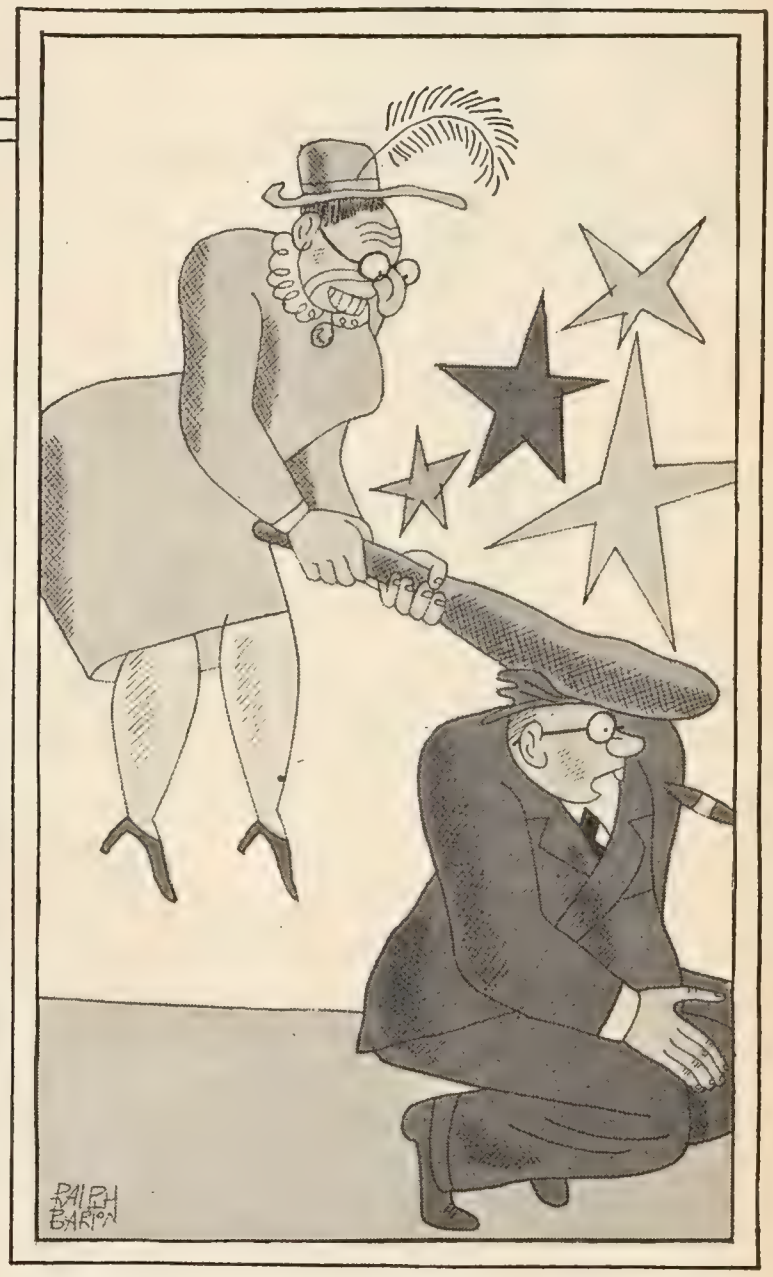
—in which ELSIE JANIS gives EDNA FERBER (who wrote Mother Knows Best) a piece of her mind!

GRAPHIC SECTION

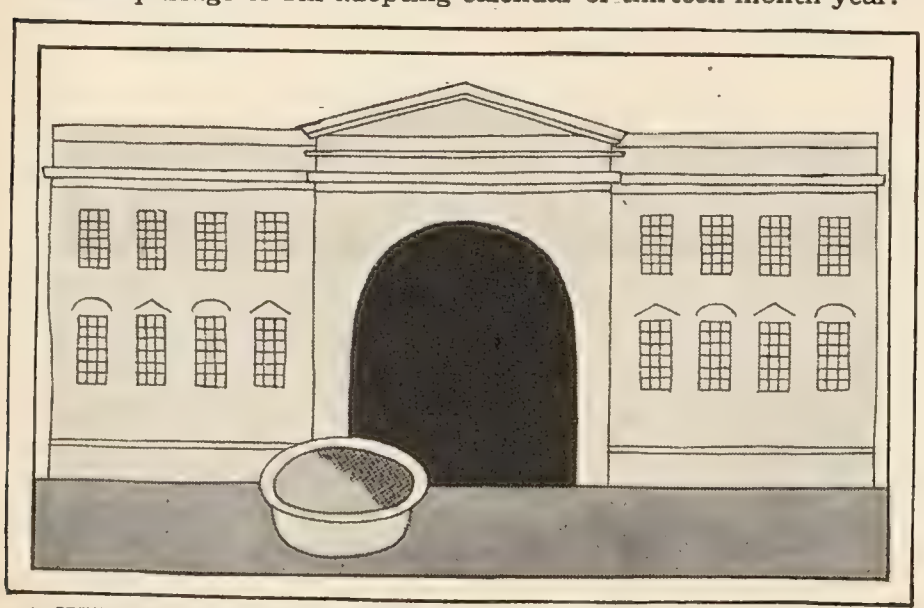
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

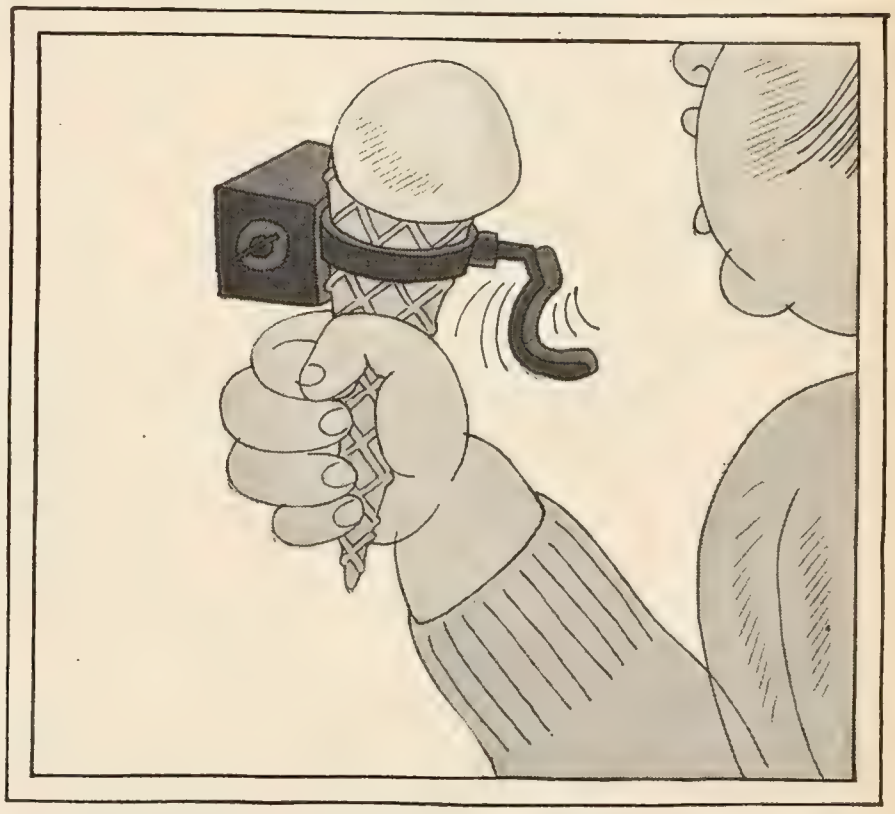
POSSIBILITY FOR A NEW CRIME. American citizen drawing blind and living secretly by old twelve-month year after passage of bill adopting calendar of thirteen-month year.



A NUMBER OF OTHERWISE ESTIMABLE LADIES in our neighborhood seem to be laboring under the delusion that this is the way to insure the progress of the female sex.



A WHITE HOUSE DOGGIE now a permanent fixture. Architects are submitting plans for a permanent kennel and a place is being made for one on the 1932 ticket.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (*A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.*)
SPECIALLY ADAPTED WINDSHIELD WIPER for use on baby's face while eating ice-cream cones.
(*Idea by Kent Packard, Paoli, Pa.*)

DISCIPLINE-

An Explanation to Private Jones

By Brigadier General
HENRY J. REILLY. O.R.C.

Picture by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

"Put that helmet on your head and keep it there," the colonel thunders.

"BUTTON up your blouse. Damnation! How many times do I have to tell you good for nothing rookies to fall in properly dressed?"

This from the first sergeant to Private Jones at reveille at 5 A. M., on a dark, gloomy, and rainy morning. Jones has not had enough sleep, is thoroughly homesick, and wishes he had never heard of the army or the war.

"Put that helmet on your head and keep it there. Have I got to spend my whole life making you people do the things you ought to have sense enough to do without being told?"

This from the colonel of the regiment to Private Jones later in the day. A detail, of which he is a member, sent from the horse lines to the gun position, ran into the K. O. just before the position was reached. Private Jones was carrying his helmet on his back, because the sun was hot and it hurt his head.

Jones, as he works with the pick and shovel in the gun position, interrupted by occasional rests in the bomb proof when the sporadic enemy shelling comes too close, meditates on what a hell of a place the army is anyhow.

He enlisted to fight Germans, not to be bossed around by hard-boiled first sergeants, colonels—who, because they are West Point graduates, think that a soldier in wartime ought to behave like a cadet—and, above all, whippersnapper second lieutenants, who after three months in a training camp forget that they entered the army the same time as Jones, and just as ignorant of everything military as he was.

Discipline—discipline—discipline! That was all he heard, morning, noon, and night. What did that word—the excuse for continual annoyance of all kinds—have to do with whipping the Germans?

At home, if he did not like what any of his bosses, big or little, said, he could tell them to go to hell, either with rough directness or polite indirectness. The only thing they could do was fire him. Anticipating that, he could tell them he was leaving. In any case, he put on his hat, walked out, and that was that.

But in this damned army, if he told anybody to go to hell—even a second lieutenant—they might do anything from making him groom a lot of extra horses to sending him to the army penitentiary at Leavenworth for a term of years. There was considerable doubt as to what amount of punishment would arrive as the result of any such performance. There was no doubt of two things — one, that the punishment would arrive, and the other, that by this route lay no escape from the army and the troubles which beset him in it.

International photo

West Point cadets on parade. They are held to the highest, most rigorous standard of discipline.

He had courage and did well under fire. Why, it was only a week since his captain had commended him for the coolness with which he handled his lead team when a shell killed the swing and wheel teams and wounded several cannoneers when the battery was going into position. Why, even the damned colonel had commended him in a regimental order! After all, what did the army want—he-men, who were first class scrappers, or a lot of yes, yes men, who, because they said it snappily, were considered good soldiers?

While Private Jones considered his grievances, the first sergeant went on his way getting after other enlisted men, who, like Private Jones, did not see why, if they behaved courageously in combat, they should not be allowed to do pretty much as they pleased in between times.

THE colonel went on his way distributing similar favors, not only to enlisted men, but also to officers.

Many of the latter would add to Private Jones' grievance the muttered reflection that after all they were officers, and what right had the K. O. to treat them like that? What was the use of being an officer and wearing the insignia of rank, if the colonels and generals showed you no more respect than first sergeants did privates?

Every schoolboy has heard of the revolt of the 100,000 Roman gladiators and slaves, led by Spartacus. The gladiators were used to hand-to-hand combat, terminating in death for one of the two combatants. They were mostly barbarian warriors who had been captured by the Roman armies. Many of their tribes were noted for their courage, and individually, undoubtedly, were more than a match for the individual Roman soldier. Being barbarians, loss of liberty infuriated them more than it would more civilized people. After all, the Roman gladiators, and many slaves, had a considerable amount of

WHY?

Frederick the Great formed his infantrymen for battle in three close ranks.

International photo

U. S. infantrymen attacking in open order, 1918.

personal freedom. Here were courageous men, largely warriors since youth, and accustomed to mortal combat to the very day they broke out in revolt. Here were men skilled in the use of arms. Here were men with every cause for revolt. Yet the Roman troops conquered them—as the result of heavy fighting, it is true, but at a time when Rome was fighting two wars, one in Spain which it took her ten years to win, and one in Greece and Asia Minor which took twenty years and 500,000 lives.

THE courage, desperation, and skill of Spartacus and his gladiators went down before Roman organization *and discipline.*

The 14th of October, 1066, the Saxon army of King Harold of England stood near Hastings, waiting the attack of the army of William the Norman, which, under its leaders, had just crossed the English Channel from what today is France. Harold's army, less than three weeks before, on the 25th of September, in a battle at Stamford Bridge, had defeated a Norse king and his confederates, thus insuring that England should not be Norwegian.

P. & A. photo

The author, Gen. Henry J. Reilly, Officers' Reserve Corps.

Again and again the Normans attacked, but could not break the Saxon-English. Then William ordered his army to retreat.

King Harold had issued the strictest orders that, no matter what happened, not a man should move from his defensive position. However, the discipline of his right flank was not equal to the strain of seeing the enemy in retreat. Without orders, they left their position to pursue the Norman knights.

William saw his opportunity, and turned like a tiger on this disobedient right wing. Thinking itself in pursuit of a defeated enemy, this wing had lost its battle order. Surprised, in disorder, and isolated from the rest of the Saxon army, it was incapable of resisting the fierce attack of the Norman knights. They annihilated it. Then, turning on the rest of Harold's army, they made attack after attack, breaking its formation and cutting down many, including King Harold. The remnants finally fled.

Failure to obey a simple, direct, easily understood order, given in person by their own king, led to the Norman conquest of England. This conquest not only changed the history of that island, but also that of the world, as except for the Norman leadership it is doubtful if the British Empire, with its great influence during the last century and a half, would ever have come into existence.

There is no question in any account of this battle of the courage of King Harold and his men. On the contrary, it is highly praised. They were not novices to battle, as they had just won the decisive victory of Stamford Bridge.

The middle of April, 1241, 100,000 knights and men-at-arms, gathered from different parts of Christian Europe, were attacked on the plains of Hungary by the Mongol chieftain Sabutai, one of the best lieutenants of the famous Genghis Khan.

Though Sabutai had a smaller number of men, by noon he had won a great victory. With 70,000 Christians dead on the battlefield and the balance in flight, their army had ceased to exist.

All records show that the courage of the Christian knights was beyond question. The Knights Templars died to a man on the field. In this battle, as in many others, the rash courage of the Christian knights, which caused them to attack regardless of circumstances, helped the Mongols win.

THERE is no evidence to show that the Mongols were more courageous than the Christians. There are a good many facts to prove that individually they were less courageous. However, their leaders were more skillful in strategy. They had real tactics, which the Christians had not. They had real organization, which the Christians did not. Above all, they had the discipline necessary to carry out successfully their strategy before the battle and their tactics in battle.

The civil war between King Charles I of England and the British Parliament in the seventeenth century furnishes one of the best examples in history of the fact that courage, though coupled with skill in the use of arms, is not sufficient to bring victory.

With few exceptions, the gentlemen of England and their immediate retainers were royalists. Born and bred to arms and a pride in courage which made cowardice inevitably mean a loss of caste, the individual soldiers of the king were of the very best material for an army.

With but few exceptions, the forces of Parliament

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DISCIPLINE—WHY?
Continued from page twenty-five]

were made up of men neither bred nor trained to the use of arms. In the beginning, they were not even composed of the best types of the middle class civilian population, which backed Parliament in its fight against the king.

The consequence was that in the beginning the king's forces had the better of it. However, finally Parliament yielded to the military leaders on its side, who insisted that there must be proper organization and, above all, discipline. An ordinance was passed establishing the "New Model Army." Organization, training, and equipment were all bettered. But above all, there was a stern discipline—sterner than that of the Roman legions in their best days.

This army rapidly became such a formidable force that the royalists, despite their courage and their individual skill at arms, both bred in them, went down to bitter defeat before this force made up of civilians who for the most part, until they entered it, had had no military training.

When the armies of the kings of Europe marched on France to put down the revolution and restore the king to his throne, the French people literally sprang to arms. There probably has never been in history a more spontaneous and genuine desire of a people to fight to protect their country from foreign interference.

Lack of discipline lost King Harold and his Saxons the Battle of Hastings. The horsemen are William the Conqueror's Norman knights.

However, the French armies were undisciplined. Civilian representatives of the home government accompanied them. These representatives could and did interfere, not only with the plans of the generals, but also with their attempts to discipline their untrained forces.

Defeat after defeat at the hands of the smaller armies of the kings, made up largely of conscripts without personal interest in the struggle, finally taught the French their lesson. Discipline was restored.

Then, led by the genius of Napoleon and inspired by the patriotic enthusiasm of the whole French people, the armies of France swept over Europe.

WHEN Marshal Foch visited this country, he lectured at the Army Command and General Staff School in Leavenworth, Kansas, and at the Army War College in Washington, D. C.

In one lecture, he showed that making a first class plan for a campaign is not the hardest job of a general—that far greater is the difficulty of insuring that his plans be carried out. This for the reason that, particularly in the huge armies of today, orders must pass through so many hands before reaching the first line of assaulting troops.

Napoleon, sitting on his horse, could see the whole of his army and practically all of that of his enemy. He could be seen by a large part of his own army. Even a considerable number of the enemy could see him. Thus direction of his army was an easy matter.

At Waterloo, Napoleon had 80,000 men. During the greater part of the battle, Napoleon and Wellington were little over half a mile from each other. Two modern infantry divisions, deployed for the attack in their rectangular formation, would cover as much ground as the whole battlefield of Waterloo.

Compare this with Marshal Foch's command of 6,000,000 troops along a nearly 400-mile front in the Battle of France, the series of attacks from July to the Armistice, 1918.

Napoleon, at any time, could see what was going on with his own eyes. He could see the general to whom he wanted to send his orders. All he had to do was speak a few words to an aide-de-camp; the aide-de-camp galloped over to the general; the general in the midst of his troops gave his order. Or, if he saw fit, as Marshal Ney did in the last assaults against the British squares, the general concerned could personally lead the attack, knowing that every one of his men could see him.

FOCH had to rely upon reports sent by telephone and telegraph and from aviators over his 400 miles of front. He had to get his orders to the King of Belgium; to Marshal Haig, commanding the British; to Marshal Pétain, commanding the French; to General Pershing, commanding the Americans.

From each of these, the orders went to army commanders, except in the case of the French, where they went through the commanding generals of groups of armies, and then to the army commanders.

From the army commanders, the hierarchy of command went down through army corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, and companies to platoons.

The rapid fire and long range of weapons in the last war compelled the scattering of men not only to the right and the left, but also from front to rear. As a consequence, while the platoon commander could be seen by all his men, a captain could not be seen always by his whole company, and a major seldom by more than a small part of his battalion. In the cases where regimental and brigade commanders went with their assault waves, only a few of their men could see them and thus know it at the time.

Thus, in modern war, even though the officers above platoon and company commanders expose themselves to the maximum danger at decisive moments, the mass of their men do not know it at the time. Therefore the power of personal example set by a leader at the time of greatest danger, formerly so potent, is lost.

Therefore, to insure the plan of the general in command being carried out, it is more than ever necessary that discipline shall be such that all loyally and determinedly do their utmost to insure that the part assigned to them is carried out.

The driver of a motorcar knows that if he has kept its machinery clean and in good repair it will move as he wishes.

He does not have to worry about whether some part of the machinery may decide to function a little bit differently from the way it is supposed to, or some other part, thinking it a good idea, may start sooner than the rest, or a little behind them. He need not worry about part of the machinery being downcast at that particular

moment and therefore failing to throw itself into the general movement with the energy necessary.

In other words, the driver does not have to worry about the thoughts or emotions of the different parts of his motor to insure their acting together as a whole and producing the result he wants.

Also, just as the driver is starting, no enemy opens the engine hood and the gasoline tank and throws in sand, steel shavings, and other particles which would prevent the motor from working properly.

An army, being made up of human beings and not of inanimate machinery, is open to all sorts of fluctuations, even when every man within it has the greatest willingness to carry out the plans of his superiors.

Just as the sand and steel shavings thrown into the motor and gas tank of an automobile would seriously interfere with its movement, so do the enemy's projectiles fired into the flesh and blood of an army upset its movements.

While killing and wounding reduce the number of men left to fight, such reduction in numbers is not the whole purpose of fire in battle. The main purpose of fire is to so upset and discourage the men who are not hit that they no longer want to fight. Also, the sight of such killing and wounding, and the danger of being hit, destroy the coolness of the average man and thus prevent his using his weapon with accuracy.

IN the days of Frederick the Great, his infantry were noted for the fact that they were drilled to fire six rounds a minute in peacetime, and they undoubtedly averaged four rounds per minute in battle.

However, the range of their muskets was 200 yards. Therefore, no matter how much the excitement of battle prevented the soldier aiming properly, the bullet he fired had to come down within 200 yards.

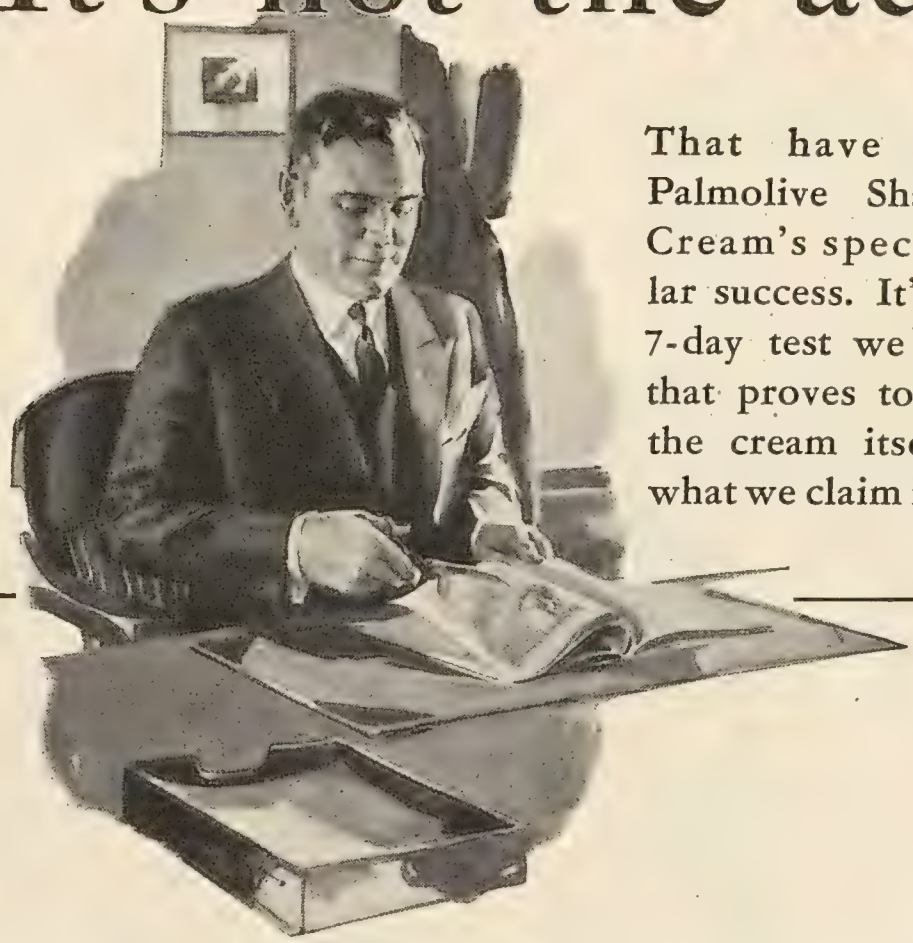
Frederick's men stood three ranks deep. Therefore a battalion of 1,000, standing shoulder to shoulder, only occupied a front of 330 men. Consequently, every minute four times 330, or 1,320 bullets landed, depending upon the excitement of the men, somewhere within a rectangle 200 yards long by the front of 330 men, or about 100 yards wide.

On the same front today, at the maximum, there would not be more than 100 riflemen. If each under excitement fired fifteen wild shots per minute there would be a total of 1,500 bullets sent into enemy territory. But the range of the modern rifle is 2,000 yards. Therefore, the space into which 1,500 bullets went would be ten times as large as the space into which the bullets of Frederick's battalion went. Thus there would be but 150 bullets falling in the same space as the result of wild fire with modern rifles, as against 1,320 in Frederick's day.

Thus, due to the long range of mod-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It's not the ads



That have won Palmolive Shaving Cream's spectacular success. It's the 7-day test we offer that proves to men the cream itself is what we claim for it.

GENTLEMEN:

You can't shave with beautiful advertising, and no ad can succeed with a product that is not right itself.

So, when we first told you of the remarkable delights of Palmolive Shaving Cream, we advanced our claims modestly, leaving it to the product itself to "sell" you.

We told you, "Don't buy—yet." We asked you first to let us prove our case at *our* expense.

To the hundreds of thousands of men who mailed the coupon in, we sent a 7-day test of the shaving cream as its own best ad.

Once won, men have boosted it

The big majority of men, we find, who once give Palmolive Shaving Cream a trial, become wedded to it.

When we decided to create a new shaving product we first found out just where other creams were lacking—what men desired in a shaving preparation. 1000 men told us their wishes, and we set out to fill them.

When, after 129 failures, we found the formula, we exceeded the four things they asked, by adding a fifth. Our vast laboratories, skilled for generations in soap making, developed a shaving cream that men tell us is truly remarkable in its action and effect.

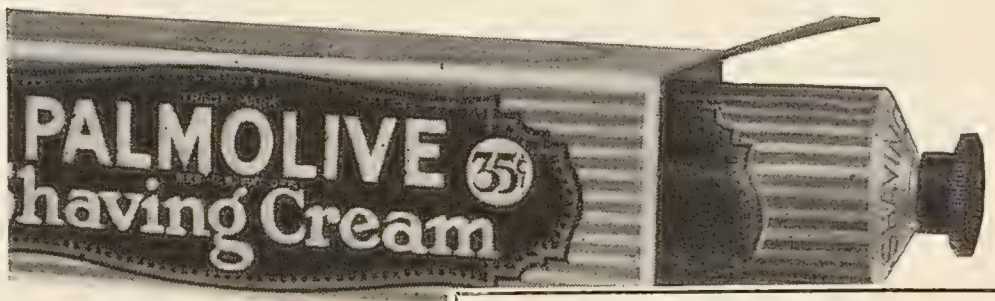
These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hair erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in seven shaves. Give us the opportuntiy to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience—to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9.30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



4236

35c With the new unbreakable Bakelite top.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1592, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.
Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

[DISCIPLINE—WHY? Continued from page twenty-seven]

ern weapons and the necessity to deploy modern riflemen, the fire of excited men, who are not using their weapons accurately, is much less dangerous than it was in the days of Frederick.

Because of the long range of modern machine guns, they are not nearly so dangerous, in the hands of men who do not use them with great accuracy, as is ordinarily imagined. The same reasoning will show that modern artillery can be robbed of much of its tremendous power to do damage, by the excitement of the officers who observe the fire, of those who figure the data, and of the gun crews who must set the fuses and the various parts of the sighting apparatus.

All the more so, because Frederick's artillery could always see their target, whereas, under modern conditions, it is practically always invisible to the gun crew, and even hard for the officer observing the fire to see clearly.

The consequence is that modern weapons, by their very rapidity of fire and great range, require much more accurate handling than the old-fashioned, simple weapons of short range.

Modern weapons, to do the great damage to the enemy of which they are capable, must be handled not only by men skilled in their use, but by men who are capable of exercising this skill continuously in the face of danger.

Napoleon's marshals urging him clear of the enemy's fire at Waterloo, where he could see all that went on and send orders directly to his generals.

THEREFORE, more than ever, a soldier to handle his weapon effectively must be drilled and drilled and drilled in its use until he has disciplined his mind and hands to react automatically, regardless of the danger which he is facing or the confusion resulting from it.

There is nothing different in this from the constant practice which a prizefighter engages in prior to a fight, or the constant practice of a baseball or football team. The people engaged in all sports subject themselves to prolonged discipline, to insure not only skill but, what is more important, the automatic use of that skill in the excitement of contest.

Everyone who follows sports knows many who, if they could only do as well in the actual contest as they do in the practice for it, would stand at the very top. However, when the day and the hour arrive, the excitement and anxiety of the contest rob them of their full measure of skill.

Our Civil War furnishes an excellent example of what discipline can do.

There were thirty-two regiments of heavy artillery in the Union army. These regiments were enlisted for service in the coast defenses of harbors like Boston and New York, and in the forts around Washington, D. C. In other words, they were not the regiments in which the more adventurous men, eager for combat, enlisted. Besides drill in the use of heavy artillery in forts, they were constantly drilled as infantry.

They never were in battle until ten months before the end of the war, when most of them were sent to the front in Virginia, where they were used as infantry.

One of these regiments, the First Maine Heavy Artillery, in the assault on Petersburg, sustained the greatest loss of any regiment in any one battle. Out of 950 officers and men engaged, 210 were killed. The Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, in the assault at Cold Harbor, lost 207 killed out of something under 1,000 engaged. All of these regiments sent to the front made excellent records.

There were sixty-six regiments in the Union army which sustained a loss of killed and wounded in one battle of over 50 per cent — this, where they stood their ground under attack, or advanced and held the ground gained. Of these, thirty-nine had a loss between 50 and 59 per cent, twenty-one between 60 and 69 per cent, three between 70 and 79 per cent, and three over 80 per cent.

THE Light Brigade at Balaklava, in its famous charge, had 673 officers and men engaged. It lost 113 killed and 134 wounded, or a total of 36.7 per cent.

The heaviest loss in the German army during the Franco - Prussian War was in the Sixteenth Infantry (Third Westphalian) at Mars-la-Tour. Of 3,006 officers and men engaged, it lost 509 killed, 619 wounded, and 365 missing, a total of 1,493, or 49.4 per cent. The Garde-Schuetzen battalion, of its strength of 1,000, lost at Metz, August 18, 162 killed, 294 wounded, and five missing, a total of 461, or 46.1 per cent.

There can be no better example of the value of discipline to insure the effective use of weapons, and the carrying out of the general's plan under fire, than those furnished by those heavy artillery regiments used as infantry in the last ten months of our Civil War.

Probably the strongest human instinct is that of self-preservation. That courage will overcome it to the point of dying rather than yielding to it, has been proved again and again in the past. Undoubtedly it will be again and again in the future.

Henry of Navarre, upon entering a battle, finding his body trembling as from a chill, said, "Tremble, base body! You would tremble still more if you knew where I am about to take you." An excellent example of the courage of the spirit dominating the instinct of self-preservation of the body.

However, hunger, cold, fatigue, and long continued danger wear down the powers of resistance of even the most courageous.

When battles were short—a few hours at the most—and the combatants were face to face from the beginning, the physical activity, the confidence of shoulder-to-shoulder formations, the flashing of the sun upon arms and accouterments, the cheers and yells of the combatants, not only increased courage, but produced in many individuals literal joy of combat.

Today, the approach march is a long, wearisome affair in the dark. The enemy is hidden from view, but first his artillery projectiles and then his machine gun and

rifle bullets arrive, like stabs in the dark, to take their toll of dead and wounded. Then follow long hours and even days of working forward under fire, while continuously exposed to the elements and poorly nourished.

The close shoulder-to-shoulder support of comrades is absent. There is no martial glory of inspiring music, brilliant uniforms, flashing weapons, and masses of men. The result is that war today demands not only a physical courage beyond that formerly necessary, but, above all, a moral courage of the highest type.

No better proof exists than the failure in all armies of the less civilized peoples from Asia and Africa to hold fast for long periods under fire. Yet in the World War many of these units made splendid assaults.

Moral courage is, above all, a calm courage, produced by intelligence; disciplining self to control the very human emotions to which we are all subject.

NEAR Longeville-les-Metz, August 15, 1870, Colonel Ardant du Picq, commanding the Tenth French Infantry of the Line, then in his forty-ninth year, was mortally wounded by a bursting German shell. A veteran of the Crimean War, of campaigns in Syria and in North Africa, he had made and written a lifelong study of men in battle, which to this day is considered the best in existence.

In this day, when man is so interested in the mechanical powers of his weapons and so forgetful of his terrific emotions when handling them in battle, no better example of the danger of such an attitude can be found than in several quotations from Colonel du Picq—wounded to death not so far from where some of our divisions stood November 11, 1918, but forty-eight years before that fateful day.

He says:

"The Greeks were, in intellectual civilization, superior to the Romans. Consequently, their tactics ought to have been more rational. Such was not the case. Greek tactics proceeded from mathematical reasoning—Roman tactics, from a profound knowledge of men's hearts.

"The Gaul, a fool for courage in war, used barbarian tactics. After the first surprise, he was always beaten by the Greeks and Romans.

"The Greek, a warrior, had tactics far superior to those of the Gauls and Asiatics.

"The Roman, a politician above all, with whom war was only a means, wanted perfect means. He had no illusions. He took into account human weakness, and he discovered the legion."

The mathematical reasoning of the Greeks produced the phalanx, sometimes thirty-two ranks deep. Their idea was that thirty-two ranks would push the enemy thirty-two times as hard as one rank.

The Romans believed that not mere

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

MARILYN MILLER

Uses the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique to Keep Her TEETH *Sparkling* WHITE!

Marilyn Miller as "Rosalie" in Florenz Ziegfeld's musical comedy of that name in which she poses as a West Point Cadet.
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Read what she says:

"Teeth must flash white across the footlights," says charming Marilyn Miller, "or else all charm is lost."

"I pay special attention to the teeth, as do most membersofmyprofession. Some time ago I made it a point to ask my dentist which toothpaste to use and he recommended Kolynos on a dry brush. I must say my experience bears him out, for my teeth are undoubtedly cleaner and whiter for the use of this splendid dentifrice."

Marilyn Miller

Removes the "Yellow"
Whitens Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days!

YELLOW teeth, ugly and forbidding, are no more necessary than black finger nails!

For the "yellow" is but a mucin coating, or plaque, that forms on the teeth and absorbs stains. The average dentifrice only cuts tiny furrows in this slippery coating, but the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique *removes* it!

A half-inch of Kolynos on a dry tooth brush fills the mouth with a foam that is "live" and antiseptic. The use of a dry brush means that you use Kolynos *full strength*; also that the brush bristles remain stiff enough for scrubbing the teeth and penetrating the spaces between.

The "live" and active Kolynos foam works on the yellow plaque like millions of tiny fingers. It breaks it up and washes it completely off the teeth, cleaning them down to the naked, white enamel. The foam pushes its way into all the crevices between the teeth. It cleans out and disinfects those places where germs lodge and cause decay. It cleans and purifies the entire mouth.

Free Sample

Mail coupon or postcard for free two-weeks' tube of Kolynos, and see your teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days.

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. LX 2
New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name .....
Street & No. .....
City ..... State .....

[DISCIPLINE—WHY? Continued from page twenty-nine]

numbers of men from the point of view of their physical weight, but the number of men who could have the highest morale, was the mass which gave the enemy the greatest trouble.

Therefore they limited their front line to three ranks, the number needed to relieve the front-rank man often enough to prevent the fatigue of hand-to-hand combat making him an easy prey to the enemy facing him.

Henry of Navarre, a fine model of moral courage.

This three-rank formation gave the man actually fighting the close support he needed. It avoided having a large number of men not really needed so close up to the actual fighting that they shared the anxieties of the fighters, were spattered with blood from wounds, and had the killed fall on them.

The practical Romans knew and acknowledged what the proud Greek warriors were unwilling to admit, that "there is a point beyond which men cannot bear the anxiety of combat in the front lines without being engaged."

The Romans formed the men they wanted to keep as reserves in other lines, near enough to the rear of the fighting line to make counterattacks, should the enemy break it, but far enough away not to experience the anxieties of unengaged men who are in the fighting line.

The discipline of the Roman army, probably (except for Cromwell's) the most severe in history, united to the better morale caused by this superior organization, enabled the Roman legions to conquer the greater part of the then known world.

Failure in war means acceptance of the terrible consequences of defeat. Every successful general, every student of war, including, above all, the general staffs of the world, knows that, important as are good plans, excellent armament, ample food and clothing, etc., etc., nevertheless the vital factor in war is man himself.

They know that only discipline can control the two great causes for past military failures—undisciplined courage and the instinct for self-preservation.

GENERAL PERSHING had no illusions as to what failure would mean. Any he may have possessed when he arrived in Europe, the summer of 1917, rapidly disappeared before what the Allied statesmen and generals told him, and what he saw by the end of that year.

He knew that, despite our unpreparedness, we must not fail to produce an army and put it on the battlefield facing the Germans. Furthermore, General Pershing knew that, having arrived on the battlefield, that army must not fail.

When he published the order in which he said, "The standards of the A. E. F. will be those of the United States Military Academy at West Point," he meant that the discipline of that school would be that of the A. E. F.

It does not take brilliant scholarship to graduate from West Point. Any average boy who has had a high school education when he enters, can graduate, provided he does one thing: He must not fail, each day of his four years there, to perform, at a reasonably high standard, every duty assigned him. Failure to do this inevitably means dismissal.

The system is such that loafing along, doing little or nothing, cannot be made up for by brilliant spurts at decisive moments. Excuses are not accepted. Failure is not tolerated.

A good engineer does not wait until a small spot of rust grows to a large one. Knowing that rust can spoil his engine, he does not even permit the small spot. A small leak in a dam may be of little importance in itself, but if it is not stopped, it can be the cause of a terrible disaster.

Hence the idea at West Point that every blouse must be buttoned at reveille, that every other detail must be carefully attended to, that every duty, no matter how small, must be thoroughly performed, is based on the well proved fact that allowing negligence in these things soon leads to negligence in the careful adjustments necessary for the effective use of modern weapons and in the issuance of orders.

It also leads ultimately to the loss of determination to carry the war to a successful conclusion, no matter what the discouragements or dangers which must be overcome.

The fear that such discipline will kill initiative is disproved by the records of the graduates of the academy, both in war and in peace.

Generals Merritt and Custer, Union cavalry leaders, and Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader, were all young men, cadets but a short while before the Civil War. They certainly did not lack such discipline.

The leaders on both sides, such as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and many others, all graduates of the academy, certainly had not become machines, only capable of obeying orders issued by others.

The records of graduates who have resigned from the army and entered civil life do not show that the four years' rigid discipline so directed their minds in one channel that they could not successfully enter others.

AMONG the numerous graduates who have succeeded in civil life there are two ambassadors, fifteen ministers from the United States to foreign courts, twenty-six members of Congress, nineteen governors of states and territories, nine presiding officers of state legislatures, ninety members of state legislatures, nineteen mayors of cities, fifty-three presidents of universities and colleges, 123 presidents of railroads and other corporations.

There are also ninety-three chief engineers of railroads, other corporations, and public works, fifty-eight treasurers and receivers of railroads and other corporations, one bishop, and one superior general of a clerical order.

In addition to the foregoing, there are 310 civil engineers, twenty-one judges, 255 attorneys and counselors at law, fourteen physicians, 110 manufacturers, twenty-one bank presidents, forty-two editors, ten architects, and six artists.

General R. E. Wood, president of Sears, Roebuck & Co. in Chicago, is an honor graduate of West Point. General Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America, rose from the ranks of the regular army, the standards of discipline of which are based on those of West Point.

The graduates of Culver Military Academy in Indiana, of the Virginia Military Institute, and numerous other private and state schools, also furnish long lists of men who, subjected to the same type of discipline, have made good officers in war and successful civilians in peace.

P. & A. photo

To Foch's victorious strategy, discipline was vital.

Such trouble as existed in the A. E. F. did not come from the fact that General Pershing and the majority of his subordinates worked to obtain a high standard of discipline.

On the contrary, the trouble came, first, from the fact that, being unprepared, we had comparatively few men who understood just exactly what constitutes proper military discipline, and, what is even more important, the best way to obtain it.

When the war broke out, we had possibly 15,000 men who were serving or had served as officers in the Regulars or National Guard. When the Armistice came, there was a total of nearly 210,000 who had held commissions.

THE END

Aces and Queens

A Hit for the Airmen; Misses for Two of the Stars

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

AVIATION is the topic of the day. Metro-Goldwyn's newest air film, The Flying Fleet, which takes a half-dozen sky pilots through the navy aviation training mill, is a complete bird's-eye view of the way Uncle Sam turns out his seagoing Lindberghs. It is a wow of a picture and one of timely interest.

Six boys at Annapolis plan to devote their lives to navy aviation. As they move through the ground school at San Diego base, on to actual air training at Pensacola, and back to cloud graduation at San Diego, the six are reduced to two.

The two—true to movie tradition—love the same girl. Then Tom gets the supreme chance to pilot a giant navy air craft on a history-making flight from California to Hawaii. He loses the post at the last moment, the rival gets it, and the big ship is off across the Pacific.

The giant airplane is dragged down by a storm and our hero is sent to the rescue. You will have to learn the rest by a personal visit to The Flying Fleet.

Ramon Novarro handles Uncle Sam's planes neatly, or at least so it appears. Novarro seems to me better than usual as the heroic flying lieutenant, Tommy, while Ralph Graves is satisfying as his aëronaughty rival. The girl is Anita Page and she makes most of her appearances in a one-piece bathing suit.

The actors are really unimportant, however. The Flying Fleet will hold your interest because it carries you from the first intricate medical tests of an embryo airman, through his initial ether experiences to solo flying, and on to becoming a poised pilot in lofty maneuvers. And there is a thrilling sequence in which the huge flying boat is seen, buffeted by lashing gales and tossed about in a storm at night thousands of feet above the Pacific. The air photography is c o r k i n g throughout.

★ ★

A Lady of Chance, another Metro-Goldwyn production, presents one more darling of the underworld. Baby Face is a hard-boiled flapper who has jumped her parole and is looking for a new sucker. She traps a young Southerner into marriage because he has talked enthusiastically of plantations and millions. The honeymoon brings the wise baby face to face with the fact that the bridegroom is a visionary young inventor whose home is a shack.

Anita Page and Ramon Novarro as they appear in The Flying Fleet.

This is a Leroy Scott story and I shall not tell you how Baby Face works out her salvation. However, you know what happens when tough girls get away from the cynical city and come up against good old Mother Nature.

Norma Shearer is Baby Face. She is just a trifle too calculated as the tough Lorelei.

★

The movie producers are superstitious. Dolores Del Rio's hits were Resurrection and Ramona, so they give her newest another *R* title, Revenge. This United Artists film is based on a story of the Carpathian mountains by Konrad Bercovici, who knows his gypsies as intimately as you and I know our favorite filling station. Bercovici's original story, by the way, bore the more interesting title of The Bear Tamer's Daughter.

This is all about a wild, untamed mountain girl who breaks bears for her daddy and hates men in spare moments. She capitulates finally, of course, before the advances of a comic opera brigand.

Miss Del Rio contributes miles of bosom heaving as the savage, passionate Rascha.

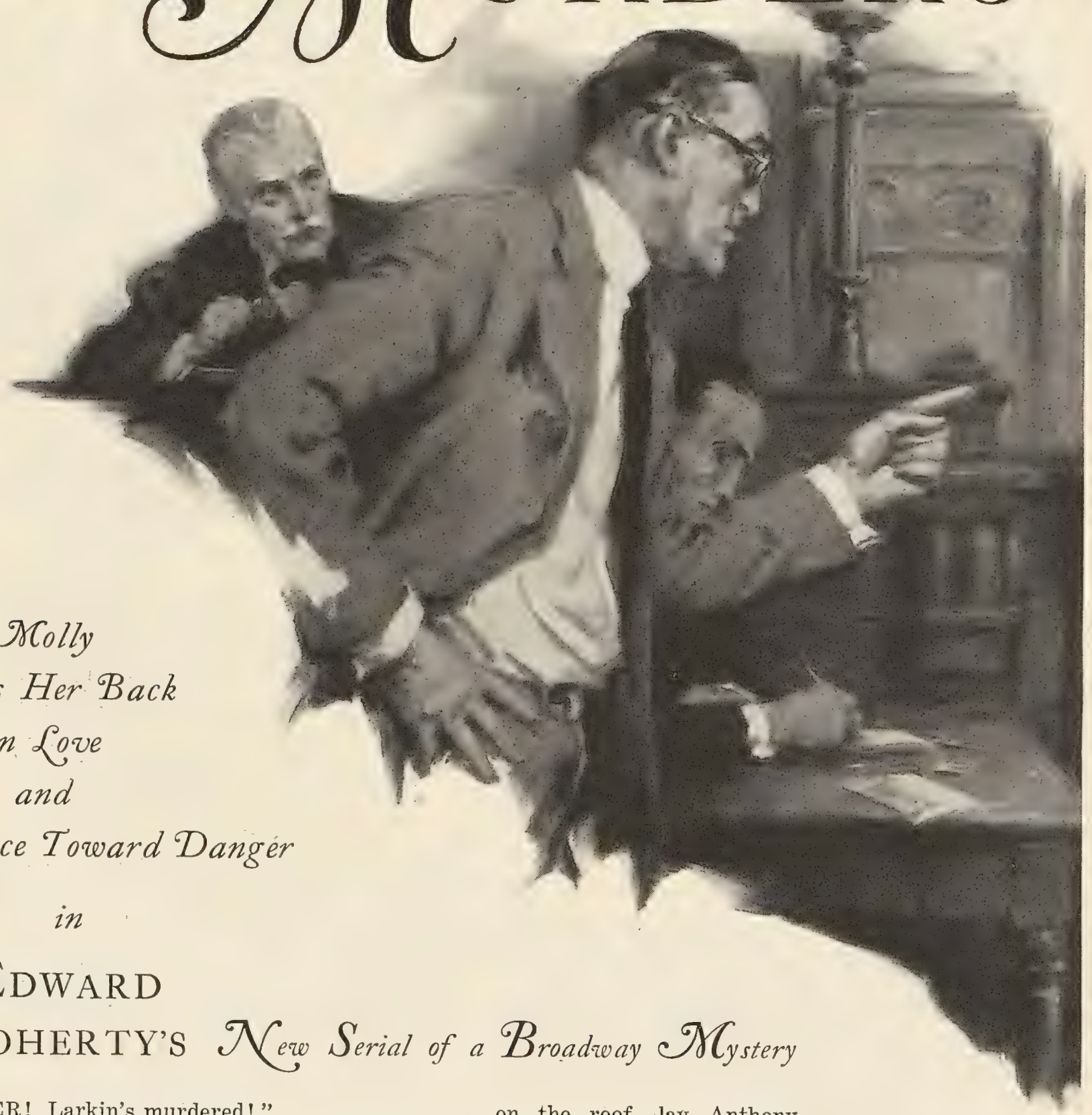
The story is filmed prettily, but it is dull, ingenuous, and completely phony.

The gold-digger, Norma Shearer, becomes reconciled to her inventor-husband, Johnny Mack Brown, while Mrs. Crandall (Eugenie Besserer) and Hank (Buddie Messinger) look on. A scene from A Lady of Chance.

Personalities—

Ralph Graves' real name is Hofheimer. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1900. . . . Lowell Sherman, the scoundrel of A Lady of Chance, is forty-three. . . . LeRoy Mason hails from Larimore, North Dakota, and he is a Purdue graduate, besides being the brigand hero of Revenge. . . . Ramon Novarro's salary is $5,000. . . . Norma Shearer is now getting better than $2,500 a week.

The MURDERS



Molly Turns Her Back on Love and Her Face Toward Danger

in

EDWARD DOHERTY'S *New Serial of a Broadway Mystery*

"MURDER! Larkin's murdered!"

It was the voice of Flat Wheel, the waiter. The time was early morning, the place The Corsairs cabaret, sixty stories above Times Square.

A round steel shaft, the shaft of a spindle, stuck out from Larkin's neck. Whose hand had driven it in?

The setting, before death entered, was that of New York's night life at its gilded worst. Geoffrey Platt sat in its midst, exhibiting it all to his friend, Anson Keen, a deputy district attorney. Platt pointed out Big Joe Carozzo, the cabaret's owner, and Carozzo's girl, Marcia Caponi, known as Snake Eyes.

There was Pio Mora, with his fine voice and his villainous face, Mickey Finn, one of Carozzo's killers, and Anthony Sommers, the hard-drinking lawyer who had once defended Finn. There was Spots Larkin, with a huge diamond to sell, and, very puzzling to Keen, a hard-faced little cigarette girl. Puzzling because Platt seemed to like her—whispered to her, then announced that he was going to Paris the next day.

Platt excused himself to do some telephoning—was gone for an hour.

It was after he returned that the cry of murder came. Spots Larkin had been killed in Carozzo's den. Outside, on the roof, lay Anthony Sommers, blind drunk, according to Keen. On him were found a ticket to Detroit, a roll of bills, and some letters. No diamond anywhere. But in the wastepaper basket lay a bloodstained handkerchief marked A. S. and a false diamond embedded in a hard wad of chewing gum.

Keen was dead sure of Sommers' guilt. Platt protested. "Where, for instance," he asked his friend, "was I at the time of the murder?" As he left he fingered a great diamond in his vest pocket.

The next day, in Sommerville, beautiful Molly Sommers broke her engagement to Ted Morehouse because her father was held for murder.

Part Two

A FEW years ago Anthony Sommers was one of the greatest criminal lawyers in the United States. His name was known wherever men and women were in trouble with the law, and he picked the cases he wanted to fight. He picked them, not for the fees he could win, but for the obstacles he must fight. Give him a case that seemed hopeless, and he was happy. He would go without sleep or food or rest for days. He would live

on the ROOF

Pictures by
DALTON STEVENS

" You can't talk to me like that! " Marcia said, her eyes smarting with venom. " I'm a lady."

on whisky and quinine and excitement, and when he walked into court—even if he could but stagger—he was confident of victory.

Now he was in trouble with the law, shut up in a cell in New York City's Tombs, awaiting trial for his life. And all the land was wondering what his defense would be, and how he would conduct it, and what result would come of it. Readers of newspapers believed he was fearful, and thin from worry, believed he was guilty and would be punished despite anything his wit could do to thwart the ends of justice.

No man, they said, could beat the case against him. It was so perfect, so evident. He had been alone in a room with a man he did not like. The man was killed. Sommers had tried to escape. He had left his handkerchief behind him. It was stained with blood. When he was found his clothes were spattered with blood. His fingerprints had been found on the spindle that went through the victim's neck.

There was a fake diamond—nobody seemed to know what that had to do with the case. But there it was. A fake diamond. The state promised other evidence too—" evidence of a sensational nature, to be revealed only during the course of the trial."

Yet Sommers wasn't worried. He paced up and down his cage for hours at a time. But he slept well. He ate well. He was given plenty of exercise, plenty of rest.

He had no words for anybody, unless it might be a " thank you " to the keeper who brought him food and newspapers and took them away again. He wrote but two letters during his two months in the Tombs.

On the eve of his trial he was handed a telegram from an old friend in Wisconsin. " Anthony Sommers. Tombs," he read. He tore it into little bits.

He paced the narrow floor and wished he could have one little drink of Scotch.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page thirty-three]

His mind leaped ahead to the morrow.

Early in the morning he would cross the bridge that connects the prison with the courthouse—" the bridge of sighs " men had to cross on their way to judgment and to doom.

Inside the courtroom, the clerk would spin a little hollow wheel—a wheel of fortune containing the names of the talesmen from which would be chosen the twelve men who would try him. The wheel would turn and stop. The clerk would take from it a slip of paper and read a name. A man would walk to the jury box; no doubt a solemn, timid man already weighed down with his own sudden importance and responsibilities.

After a time the jury box would be filled, the jurors sworn in. After a time the witnesses would be called. After a time Sommers would begin to fight for his life. Ah, there was the thrill! Always, before, it had been somebody else's life he fought for. If he lost now— He laughed aloud at the idea, a scornful laugh that brought a catcall from the end of the row of cells.

He had no plan of defense, but the state would give him one. He would wait until the state's last witness had spoken, until the state's version of the crime had been completely told. Then he would rise and shake his white mane, and tell his own tale of what had happened. And the jurors would believe him, because the tale would be logical and ring true. He would be a poor old gentleman accused of a dastardly crime, a nice old man unjustly accused and trapped by circumstances, telling the simple truth. They would acquit him on the first ballot. After that—

He looked up through the bars of the window to the faint first star.

" After the tomb," he said, " resurrection! "

II

ON the eve of the trial, Anthony Sommers' daughter Molly walked down a country lane with the man she loved, and reached the decision that was to alter her life.

The night was still. They heard no sounds save their own voices, the call of the cricket and the katydid, the croaking of frogs, the sleepy talk of a rill.

" He will free himself and come home to us," she said, " or I will go to New York and prove his innocence myself."

They walked in silence for a little way. Ted wanted to make love to her. And he couldn't. There was something about her that prevented him. He actually felt timid in her presence now—and she was the only girl in the world who had ever made him feel that way.

Perhaps, he thought, it was because he was so much in love with her, so eager to help her. But she didn't want help. She wouldn't even let him pity or console her. He knew that, and had been too wise to try. It was seldom she would let him talk of love.

Ah, if he could only put his arms about her and say: " Look here, Molly. Your father's no good, and your worrying about him is beautiful and all that, but useless, because he'll bribe the jury and get acquitted anyway. So let's forget him and get married and be happy! " If he could only say that he would feel better. But he knew he wouldn't say it if he could.

" It's funny, in a way," Molly broke the silence. " Women drive in from all over, women who always went to Bell Center for their hats, women who haven't bought even a sunbonnet in five years. They want to look at mama and see how she's ' bearing up.' They want to ask how it feels to be the wife of a murderer. But they don't quite dare."

" Busybodies! " he said.

" But they buy hats, and mama doesn't mind so much. She cries, of course, when she's home. It is bitter for her. But she never did understand my father. But Catherine—Catherine has become an important person in her school. The girls give her little presents, and the boys flip notes on her desk. I read one. ' I love you, but don't tell anyone,' it said. And my pupils, Ted, have written me the kindest letters I ever read."

They turned back.

" I wanted to go to him two months ago," Molly said. " I wanted to take the first train to New York. But he doesn't want me to come, for fear they'll say he's trying to influence the jury. But if anything goes wrong—you know, he always used to say, ' Nobody can tell what a jury will do '—I'll go to him as soon as I can go."

Words came from him now—quick, hot words.

" You'd go to him, and leave your mother and your sisters? You'd leave me here, too? I won't let you do it! How could you clear his name? You'd do nothing but break your heart. You'd go hungry. It's bad enough as it is, Molly. Don't make it worse."

She stopped. She took his face in her hands and looked up at him, little wet stars in her eyes.

" Oh, Ted," she cried, " I love you more than anybody in the world. I love you more than my father or mother, more than myself. You will never know how much I do love you, Ted. But—I'd give up even my love for you to make my father's name shine as it used to shine."

She stood on tiptoe and kissed him.

" That's for thinking of my mother's grief and not of your own," she said. " Ted dear, I'd marry you tomorrow if I could. But—until my father comes back to Sommerville the great man he was, I cannot think of marriage, nor of love. And I shall go to New York, if I have to go—no matter what it costs me, or mama, or you. Now hold me tightly in your arms. It may be for the last time, my dear. And kiss me—perhaps—good-by."

III

ANSON KEEN, deputy district attorney of New York, Borough of Manhattan, looked upon the jury and was pleased.

Here were twelve men picked by himself, sworn to sentence a man to death if they found him guilty.

" Twelve good doggies," he said to himself, smiling behind his thick lenses.

Even while fighting his biggest case, he could not help but label people according to the animals they resembled. And there wasn't a man in the box who did not have some canine peculiarity. There was an Airedale, there a Scotch terrier. The man who would be foreman was a dewlapped bloodhound. The man next to him had something of the St. Bernard in him.

Keen had won his first case with a jury of " dog faces," and ever since then he had felt he could handle them better than, say, horse-faced men.

" Twelve good doggies," he thought, " who will take a scent and hold it to the death."

To the death. And the man who was to die, if Keen had his way, was Anthony Sommers, one of Keen's old idols, charged with the murder of Pietro Bonofiglio, alias Spots Larkin—Sommers, the only man Keen had ever labeled " the lion " in the private menagerie of his mind.

He looked at the crowd that packed the dark, ill-ventilated courtroom; at the door behind which thousands of others stood, shuffling their feet, whispering, talking, fighting the police; at the defendant and his guard; at the witnesses who sat behind the rows of newspaper men.

" This will be like a circus," he thought, catching sight of Big Joe Carozzo and the group that surrounded him. " A lion at bay, the pack waiting in the jury box to rend him, and all these other animals to take the witness stand and send him to the dogs—the fox, the tiger, the weasel, the queen cobra."

Sommers, he saw, sat at his counsel table, apparently unconcerned, a mild-looking old man making idle marks with a bright yellow pencil on a pad of paper. Queer he had accepted the jury without asking one of them a question. What was in his mind?

" You see before you, gentlemen," Keen began his opening address, " one of the shrewdest criminal lawyers of the age, one of the most brilliant attorneys who ever made a jury weep, one who has saved more murderers

than any of us know, one who knows more about murder than the Borgias ever did. And they were experts.

"I refer to the defendant in this case, Anthony Sommers. He is here to defend himself on the charge that, on the morning of May 14 last, he ran a spindle through the neck of a man known as Spots Larkin, willfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, causing him to die.

"The murder occurred in the den of Joseph Carozzo"—the den, what a descriptive word, he thought—"a room that opens off the roof garden cabaret known as The Corsairs Club. This cabaret is sheltered in the penthouse on the roof of the Allegheny Building in Times Square. The murder occurred about one o'clock in the morning.

"We shall prove to you that Sommers killed this man to obtain a huge diamond, a jewel of inestimable value. We shall show that Larkin had not brought the jewel with him, but merely a duplicate. And we shall show you how, after the murder had been committed, Sommers took this jewel, discovered its worthlessness, and threw it away, first cleverly hiding it in a wad of gum.

"We shall prove that Sommers and Larkin had been drinking; that when the murder was discovered the dead man's hands were frozen to the edge of the table—indicating that he certainly had no chance to save himself from that frightful weapon, that deadly, quick, sure thrust; and that Sommers was gone. True, he was found outside the room, lying in the gravel on the roof. But his clothes were saturated with blood.

"WE shall prove that—after he had filed this man on the spindle, like a bill marked 'Paid in full,' he left behind him a bloodstained handkerchief. We shall identify it as his. We shall show you his fingerprints on it. We shall show you his fingerprints on the base of the spindle.

"We shall prove the murder was planned, even to the escape; for when Sommers was found he had in his possession a railroad ticket to Detroit—a city that is just across the line from Canada.

"It was cunningly, carefully, coldbloodedly planned, gentlemen. But because that shrewd brain was dulled a trifle by alcohol, it made two fatal mistakes. It forgot—and the handkerchief was left behind. It lost control of the body—and the murderer could not get himself to a place where he might dispose of his bloodstained clothes.

"We shall show you also that Sommers had another motive than theft for this brutal murder—the theft of a diamond. We shall prove he wanted revenge—because of jealousy over a beautiful young woman, and because of an insult Larkin had offered her a half hour before his death.

"Ah, gentlemen, here you have whisky, a diamond, cunning, hatred, cupidity, jealousy—and a man with a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"By Joe! it's good to smoke Luckies."

Felix Count Luckner

"Lucky Strikes? By Joe, yes. Let me tell you. I was cruising in my raider in the South Pacific. It had been damp, rainy weather and every bit of tobacco we had on the ship was mouldy and could not be smoked. We began to be desperate. The men were—what you call—grouchy. Along came an American ship. We captured her and after taking the captain, officers and crew aboard my raider and finding comfortable places for them to stay, I and my officers went over to the captured ship to see if there was anything aboard her that we wanted. We searched her. And what do you think? Under the cushions of a seat in the captain's cabin we found 500 packages of Lucky Strikes! I tore off the end of one and lit it and filled my lungs with it, and By Joe, I was a man again. We had enough for all the crew and we were all cheered up and we all became friends once more. By Joe, I was sorry to sink that American ship that had brought us those good smokes. Lucky Strikes, they are wonderful, and my Countess, of course, wishes a fashionable, slender figure. She smokes Lucky Strikes when she is offered fattening sweets. And my life has always been an active one and I must be trim and fit. I love to feel what you Americans call "peppy." So no sweets for me. Give me a Lucky Strike instead. By Joe, it's good for us to smoke Luckies."

COUNT FELIX VON LUCKNER

"The Sea Devil"

Germany's greatest war adventurer, who never killed an opponent. Count Felix von Luckner, the most romantic and mysterious figure on the side of the Central Powers in the World War.

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

"If anything goes wrong, I'll go to him as soon as I can go."

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Cont'd from page thirty-five]

spindle rising out of his neck in a horrible red miniature of a tombstone."

He bowed, turned on his heel, and the trial was over for the day. Sommers stifled a yawn, and then beamed on the prosecutor as a teacher might beam on a bright pupil.

IV

THE fortunate few who gained entrance to the courtroom, on the second day of the trial, were somewhat disappointed in Anthony Sommers. This wasn't the man in the Ashenden case, shaking the truth out of reluctant witnesses by artful questions. This wasn't "the poor man's champion," with the flaming eyes and the cutting tongue. This was a stranger who sometimes rose to question a witness, but oftener kept his seat.

And the questions he did ask—there seemed no sense in them at all! Had the old man lost his mind? He looked just a nice old man, an old-fashioned gentleman with a funny white tie and congress gaiters and an old gray suit.

But he seemed to be enjoying himself—and the crowd was entertained even if it was disappointed.

Dr. Korn, the rolypoly medical examiner, was the first witness; and when he had done with his testimony, which concerned the nature of the wound and the results of the post mortem, Sommers arose slowly, shook his mane, and asked solemnly, "Doctor, what would happen if I should hit you on the nose?"

Keen leaped up with an objection. Judge Ingersoll recoiled as though he had been shocked.

"Mr. Sommers, are you threatening this witness?"

"Not at all, your honor. I merely asked a medical question of a medical man. But in view of the objection I shall not press it. That is all, doctor."

Flat Wheel, the waiter who had discovered the body, followed Dr. Korn on the witness stand. His real name was Paul Aiello. One newspaper spelled it right. Keen labeled him "the startled rabbit," and if one saw how he wiggled his ears and how he worked his nose and mouth as he talked, one knew the label was apt. He was a gay rabbit this day, in a new pin-striped blue suit, tan shoes, white spats, and an orange tie and shirt. He might be anything now—even a dancing master.

"MIST' CAROZZO he say, 'Tell Sommers I want to know pretty damn quick if he has bought that rock.' I go. The music is play. You know, swift, nice. The girls are dance. So pretty. I open the door. There I see poor Spots, and the spindle is stick out of his neck. It turn me sick. Sommers I don't see. I hurry out. The music is stop. Like-a that!" The witness snapped his fingers to illustrate his words. "The dance is stop too. I tell Mist' Carozzo."

"Why do they call you Flat Wheel?" Sommers asked on cross-examination. "Because you're flat-footed?"

The witness grinned and thrust out his hands to signify that such an explanation might be logical enough.

"How's your cold?"

"Cold? Oh—I have the cold no more."

"Of course not. That was last May. My rock and rye prescription cured you, I see. By the way—didn't I give you something else for that cold, Paul?"

"Object!" shouted Keen. "Incompetent, immaterial, and irrelevant. Not proper cross-examination. I don't see what this line of inquiry has to do with the case."

"Objection sustained," said Judge Ingersoll.

"Exception," said Sommers mildly. "That's all."

And he asked no more questions until he cross-examined Marcia Caponi toward the close of the afternoon session.

Marcia was the newspaper sensation of the day. "The Queen Cobra," was whispered as her name was called.

Marcia was dressed in a neat black suit that was piped with white at the edge of collar and cuffs. A black toque, ornamented with a crescent set with rhinestones, covered her short black hair. There was a ring on nearly every finger of her hands. She stared at the courtroom with unwinking black eyes.

Her voice was soft and low and rather sweet. Her teeth, in contrast with her voluptuous red mouth, seemed whiter than they were. And every little while her tongue darted out and in—and women nudged each other and whispered, "That's why they call her a snake."

"What is your name?" Keen began.

"Marcia Caponi."

"Where do you live?"

"I have a room in the Allegheny Building."

"In the roof garden, the bungalow on the roof?"

"Yes."

A vision of the bedroom opening off Carozzo's office came to the prosecutor as he looked into those unwinking eyes. He thought of the bars on the windows, the mirrors in the ceiling. He thought of Captain O'Malley's disgust.

"You are a singer and dancer in the cabaret which takes up a part of the penthouse; and among the other girls who use your dressing room you are known as 'Snake Eyes'—is that correct?"

"You can't talk to me like that!" Marcia said, her eyes smarting with venom. "I'm a lady."

"Of course, of course you are, my dear Miss Caponi. It was only necessary for me to identify you by that name, and you must answer yes or no."

"Yes. They call me that. They're jealous of me."

"Thank you. You know the defendant, Sommers?"

"Of course."

"And you knew Larkin too, did you not?"

"Him? Yes, I knew him."

"Now, on the morning that Larkin was murdered, did you see them together anywhere, and did you have a conversation with them? Answer yes or no."

"Yes."

"Now tell the court and jury all the circumstances, all that was said and done in the presence of yourself and the defendant."

"I might object on the ground that what was said and done at that particular time—what time was it?—is no part of the *res gestae*," Sommers said, not looking up from his pad. "Not in the picture at all. But I won't object."

MARCIA sneered at him. "It was near the cloakroom, at the foot of the steps leading up to the balcony, about twelve-thirty o'clock that morning, May 14. I was going up to sing from the balcony. Larkin said, 'Hello, Snake Eyes, give us a little kiss.' Sommers said, 'I've known men to get their throats cut for less than that.' I said, 'Go to hell,' and went up and did my stuff."

Keen looked at his jury of "doggies" as though he had thrown them a basket of juicy bones. He let them gnaw at the bones a little before he continued: "I see. Now, Miss Caponi, during the course of the evening, or rather morning—not referring now to the morning of the murder, but to every morning—is it your custom to go up on this balcony and pose—well, in the nude? Is it?"

"It is." A little color came into the swarthy cheeks.

"The lights go out. A spotlight is turned on you. You stand there a moment while someone sings a few lines about a 'beautiful lady.' Then the light goes out, and you run to your dressing room. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"The announcer creates a sort of atmosphere for you before the spotlight discovers you, does he not? He claims, for instance, that the most beautiful shape in all New York—and—and—all that sort of stuff—and—"

"And then I unveil. Yes, sir."

"Thank you." Keen wiped his brow. "Now, do you remember anything that happened in the dressing room after you had unveiled on the balcony and had run downstairs in the—in the dark?"

"You mean when Larkin came in? Oh! It was about a week or so before the murder. I don't remember exactly. I had just put on my stockings. I looked up, and there was Larkin, and he was drunk. I—I believe I screamed. Anyway, Sommers came running in, and took Larkin out with him."

"Was anything said, at this time, by either Larkin or Sommers?"

"No, not at that time. But later, when I was all dressed, I saw Sommers. He looked at me like an old fool—"

"Strike out the 'old fool,'" said Judge Ingersoll sternly.

"They've got two strikes on me now, your honor," said Sommers, without rising; "but I'm on to their curves, and they won't strike me out."

The courtroom laughed, and the clerk rapped loudly for order.

"Miss Caponi, tell what Sommers said, not how he looked."

"He said, 'Marcia, how is it that you can bare your body to a whole roomful of drunken men and look so unconcerned, and yet be so frightened when one man sees you in your stockings?'"

Again there was laughter in the court. Again the clerk rapped with the gavel. Judge Ingersoll threatened to clear the courtroom. Keen finished with the witness, and Sommers stood up.

"Miss Caponi," he said, "are you still troubled with insomnia?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This Sole must be Good!

Made in Black and Tan

A sole that wears longer and more satisfactorily on the scuffing feet of millions of hard-working men and hard-playing children — *must be good!* This is the remarkable wearing record of over *10 million* pairs of Wearite Soles, perfected only after long and tireless experiments in the laboratory, the one aim being extra wear, comfort and economy. Wearite Soles are flexible, waterproof and acid resisting. Men who labor or are on their feet most of the day find no equal for Wearite Soles. Mothers are solving the question of children's wear with Wearite. Shoes Wearite Soled are featured by one of the world's famous chain of stores; the greatest mail order house in the world specifies Wearite Soles; department stores have children's shoes Wearite Soled. And when your shoes need re-soling, have your repair man give you long-wearing Wearite Soles.

ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY
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Makers also of
TITE-EDGE HEELS

WEARITE SOLES

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page thirty-seven]

For the first time the witness blinked. The crowd seemed as surprised as she. What was back of this question? Here was a girl who had given damaging evidence against this man, and he was not trying to shake her testimony a whit. He was merely solicitous about her sleep! Could it be true that he loved the girl, that he really was jealous of Larkin?

Keen had started to object, but the question was answered before he could find his voice.

"Why—why, yes," she said. "Why do you ask?"

"And you still take sleeping powders?"

"Occasionally. Yes."

"That's all, Miss Caponi."

"Have I made a mistake in calling this man a lion?" Keen asked himself. "Maybe he's just an ass in a lion's skin. Well, we'll find out—my airedales and I."

V

BIG Joe Carozzo was the first witness called on the third day of the trial, and Keen suspected that Sommers would "tear him apart" on cross-examination. Keen would have liked to do that himself. He envied Sommers the opportunity.

Big Joe's little black mustache points glittered. His black eyes were smiling as he sat in the witness chair. He had incased his fat body in a neat suit of tweed. A watch chain with a large diamond hanging from its middle stretched across his abdomen. Three fat diamonds gleamed on each hand, and one smiled in his soft baby blue tie. In perfect English he described the penthouse on the Allegheny roof, the cabaret, his den, the bedroom leading off it, the rooms occupied by Pio Mora and his wife, the dressing rooms, the kitchen, the service bar, the cloakroom. He described his business connection and friendship with Sommers, and his slight acquaintance with Larkin. Slowly Keen led him up to the morning of the murder.

"Sommers," Carozzo testified, "was going to leave me. He said he was going to New Orleans on an early train. I begged him to do me a last service—to see Larkin, to look at the diamond Larkin wanted to sell, to examine the bill of sale carefully, and, if he found everything aboveboard, to buy me the diamond as cheaply as he could.

"Sommers arrived about midnight, Larkin a few minutes later. I talked to them a few moments near the cloakroom, and saw them go into my office. I began to get impatient after a while, because I heard nothing from Sommers. So, about two o'clock, I called a waiter and sent him in to see if Sommers had any news for me.

"The waiter reported that Larkin was dead and Sommers was gone."

"You had seen the diamond?"

"No; I never saw it."

"That's all."

Keen sat back and waited.

"Now, fox," he said, "sit and suffer. For the lion is ready to pounce on you. I can hear him roaring already."

"Mr. Carozzo!" Sommers shot the name at him with such scorn that Big Joe bristled and his black eyes blazed.

"Did you ever see me when I was chewing gum?"

Carozzo looked puzzled and a bit relieved. He laughed.

"No; I never saw you do anything but drink raw whisky."

"That's all."

Keen stared at Sommers as at a ghost. He simply could not believe that this was Sommers. The thing almost unnerved him. The lion had backed away from the fox? Well, then, try him on the tiger.

"Call Pio Mora," he said.

Pio came slowly down the aisle, every footfall a new menace, the hollow hoops of gold that dangled from his ears making shivery music. He walked with a rolling gait, in a tight-fitting blue suit—an atrocious color and an atrocious cut. His muscles threatened every moment to burst the shiny fabric. A red bandana handkerchief was stuck in the breast pocket of his coat. An anchor of rubies was fastened to his pale green tie.

His red hair, parted in the center, and his long red mustachios, and the scar that ran across his brown left cheek caused delicious shivers to run down the spines of the women in the room.

One woman suddenly clutched her child and held her firmly in her lap.

Mora talked in broken English. And though in the cabaret he sang in a voice that numbed the ear, he spoke from the witness chair as though he were awed, and Judge Ingersoll had several times to remind him he must talk loudly enough for all the jurors to hear.

The newspaper men found him almost as much a sensation as Marcia—and they whispered to each other that he was Carozzo's "chief killer," that he had been the mate who helped Carozzo smuggle Chinks and rum.

"You are Pio Mora," Keen said. "You live, with your wife, in a room above the cabaret. You sing 'Sixteen men on a dead man's chest' during the pirate number in the show, and are associated with Carozzo in the management of the cabaret. Is that correct?"

"Correct. I go upstairs to thees balcony. I go up ladder from thees balcony. *Sapristi!* There I am."

"You were just about to sing your song on the morning of Friday, May 14, when you were interrupted by the announcement that Larkin had been murdered."

Mora put his hairy paws on the arms of his chair.

"Correct," he whispered.

"Did you see the defendant, Sommers, at any time that morning before the murder, and did you have a conversation with him?"

"Correct."

He said that he had seen Sommers and Larkin together at the foot of the balcony steps. He was going up to dress. Marcia was singing. Sommers told him he was leaving in a little while for "San Diego, Califor'." He testified that he offered Sommers money, and Sommers refused it, saying he had more than enough to take him there, and "would have lots more after thees so little time." He had shaken hands with Sommers, and gone up to his room to dress for the pirate number. Had he talked to Larkin? He had not.

"That's all," Keen said; and to Sommers: "Take the witness."

"Take him and shake him," he added under his breath. And for a little while he thought Sommers would shake him.

"You began your career in New York by pushing a little cart around the East Side, did you not?" Sommers asked. "A little cart that held bananas?"

THIS man an ex-banana peddler? Oh, how funny. How unbelievable.

"Correct!" said Mora.

He had found his voice at last. The courtroom echoed and re-echoed with it. The livid scar seemed to leap across his cheek and lie panting.

"You live with your wife, and you're good to her. But she suspects you of taking too much interest in the cabaret girls."

"Correct!"

"You carve holy pictures on spindles, even on knives and revolver handles. You sing. You dance. You pose as a pirate—but you're a sham."

"You betcha my life. Thees-a true. Correct!"

Great beads of sweat came out on Mora's brow. The scar writhed. The ends of the mustaches quivered.

"And it was you, was it not, who gave me the bottle of whisky that morning of the murder—before you went up to dress?"

"Correct!"

"That's all."

"The tiger didn't spring," Keen thought. "And the lion has turned lamb." Aloud: "Call Mrs. Mora."

Theresa Mora was squat and dark and bulky. Her ankles were large—but they had to be large to support her tremendous legs. She waddled, and Keen classified

her as a goose, not only by her walk but by her eyes and her bill-shaped nose.

She bent her head, when she had taken the oath, and seemed to shrink from the interpreter who helped her into her seat. Her hands made little motions that might indicate despair—wrinkled hands that bore but the one ring, the thick, wide, yellow wedding band.

Mrs. Mora explained she was the mistress of the wardrobe. She took care of the costumes, and did little things for the girls, such as washing and ironing their handkerchiefs and stockings and underwear, helping them to dress when they were incapable of dressing themselves.

Keen had called her to corroborate Marcia's story of what had occurred in the dressing room the morning Larkin had violated its sanctity.

Sommers, on cross-examination, stood before her silent for so long that the nervous tension could be felt. The witness seemed to be holding her breath and pleading for pity. What was he going to ask, that she should look at him like that?

"Mrs. Mora," he said suddenly, "you have testified that some of the girls are occasionally too drunk to dress themselves. Do any of them use opiates?"

Keen objected. Sommers waved him away—angrily, it appeared.

"I didn't expect to get an answer," he said. "That's all, Mrs. Mora."

THE old man questioned only two other witnesses during the long day. One of these was Mickey Finn, who was the weasel of Keen's imaginary zoo. He asked only if the diamond Finn sported in his tie was a real one. Finn blushed when he admitted it was but glass.

The other witness was Captain O'Malley of the homicide squad.

O'Malley had told how he had found Sommers' handkerchief in the wastebasket near the card table on which the body of Larkin rested. He had identified the handkerchief. He had given a description of the room, had related all the incidents of Sommers' arrest. He had described how the fingerprints had been made, under his direction, and had identified a map of the room and pictures of the body and the furniture. He had gone into details concerning the examination made of the spindle.

"You were satisfied that Sommers was the man you wanted, captain? After a thorough examination you were convinced? Then, and only then, you placed him under arrest?"

"Yes, sir. I was convinced that I didn't have to ask him a thing—even if he'd wanted to answer any of the questions I put to him."

The captain's testimony had been the most damaging given by any witness. Keen saw that even the jury realized this. Ah, they were in full cry now. The chase was coming to its end.

Sommers broke in on the deputy dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Not what you DO but HOW you do it that COUNTS

EVERYONE knows the story of Gene Tunney. How he fought his way up, until at 30 he has retired, undisputed heavyweight champion of the world, possessed of fortune, title and position. From the very beginning of his career Tunney never once let himself get out of condition, even for a short time.

Gene Tunney

"I started taking Nujol internally seven years ago. The first month Nujol brought remarkable changes in my physical condition. My elimination became active and normal. My appetite increased and a desire for intensive training was created. Since that time I have taken Nujol about five nights a week. I have regulated myself to the amount necessary to keep my elimination normal.

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LUCKY TIGER

[THE MURDERS ON THE ROOF
Continued from page thirty-nine]

trict attorney's musing with the most tantalizing question of the trial.

"Captain, did you have eggs for luncheon or for breakfast? I see by your vest that you have had at least one egg—but when did you have it?"

VI

THE fourth day of the trial drew the greatest crowd—perhaps because the newspapers had made so much of Sommers' strange question about the egg stain on Captain O'Malley's vest.

The crowds came as much to see O'Malley as to hear Sommers ask his silly questions. And again they were disappointed. O'Malley was not in evidence, and Sommers cross-examined nobody but Sergeant Ole Hanson. And he handled the sergeant in his old-time manner.

"You have testified, sergeant, that Captain O'Malley found my handkerchief in the wastebasket and then ordered you to search the receptacle for further evidence against me. You have stated you took out all the papers in the basket, piece by piece, carefully, methodically, scanning every scrap. You found nothing until you began putting these papers back, and stuck to a receipt you found a wad of gum. It was a heavy wad, 'a suspicious wad' I believe you said. It was hard. You had to use your pocketknife to cut it. You did cut it. And there was a piece of glass that resembled a diamond. I think that is all you said, is it not?"

Hanson gave the nice old man a superior smile.

"Yes," he said. "Isn't that enough?"

"The poodle snaps at the lion," Prosecutor Keen said to himself. "Now perhaps the lion will be himself."

Sommers raised his hand as he would to a saucy child.

"What else did you find, sergeant?"

Hanson looked annoyed; answered sharply that he had already answered the question.

"Well, answer it again," Sommers said.

Ah! The courtroom fans recognized him now. This was the old Anthony Sommers. Now watch the fur fly.

"I want to know what kind of papers you found. I remember you spoke of receipts. Receipts for what? What were the other papers so methodically taken out, so meticulously returned, so diligently studied?"

The witness reddened, held his tongue.

"Are you tongue-tied, sergeant?"

"Scraps of letters," Hanson shouted. "Bills. Papers with crazy drawings on them—such as those on your table. Lists of names. Prices of Scotch and rye and gin and vermuth. Receipts for the payment of money to sea captains, wholesale butchers and grocers, costumers. And—and things like that. Bits of string. Chewing gum wrappers."

"That's more like it." And Sommers stepped away and looked at the witness through eyes that squinted just a trifle—perhaps because the sun was in them.

"You are the wastebasket expert of the department, sergeant? You've examined other rubbish heaps for bits of golden evidence?"

"I have."

"You've found wads of gum before, I dare say. You didn't cut any of them open to see if you could find a pearl?"

Women tittered in the courtroom. Keen began a protest. Hanson writhed with impotent anger. The gavel came down on the bench. Hanson jumped with the sound of it.

"I withdraw the question," Sommers said. "Sergeant, you say you were looking for evidence. Did you consider the gum wrappers evidence of anything?"

"I did not."

"Where did you find these gum wrappers you so tenderly lifted out, so gently returned? In the top of the basket?"

"In the top. No, pardon me, in the bottom."

"Surely you don't mean the middle of the basket?"

"No. The bottom. The top."

"You're sure of that?"

There was no one in the stifling courtroom who couldn't feel the hot embarrassment of the witness.

"I don't know where they were," he said at length.

"Where were the receipts?"

"I don't know."

"Where were the scraps of letters and the crazy drawings? What position did they occupy in the—the scheme of things?"

"I don't know."

"Where was the wad of gum?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? You can't tell whether it was buried under the papers, or—like my handkerchief—lay openly on top of the heap for all the world to see and to identify. You don't remember. You don't know."

"I don't know."

"And, like the egg on the captain's vest, that wad of gum might have been tossed into its abiding place a week before you found it—or an hour."

"I don't know."

"I know you don't. That's all. Step down."

Keen almost clapped his hands as the abashed sergeant hurried out of court. At last he had seen Sommers do something. At last he knew that he had an opponent worthy of himself.

So that explained the question about the egg on the vest. What about those other silly questions? Were they so silly, after all?

"The state rests," he said.

His voice was calm, but his hands shook, and for the first time in a courtroom he felt the chill of nervous apprehension. Sommers was as guilty as sin. He had committed a brutal, sordid murder. Was he going to get away with it?

"The state rests," he said again.

. . . . .

ANTHONY SOMMERS, making the last plea he was ever to make to a jury, stood in front of the twelve uncomfortable men and coughed.

"Could any of you gentlemen lend me a handkerchief?" he asked. Juror number three—one of Keen's airedales—obliged the lawyer.

Sommers shook out the folded white square and held it by a corner.

"I see it has your initial on it," he said.

He crossed the room to the prosecutor's table, quickly picked up a spindle, and stuck it in the wood. It quivered there a moment. Ostentatiously Sommers let the handkerchief fall beside it.

"I'm sorry," he said to juror number three. "I've just killed a man with a spindle—and Captain O'Malley has found your handkerchief by the body. It has your initials on it—you know. And your fingerprints too. I'm sorry. Mr. Keen will have to try you for murder."

He smiled at the jury, then pulled out his own handkerchief and dabbed at his forehead.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the state has finished its case. It is now my privilege to make my opening statement to you, then to take the stand if I care to, tell my story, be cross-examined, and then to make my plea. After I have finished with my plea Mr. Keen will make his closing address, telling you, among other things, why you should put me to death for the murder of a little rat who should have been murdered long ago. But inasmuch as I am my own attorney, I propose to omit the opening statement and the examination on the witness stand. We shall get through more quickly. I have been sworn, and it has been agreed that if Mr. Keen wishes to cross-examine me he may do so. If he does I shall take the stand.

"I could, if I wanted to, tell you a story so logical and so seemingly true that you would believe, and acquit me in a minute. But I propose to tell you nothing but the truth—the whole truth."

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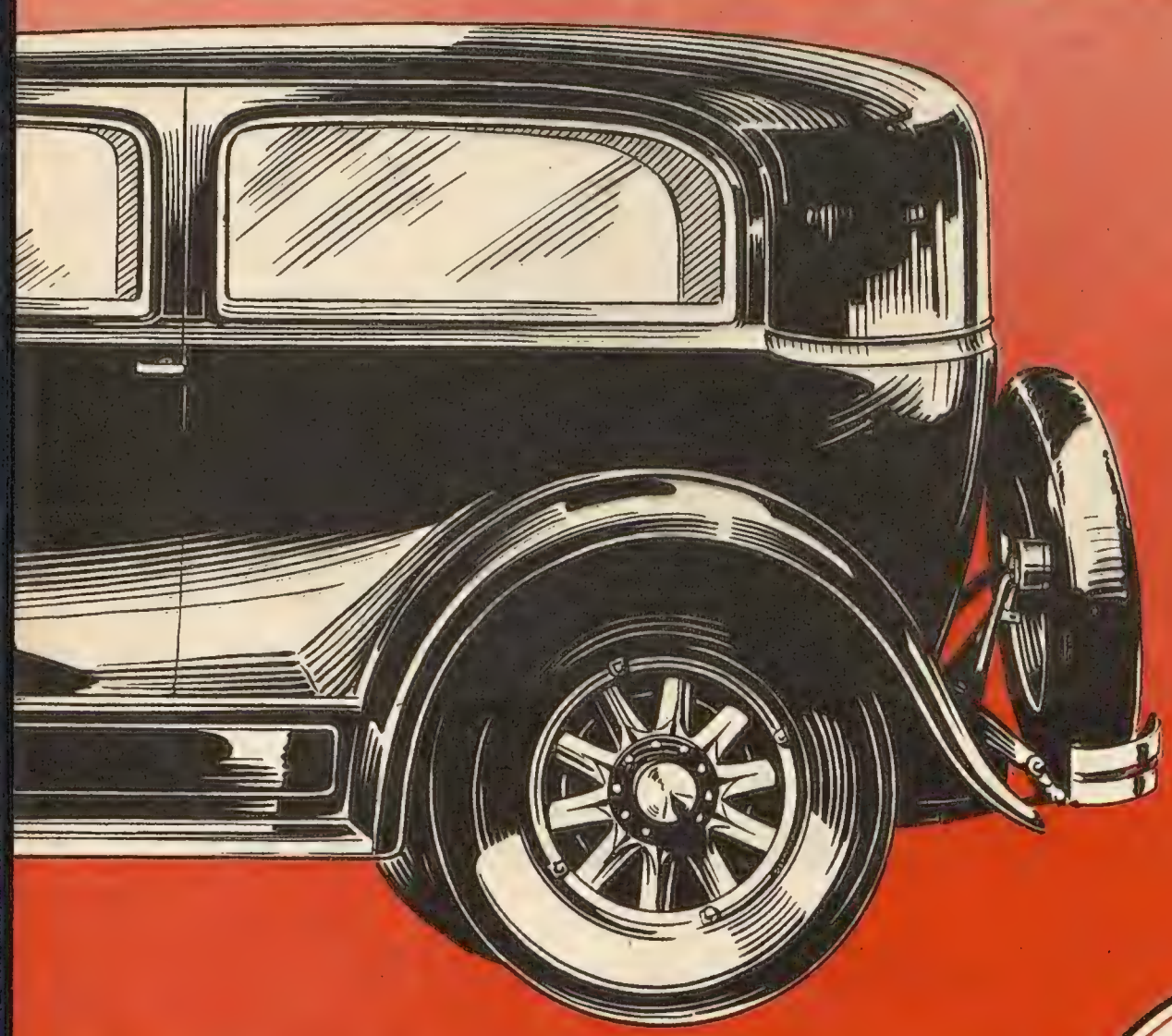

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to pull through. Meanwhile, it continues to provide that unmatched dependability for which every Pontiac has been famed.

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EXIT Elsie Mackay

The Last Flight of a Free Spirit

By
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

"I MUST always be doing something."

These words of Elsie Mackay's, spoken laughingly a few weeks before her tragic attempt to fly, last spring, from England to America, sum up her short life more correctly than could a heavy volume.

But the epilogue to the vivid drama of her career was spoken to me by her dour old Scotch father, Lord Inchcape, who cannot mask the tragedy in his eyes or keep the heartbreak from his voice.

"She'd ha' been happier," he said, "if she'd ha' been a mon."

All his anxieties, all his pride in her fearless courage, all the sorrow of his loss, lay in those words.

Something of the superabundant vitality that was Elsie Mackay's seems to live on in the memories of her that she has left behind. In every case when I talked with friends, relatives, dependents, or fellow workers, the same look of animation, the same eager desire to speak of her, followed my first mention of Elsie Mackay's name.

Said a friend of Elsie's Bohemian stage days, a Russian actress: "She was the most vivacious and attractive woman I have ever known, and the most courageous. She did not know what fear was."

Later I met one of her flying friends, a war-crippled aviator sometimes called the bravest man in England, for he is still flying in spite of injuries that would keep lesser men from walking.

"Elsie was the most magnetic person I've ever seen," he told me. "And one of the bravest."

Mrs. Hinchliffe, widow of Elsie's pilot on that last flight, says, as I question her: "Oh, Elsie was wonderful. She was the most interesting woman I ever saw. She was such fun, too. And, oh, so pretty!"

A vivid personality, indeed, to live thus, after death!

Born in Scotland in 1893, this tiny, dark, vivacious, elfin creature must have seemed almost a changeling in the somewhat austere Scotch family of which she was the fourth child. Willful, determined, and gay, from the first she differed from her brothers and sisters. And yet, more than any of them, she, from first to last, was her father's daughter.

Underwood & Underwood photos

The Honorable Elsie Mackay, Lord Inchcape's daughter.

Tuning up the engine of her plane. She herself was a skilled and daring pilot.

"Lord Inchcape of Strathnaver, 1st Viscount," we read in Who's Who. Then a column and a half in the smallest type, recording his achievements, the posts he has held, the missions he has fulfilled:

"Director nominated by the government to the Anglo-Persian Company; Government representative to the Conference of Representatives of the U. S. and Mexican governments dealing with the question of introducing the gold standard into Mexico; In 1919 he took over all the British Government standard ships and realized thirty-five million pounds for the exchequer." This and much more.

Compare this record with any other in the book in which every prominent Englishman is included, and you will find that no other equals it. Also you will find that you know less of this man, as a man, than of any other person in the volume. Even the heading, "hobbies," yields nothing, for after the word comes an uncompromising "none." The answer should have been "hard work" and "success."

At five Elsie learned to ride. Within a couple of years, despite entreaties and threats, she would escape her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[EXIT ELSIE MACKAY
Continued from page forty-five]

nurses and governesses for hours and ride bareback, perched on a shaggy pony, galloping among the wild, heather-clad hills of her native Scotland.

Later she was sent to the school of the Convent of the Assumption at Val, in Belgium.

That the period at the convent school left a deep trace on Elsie Mackay's character became apparent many years later when life's tempests buffeted her. Then she strongly felt the need of such spiritual support as human beings cannot give, and after deep deliberation, on December 6, 1927, she was received into the Roman Catholic Church, at the Church of the Assumption, Kensington, London.

Minute, beautifully proportioned, Elsie Mackay was just five feet in height with tiny, nervous, expressive hands and the smallest feet. So small was she that when she became an air pilot, the seat in her plane had to be considerably lowered, to enable her to reach the rudder bar with her feet. She had a wealth of wavy black hair and remarkably beautiful black eyes. Her greatest charm, however, was her vivacity, her animation, her delightful sense of humor.

These, as well as the keenness of her mind, developed as she tasted life for herself in her own way, and at thirty she had gained in looks, rather than lost.

The few years intervening between her return from the convent at Val and the outbreak of the war brought the first serious clash with her parents.

Elsie soon wearied of the usual monotonous round of débutante gayeties, and in the early days of 1914 she got herself a job on the stage. There were great battles at home, but Elsie stuck to her guns. Completely without theatrical experience, she became understudy to Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion.

Then came the night that all understudies dream of, but so rarely experience. The leading lady, Mrs. Campbell, was ill—considerately but almost too suddenly ill.

AT the last moment Elsie remembered her shoes—for in the first act of Pygmalion the heroine is a flower girl hawking her "vi'lets" outside the London Opera.

It was too late to obtain shoes from the costumer. Out rushed Elsie to Piccadilly Circus where, behind their great baskets of flowers, the queens of Cockneydom sit enthroned.

Picking the smallest flower girl, Elsie said, with her infectious smile, "Will you sell me your boots?"

The flower girl eyed her suspiciously. "Wotcher gettin' at?" Elsie explained, got the shoes, and gave the flower girl a ticket for the show. Later she told Elsie appreciatively, "You'd maike any hamount sellin' flowers."

In a few months the war was upon England and Elsie was training as a nurse.

The war, so it was generally supposed at the time, would last only a few months. There was as yet no dearth of men. To nurse the wounded was the job closest at hand for women. As Elsie Mackay saw things at that moment, what had to be done right away was to make life endurable for the wounded. A hospital was established in the big town house of Lord Inchcape, and Elsie found an outlet for her energy both in the organization of the hospital and in actual nursing.

She found, too, in the latter occupation, an outlet for the essential femininity that was hers, for the deep kindness and loyalty which so endeared her to her wounded and her friends alike.

In those harrowing days of suffering and sacrifice, Love walked in the shadow of Death in every hospital. Among the wounded officers in Lady Inchcape's hospital lay Dennis Wyndham. He loved Elsie almost at first sight, and his love won her heart.

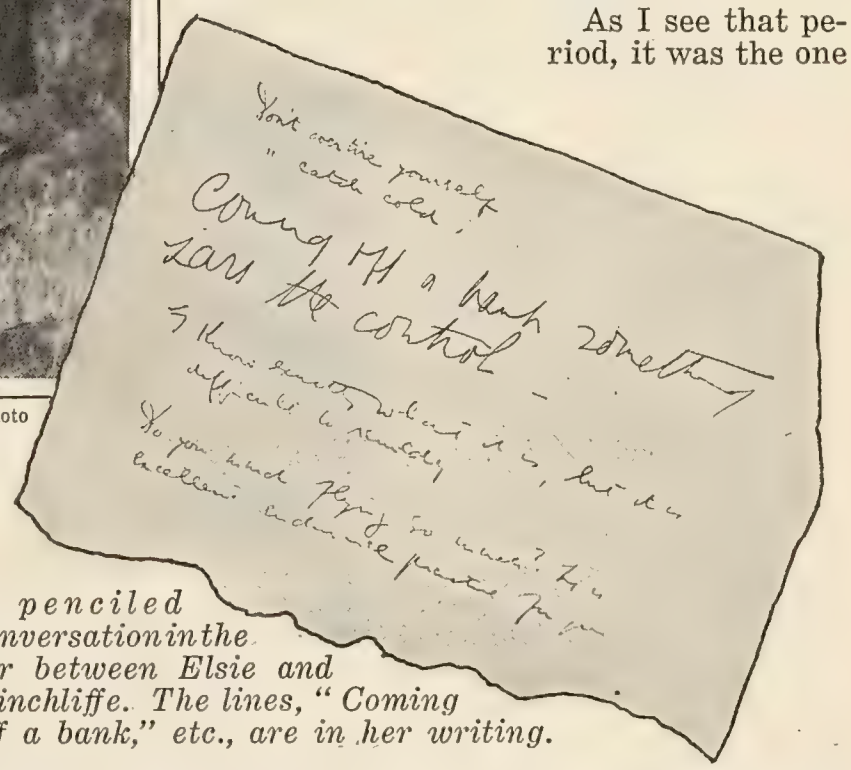
BUT Elsie did not reckon with the almost fanatical enmity which her romance aroused in her family. Definitely and relentlessly, with a completeness that grew rather than abated, Lord Inchcape set himself against the man his daughter loved.

It is impossible for any stranger to judge, to comment, condemn—or even completely understand all the complications of such a situation. The most that can be done is to estimate as conscientiously as is in one's power the effects upon the character of Elsie Mackay, as imposed by the circumstances which arose.

As I see that period, it was the one during which all her latent powers of enterprise, all her boundless capacity for devotion, came into play. And her courage. For to oppose Lord Inchcape was no small undertaking. Also there was love and loyalty to him tugging at her heart. Perhaps the opposition was too great. Perhaps her love for her man was too strong.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Elsie Mackay and Captain Walter G. R. Hinchliffe, lost with her in their attempt to fly the Atlantic.



A penciled conversation in the air between Elsie and Hinchliffe. The lines, "Coming off a bank," etc., are in her writing.

Finally, after a period of actual imprisonment in her room at Glenapp Castle, the family seat in Scotland (her parents suspecting her determination to marry her lover), Elsie made a daring escape at a terrible risk, letting herself down from a window on a rope made of sheets torn from her bed.

In a Scotch village close by she was married to the man she loved. With him she began a life almost fantastic in its contrast to that which she had hitherto led.

London, where she now lived, brought her into contact with life bereft of all the amenities that money and position can give.

Dennis Wyndham, her husband, an actor by profession, could earn only the precarious livelihood which the theater affords. Elsie received no income at this time from the enormous fortune which was considered to be hers. She never controlled her wealth. Her father al-

ways administered it. But she had in herself twin talismans which proved as valuable as any income—enterprise and grit. When the play in which her husband was acting came to the end of its run, Elsie decided it was her turn to earn money. The films, she believed, offered a better field than the theater.

Calling herself Poppy Wyndham, she sent out her photographs to producers asking for "crowd work." Almost immediately she got a "call." She proved possible in the first crowd, and in an incredibly short time she was given a lead.

The British films were just beginning to be active then and were on the eager lookout for talent. Elsie Mackay appeared first in a film called Snow in the Desert.

In 1919, when she had been less than a year in the films, a critic predicted that "Miss Wyndham, who is dark and petite, with wonderful black eyes, should have a great future on the screen."

Then in 1920 came her big chance in a lead given her by Sinclair Hill, managing director of the Stoll Picture productions. A picture based on a story by Ethel M. Dell called The Tidal Wave was being filmed.

According to the story, a tidal wave was to carry away the heroine. Elsie was the heroine.

The rôle was a dangerous one owing to the waves which beat upon the rocky Cornish coast, and several actresses refused it. When Elsie Mackay took the part she refused a double.

She posed, the artist hero painted, the cameras clicked—then nature stepped in.

WITHOUT warning a real squall broke, and Elsie was actually swept out to sea by an enormous wave. Cameras were lost. Sidney Seward, playing the artist hero, plunged after her. There followed a terrific struggle with the waves. Seward finally managed to get Elsie ashore.

After being treated by doctors she returned to the director. "I'm ready," she said; "let's do the scene again."

During the years that followed, Elsie Mackay appeared in a number of sensational stunts in films. She was dropped from airplanes; she fell out of boats; she performed wonders of horsemanship. In The Grand Coup she rode a race as a lady jockey.

Despite hard work, despite risks of life and limb, despite scarcity of money, she seemed happy at this period of her life.

Yet, gay and courageous as she was, there is no doubt that the insecure and comfortless life she led left its mark upon her. The hectic and dangerous experiences of her moving picture work developed a taste, always latent in her, for thrills.

Soon filming seemed dull. Aviation became her ambition. With Elsie, impulse was always linked with action. And under her hankerings and whims lay a solid foundation of prac-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Canada: 165 Dufferin St. Toronto. Add 25c to above prices

[EXIT ELSIE MACKAY
Continued from page forty-seven]

tical foresight—the same foresight, pluck, and shrewdness that had enabled Lord Inchcape to pile up his millions and build that Who's Who record of his achievements.

Elsie took her first lessons in aviation from E. B. C. Herne. After five hours of instruction he considered her ready to take up a plane alone.

One day Elsie asked Herne to loop the loop. The straps securing her came loose. She swung out of the plane, hanging on the wires by her bare hands.

When Herne landed he was horrified to find Elsie's hands covered with blood, cut to the bone by the wires.

"It was glorious," she laughed. "I'd do it again with pleasure."

Later Elsie took flying lessons from Sir Alan Cobham and C. D. Barnard.

By that time she was definitely bitten with the craze for flying, lured by the infinite possibilities of aviation, and inspired by the desire to promote British interests in the air.

This desire she carried with her out of the wreck of her married life, back to the luxurious home of her parents, to which she returned after the annulment of her marriage in 1922.

For a while Elsie plunged once more into gay society life. Day by day the newspapers mentioned her in their columns devoted to the activities of the British court. At entertainments given by Lord Inchcape, where the names of folk prominent in London society were listed with foreign potentates and royalties, Elsie was a brilliant, vivid figure again.

Was she happy amid this splendor, this feverish round of dutiful gayety? Did she not yearn for the easy comradeship of the theater, and of the lodgings where friends dropped in to share the supper bought at the chophouse on the corner—friends who laughed at the shortage of plates, sometimes at the shortage of fare?

Her crazy midnight drives through England in her big Rolls-Royce, the hours she spent roaring above the clouds alone in her ninety-horsepower De Haviland plane, and her long, solitary walks by the sea, her five dogs and her attachment to an aged pug Rumple, seem to indicate restlessness, possibly loneliness.

Elsie Mackay as the heroine of The Tidal Wave. During the filming of this scene she was nearly drowned.

This period of comparative inactivity and idleness did not last very long, however. After a trip to India and other voyages, Elsie Mackay began to superintend and direct the decorating of some of the steamers of the P. & O. line, one of the Inchcape properties.

RAPIDLY the new work absorbed her energies. The top floor of the Inchcape mansion in Seamore Place became her office. A real office, too, crowded with filing cabinets, chairs, and tables heaped with samples of hangings, carpets, etc. She had plenty of battles to wage against the conservative ways of some of the older captains of the P. & O. boats.

When Elsie showed old Captain Bartlett of the Cathay her sketches and plans, pointing out where she meant to place green inglenooks with silk curtains and footstools in front of the chairs, the captain nearly died of apoplexy.

"You'll be making a yacht of my ship," he stormed. "Forty-three years I've been sailing the sea, Miss, eating ship's biscuits and salt horse. I believe in the good old days. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of taking footstools aboard."

"All right," Elsie replied. "If the 'good old days' are so fine, why not give up your bath and the modern comforts of your own cabin, Captain?"

Elsie had a way with her, one that men remembered. Several months after her death an old sailor came to Lord Inchcape down at the piers where his liners dock. Stepping in front of his lordship, the man said: "You're Miss Elsie's father, aren't you? I was sorry about your girl. Awful sorry. I was fond of her."

She worked her staff as hard as she worked herself. One of her former employees recalls how on many occasions he was called by telephone in the small hours of the morning and told to have the entire staff at the piers ready for work at 6 A. M. "Miss Mackay was always there before us," he added.

Two of Elsie's notable decorative works were the satinwood suite with mauve and purple hangings and carpets prepared for the India passage of Lady Reading, wife of the viceroy, and the magnificent green and gold suite made for Princess Mary's voyage to Egypt.

BUT Elsie's heart was not undividedly in this work. It was too fixed for her, too tame. Her adventurous soul needed a wider field.

During 1926 and 1927 she flew a good deal and became anxious to do whatever lay within her power to attract more attention in England to aëronautics. As a member of the Air League Committee, she began planning some spectacular flights to arouse enthusiasm in England.

In a letter to a friend she wrote:

"I want to do something that is going to benefit Britain and British aviation, and if I could do it without my name appearing I should be delighted."

She was especially anxious to start a British company for running passenger planes on a sound business basis—not subsidized by the government, as is the Imperial Airways, Ltd.

She knew that if she could complete a transatlantic flight from east to west, the publicity obtained would place her in a position to command attention for any scheme she put forward.

In the autumn of 1927 she began to look about for a suitable companion for such a flight.

At that time Walter George Raymond Hinchliffe, veteran war pilot who had lost an eye in combat, was flying on the Imperial Airways' London-Paris route, and seeking eagerly for someone to finance his projected flight from England to America.

Few men in England were better qualified to attempt such an undertaking. Not only was Hinchliffe the best English pilot (he had more hours in the air to his credit than any other pilot in the world with the exception of Eddie Stinson) but he had also organized an excellent air line, the Royal Dutch Air Service.

Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, described Hinchliffe to me as "the best pioneer we had in air navigation."

As yet, neither Elsie Mackay nor Raymond Hinchliffe was more than vaguely aware of the other's existence, though the mysterious hand of fate was rapidly bringing them together.

By 1927 Hinchliffe had had more than enough of flying for the Imperial Airways, and after meeting Charles Levine, who was looking for a pilot in England, he took a month's leave to try a non-stop flight to India with Levine. For various reasons this flight came to a full stop in Vienna.

Undaunted by the fiasco, Hinchliffe renewed his search for an associate for a long-distance flight. The chance came eventually through an official of the Air Ministry, who, in November, 1927, put Hinchliffe in touch with a mysterious Captain Wreford.

A lady whose name could not be disclosed was financially interested in the long-distance flight, but the flight, so Hinchliffe understood, was to be made by Wreford and himself.

There followed an exchange of letters in which Hinchliffe, writing to Wreford, with his usual frankness stressed every detail to minuteness, not even omitting the question of mutual liking. "If there is the slightest doubt in your mind regarding my capabilities or your personal liking for me, please say so at once, as either would be fatal to an enterprise of this kind."

Not till November 26, 1927, did Hinchliffe meet Elsie Mackay in London.

From the moment of their meeting they plunged into a fever of preparation for their flight. From the first it was understood that she was to accompany him on the hazardous dash over the ocean. From the first she trusted this intrepid one-eyed pilot.

Before the fireplace in the blue sitting room of Mr. Hinchliffe's home, the dead man's mother talked of her boy. They came at random, old Mrs. Hinchliffe's proud, pathetic memories. How he left medical school to enlist in the army. His prowess in sports; he broke horses and rode steeplechase. His love of animals, especially of stray and sad cats. In 1915 he resigned his commission in the army to join the Royal Navy Air Service. He served alternately as a combat pilot at the front and as an instructor—a brilliant one. His war record gives him credit for shooting down twelve enemy planes.

From the war he also received the Distinguished Flying Cross and head injuries so severe that he lost an eye and was told he never would fly again. This verdict of the doctors he refused to accept. Courage pulled him through, courage and his amazing physical strength, which he attributed to the fact that he neither drank nor smoked.

WEARING an eyeshield, which he was never afterwards able to discard, he came from the hospital to serve as a flying instructor until the end of the war. And at the end of the war he was so sold on the aviation idea that he decided upon work in the civilian air service. At the Amsterdam Exhibition in 1919 Hinchliffe did a great deal of joy-flying. In England he was the first to introduce the famous "falling leaf" stunt.

After the Amsterdam Exhibition he returned to Amsterdam and started the first Dutch service between that city and London, flying the planes himself, and instructing the Dutch pilots.

In 1922 he married his charming Dutch wife, who gave me an unexpected pleasure when I discovered her to be a granddaughter of Prince Michael Galitzen, who left Russia and settled in Holland where he discarded his title and married a Dutch lady. Mrs. Hinchliffe's father, one of old Galitzen's sons, in turn married a Dutch girl. Mrs. Hinchliffe does not speak Russian and considers herself quite Dutch. This, however, does not prevent her from being remarkably like some family portraits of Galitzen ancestors which used to hang in the Russian homes of some of my own relatives.

For some time Hinchliffe was connected with the Daimler Airways in Paris. During the years between 1923 and 1927 he accumulated experience as a pilot by flying every air route in Europe, crossing the Libyan Desert, doing long-distance Mediterranean flights, and so on.

His flying for the Imperial Airways, though it gave him a living, did not in any way satisfy him. True, he managed to extract some fun from it through his very personal contacts with his passengers. Such an occasion came when he noticed an old lady holding her ears during a descent to lower altitude. Thinking she was uncomfortable, he scribbled a note to her. "If you are suffering from deafness," he wrote, "swallowing will relieve it."

Back came the old lady's answer. "Dear Pilot, have been stone-deaf for twenty years. Swallowing don't help me."

At their first meeting in the gaudy, conventional restaurant of the Ritz Hotel, Elsie Mackay and Hinchliffe mapped out the details of their projected flight with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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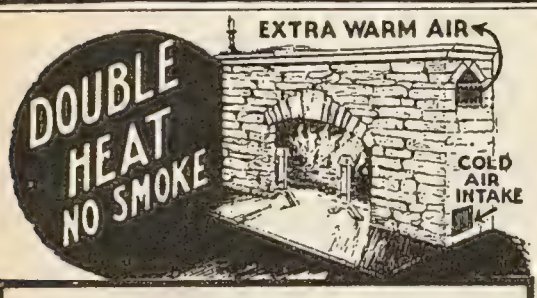

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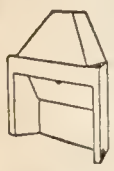

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[EXIT ELSIE MACKAY
Continued from page forty-nine]

breath-taking rapidity. Captain Wreford and Mr. Meatyard, the manager of the bank through which Elsie Mackay was passing the money for the flight, were swept to one side after a few words concerning the financial aspect of the venture.

Before they rose from the table, a complete understanding had been arrived at and the first vital preparations for the flight were decided upon. Hinchliffe was to sail for New York in three days to buy an American Stinson monoplane with a Wright Whirlwind engine similar to that used by Lindbergh.

Absolute secrecy was to be maintained, chiefly to prevent Elsie Mackay's family from learning of the project.

IT was in New York that the fatal date, the 13th, first obtruded itself. On Tuesday, December 13, Hinchliffe drove out to Mitchel Field and there chose the plane he wanted. It was a powerful Stinson monoplane capable of doing 130 to 150 miles an hour. After spending two days in New York, Hinchliffe sailed for England to await the delivery of the plane.

The machine arrived on the Aquitania on February 3 and was taken to Brooklands. An American mechanic named Porter came with it to overlook the assembling. Elsie Mackay was wild with eagerness to see the plane, but the secrecy of the flight plans forbade her going near it. She was too well known.

Finally, to inspect the plane, came a group including Hinchliffe, Mrs. Hinchliffe, Captain Wreford, and a friend of Elsie Mackay's. A young footman in livery trailed the group. Suddenly the footman's tan complexion began to fade. His make-up was running down on his collar. As the make-up melted Elsie Mackay's features appeared. To see the plane she had resorted to masculine disguise.

She and Hinchliffe made their first test flights on February 17. Her record in the log book kept by Hinchliffe is "very good." On the 29th a five-hour test flight was made. The comment in the log book runs, "My confidence in the success of our venture is now 100 per cent."

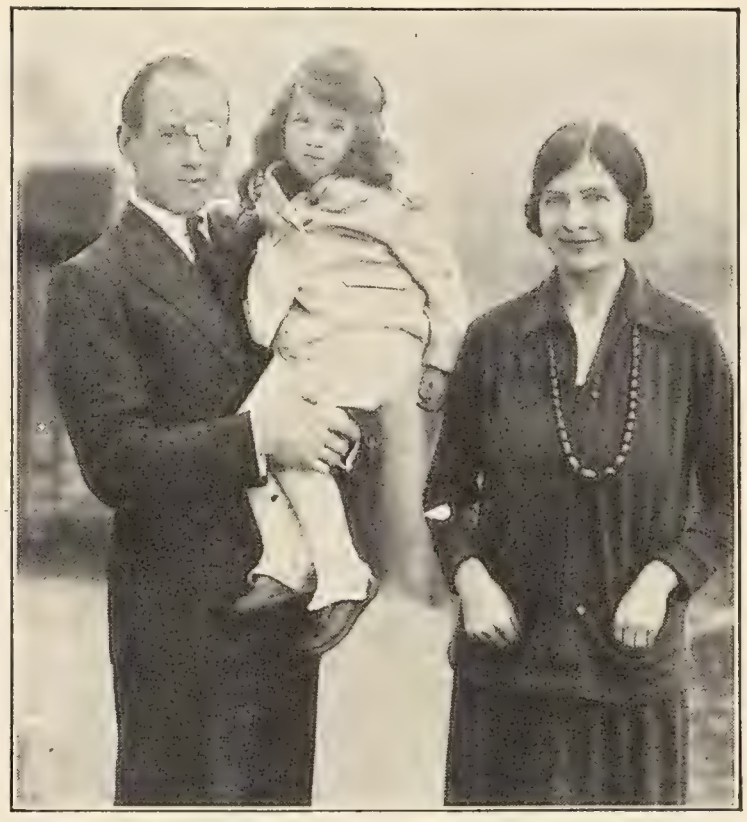
Strange words to read now!

Endless acrid discussion has eddied around the departure of the Endeavor, the name they gave their ship. Why was the flight undertaken in bad weather was asked. The mystery surrounding Elsie Mackay's association with the flight gave rise to preposterous rumors, such as the insinuation that no flight had been intended—only an elopement.

The facts are these:

Only after Elsie Mackay had seen the British Air Minister was permission given for their use of Cranwell airport for one week. Tests only were to be made. The real flight was to start from Baldonnell, in Ireland, where the Bremen fliers took off.

The British Air Ministry imposed these restrictions because they objected to the fact that Hinchliffe and Elsie Mackay had selected an American plane. They would not allow an American plane to fly from a British government airport.



Captain and Mrs. Hinchliffe with their elder daughter, Joan.

That Hinchliffe had always intended to take off from Cranwell airport, on the east coast of England, was made clear to my mind when I read the detail chart of a flight from Cranwell to Newfoundland, a chart prepared for him by a friend in the Air Ministry. Hinchliffe seems to have been justified in using Cranwell in spite of British government objections, since Cranwell was the only airport suitable for a take-off with a full load.

ON March 9, a week after the week's limit set by the Air Ministry, both Hinchliffe and Elsie Mackay received telegrams from the authorities warning them that the plane must be removed from the Cranwell hangars by 6 o'clock the next evening.

The weather at that moment was extremely unfavorable.

And Elsie was becoming more and more fearful that news of her intended flight would leak out and alarm her family. On March 10 the weather grew to be so severe that Mrs. Hinchliffe, who had been staying at Cranwell, left for London in full assurance that no flight could be attempted for several days.

Money was Elsie Mackay's chief preoccupation during those last days—she whose personal fortune was more than two million dollars, controlled by her father. As Elsie cried

out one day to Mrs. Hinchliffe, when financial worries pressed her, "What is the good of money if you can't get at it?"

She spent the whole of Saturday, March 10, with her lawyers and the insurance company directors, trying to persuade them to trust her for the extra insurance premium of $12,500 which the insurance company required. Should anything happen, she said, she was certain her father would pay the premium. Late that afternoon she returned to Cranwell, having achieved nothing with the insurance agents.

Whether Hinchliffe knew this or not will never be known. The written statement from the insurance company, refusing to grant the policy without the full payment of the premium, did not reach the hotel where Elsie had been staying at Grantham, near Cranwell, until several hours after she and Hinchliffe had set out on their fatal flight.

Circumstances conspired to overshadow the drama of the flight with an aftermath of financial controversy which for young Mrs. Hinchliffe, left penniless with two tiny children, doubled the tragedy of her husband's death.

It is for this reason that in this, the first carefully documented and authenticated story of the flight, I have set forth the matter of the insurance at some length.

On March 12 weather reports came in showing more favorable conditions over the Atlantic. There were two moderate storms, both of which could be avoided by flying the northern route.

Hinchliffe was, so Sir Sefton Brancker assured me, a "great man to study the weather reports."

So, after studying the reports which came in on the evening of March 12, Hinchliffe decided that the moment for departure had arrived. How much he was influenced by the necessity to vacate the aërodrome is hard to gauge.

AT 1 o'clock that night a telephone message reached Mrs. Hinchliffe, telling her that a start would be made at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Preparations were hurried at the Grantham hotel. Hot drinks were put up in vacuum containers. In the early dawn muffled figures left the hotel. So well was the secret of the flight guarded that for days everyone believed another man had flown with Hinchliffe.

At 5 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, March 13, the black and gold plane Endeavor took off at last in the cold half light.

Took off for—what?

The last appearance of the plane was at 1:30 P. M. of that day, when it was sighted over Mizen Head in County Cork, Ireland. The ship was headed west, for Newfoundland, 1,750 miles away.

What became of the two courageous and enterprising souls who flew the Endeavor out across the ocean? Are they lost in the wild stretches of Labrador, as the German fliers suggested? Or was it as old Lord Inchcape says, as he sits staring before him, "It must ha' been a terrible death in the cold Atlantic"?

Left behind is a tangle of broken threads—rumors of a romance or elopement; hints of headstrong and criminal haste. Nothing can contradict the romantic rumors more definitely than the fact of Mrs. Hinchliffe's continual presence at Cranwell in the days preceding the flight and her devotion to the memory of Elsie Mackay.

Some of the other threads can be disentangled. A few hours after the flight began came reports of bad weather. How was it, asked the curious, that Hinchliffe ignored these reports? The answer is simple. Atlantic weather reports reach the Air Ministry in London twice a day. But the late report is not tabulated and sent out until the Air Ministry staff comes to work, between 9:30 and 10 o'clock the next morning. Therefore the late weather report cannot be obtained at the airports until 10:30 or 11 o'clock in the morning—twelve hours or more after it has been filed at the Air Ministry.

And since the flight to Newfoundland had to start at crack of dawn in order to make full use of the daylight hours, Hinchliffe had to rely upon weather reports

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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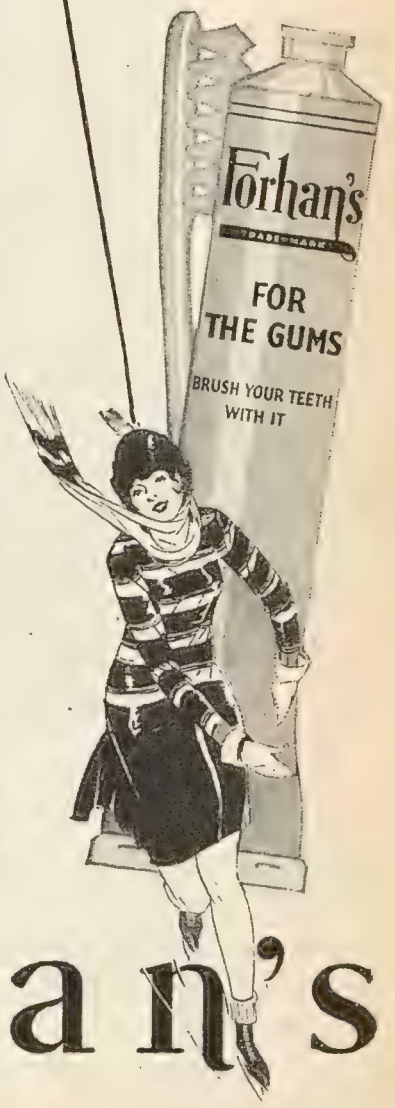

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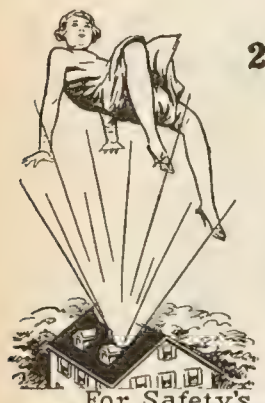

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[EXIT ELSIE MACKAY Continued from page fifty-one]

twenty-four hours old, because of the leisurely system employed by the British Air Ministry.

As Sir Sefton Brancker put it, this flight was "one of the few mistakes old Hinchliffe made in the air—and he got caught out."

How much of the mistake was Hinchliffe's? How much room is there for speeding up the mechanism dealing with aviation in England?

There is also the controversy around the money which Mrs. Hinchliffe counted on receiving from the insurance company, thinking that the premium had been paid, and which she finally received from Lord Inchcape through the government.

After the disappearance of the Endeavor had been definitely established, Lord Inchcape presented the nation with a sum of £500,000 ($2,500,000)—Elsie's entire fortune. This sum is to accumulate interest for fifty years, then the aggregate is to be used in paying off part of the national debt.

P. & A. photo

Lord Inchcape, Elsie Mackay's father.

In the meantime Mrs. Hinchliffe, unable to obtain a penny from the insurance company, was destitute, with a five-year-old child, Joan, and baby Pamela, aged three months.

Hinchliffe's widow appealed to Lord Inchcape. Her letters remained unanswered. The press took up her case and voiced their views in no uncertain terms.

Not until August 1 of last year did Lord Inchcape turn over to the government the sum of £10,000 ($50,000), the amount for which Hinchliffe was to have been insured. The money, it was indicated, was to be used "to satisfy any complaint by other sufferers from the disaster."

It is quite impossible to say why this course was taken.

A marriage certificate established Mrs. Hinchliffe's identity to Lord Inchcape's satisfaction, finally. Surely it was an unpardonable requirement at such a moment—the more unpardonable because this sad and defenseless woman mourns not one but two, for her devotion to Elsie Mackay and her admiration of Elsie Mackay are wonderful to behold. Even in the matter of the omission to pay the insurance premium, Mrs. Hinchliffe defends Elsie.

And so the drama ends.

Two messages in bottles were picked up on the seashore. They purported to come from the Endeavor. Both were fakes. But one reads, "Down in fog and snow."

This, at any rate, coincides with the experts' theory that ice on the wings brought the plane down.

Echoes of that sinking plane beat upon my ears!

In a quiet house in Purley, baby Pamela lies in her perambulator. Her mother picks her up to show her to the visitor. Shyly the baby turns her head away, looking exactly, in profile, like the portrait of her father which hangs on the wall.

Involuntarily the eyes of Hinchliffe's father, his mother, and his widow turn to that portrait of him.

In a shop in a fashionable street in London, Elsie Mackay's closest friend listens to my questions and answers them. Suddenly she looks at me with passionate, hurt eyes.

"There'll never be another friend like Elsie. Never! There may be other friends, but never anyone so loyal or so considerate."

And the last echo, as a final chord, comes in the hollow, hushed voice of old age. Lord Inchcape nods his head and says, "She had the courage of a lion and the tender heart of a child."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Answers will be found on page seventy-seven.

1—Which is called the Green Mountain state?
2—What is the general name given to animals that chew the cud?
3—What country once was known as Iberia?
4—What is ornithology?
5—Where is Christopher Columbus buried?
6—What is an ingot?
7—Is Cuba a possession of the United States?
8—What animal was the symbol of the Progressive party which was led by Theodore Roosevelt?
9—What is the difference between a perennial and an annual plant?
10—What is the name of the pouch worn in front of the kilt by Scotch Highlanders?
11—The principles of what President of the United States often have been called the foundation of the Democratic party?
12—What novel includes a character named Cigarette?
13—What is nostalgia?
14—What is a gringo?
15—In British army slang what was meant by blighty?
16—In what state is Pike's Peak?
17—What is a cenotaph?
18—What does the Latin phrase *non sequitur* mean?
19—What is the capital of Roumania?
20—What is chauvinism?

Beauty at Thirty

By Eileen Bourne

AT a recent conference attended by medical scientists the country over, it was unanimously agreed that a man's youth after forty depended more upon what he had contributed to his bodily welfare before he attained his fortieth birthday than upon the repair program conducted after it.

The same holds true of woman's youth and beauty.

Therefore, we put thirty as an ominous milestone in the beauty life of every woman. What she will be at forty, at forty-five, whether she will be young, middle-aged, or old, depends not on the immediate repair work but on the "warding off" measures adopted ten and fifteen years earlier.

It is true that some age-arresting work may be done on a heavy figure, on an overlined face, on the old walk of a forty plus. But had the same woman begun her youth-preserving campaign at thirty, the result would be infinitely more satisfactory.

Around thirty and the early years following, the waist begins its thickening, lines around eyes and mouth corners begin to etch themselves.

The frequenters of beauty salons, outside of those young women who go for haircuts, marcels, and manicures, are recruits from the ranks of women in the thirties and over.

But why not pursue the trail of lost or threatened youth from another angle? And why wait until the eleventh hour? Keep to the creams and lotions. They're a recognized feature of the sinews of war. But they do not constitute the entire program. Exercise, all good authorities agree, is the surest, wisest, and least expensive way to keep young.

It's around thirty that women, for one reason or another, abandon the active sports of their earlier years. They're becoming muscle "settled." Jelling, as it were. And it is this process of jelling that often makes a middle-aged woman's attempt at youth recapture seem so futile.

Business women in sedentary occupations, with the constant ogre of genuine youth barking at their heels, should accept advice about daily exercise for exactly what it will be worth to them ten or fifteen years hence.

It is not alone for a sprightlier walk, a smarter carriage, that exercise is urged for the woman of thirty. It is likewise in the interests of better complexions, better tone to the hair and scalp, better blood circulation, and better elimination, upon which not only beauty depends, but the pep that is characteristic of youth. There is still another reason. It is the psychological effect of consistent daily exercise in the life of a woman. She becomes automatically more conscientious about other health and beauty rules.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

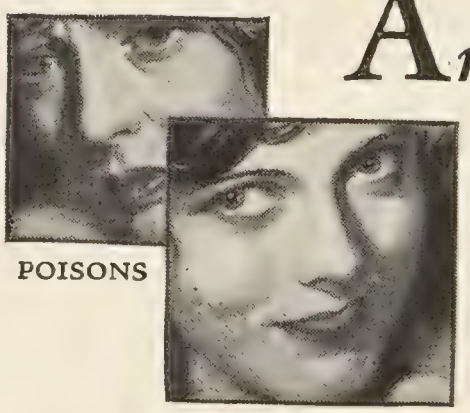
City.....State..... 128

For Colds –

HOW many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! How often you've heard of its quick relief of sore throat and tonsilitis. No wonder millions use it to conquer colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it has no effect on the heart. All drugstores.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

BAYER ASPIRIN



An amazing prescription for quick relief from Constipation—

THREE minutes of *chewing* — in three hours you are literally a different person!

On this simple, modern method the whole civilized world is learning to rely today.

A delicious mint-flavored tablet—Feen-a-mint. Just like chewing gum, but—it contains a scientifically-adjusted quantity of one of the most remarkable laxatives known!

And because you *chew* Feen-a-mint, this tasteless laxative is carried into the intestinal tract *gradually*. No cramping, no griping—no poisoning of the system, either. For this laxative is not digested like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done.

No wonder doctors endorse the principle of this new method. No wonder over a million Feen-a-mints a day are bought by ex-users of pills and salts.

3 minutes of chewing

Keep Feen-a-mint always on hand (children love it, naturally). On sale at every drug store in the United States and Canada.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing Laxative

Health Products Corporation L-1
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.
Please send free samples and book on correcting constipation.
Name_____
Address_____

Vox

Dry Reasoning

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The favorite argument of the wets is that people drink because it is against the law and as long as the prohibition law can't be enforced the logical thing to do is to repeal the law.

What could be simpler? Why didn't somebody think of that long ago!

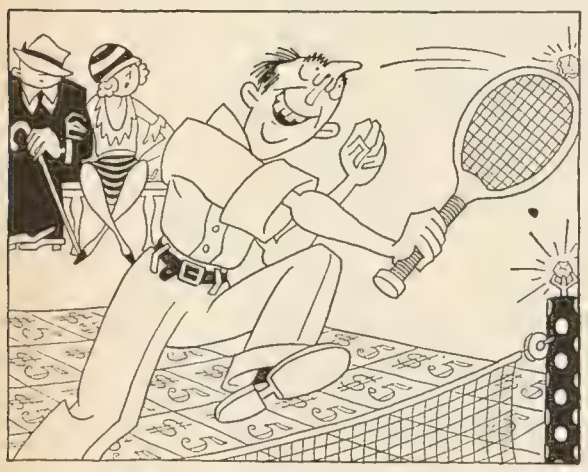
But why stop with the prohibition law? We have other laws that the police can't seem to enforce. For instance, there are laws against robbery and murder, yet the newspapers are filled every day with accounts of people being held up, robbed, and murdered. Why not repeal the laws against those things? What kick would a gang of gunmen get out of robbing a bank if there were no law against it?

If a woman gets tired of her husband and wants a new one, why shouldn't she have the privilege of shooting him or socking him on the dome with a sash weight? Whose business is it if she does? It's *her* husband, isn't it? Anyway, the law can't stop her, so why not repeal the law?

Down with all laws! How long are we, a liberty-loving people, going to stand for being told what we can and what we can't do? We won't be deprived of our personal liberties! Let gin, cocaine, guns, and ammunition be sold openly and legally by the government.—*W. J. Dowd.*

All Right. You Yell It

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Sidney Sutherland sure took a good swat at the in-



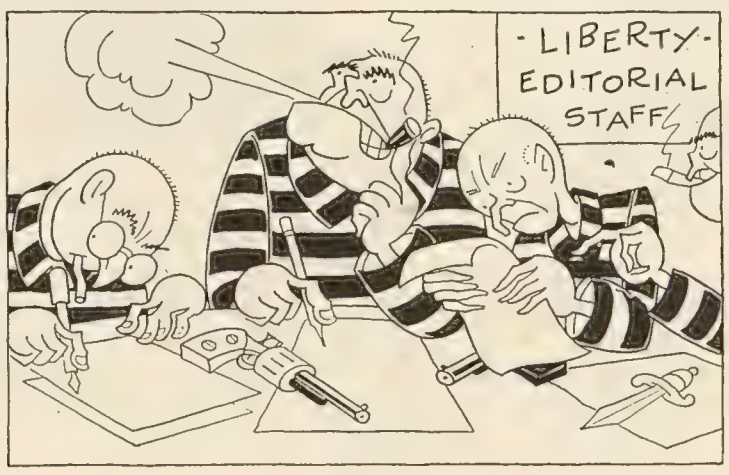
consistencies of championship tennis as she's played today in his article, "Amateur." Wow, what a swat!

Sidney brought out one truth, among others, that ought to be yelled from the housetops: that a first rate amateur, to stay in the game, ought to be a young millionaire. The kind that could play on a tennis court paved with five-dollar bills and hold his net up with posts inlaid with twenty-dollar gold pieces.—*Racket Fan.*

So This Is Fame!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—This communication has been delayed because I have been in jail for assault and battery. After looking over LIBERTY for December 22 I demanded my nickel back, and when the newsdealer refused I beat him up.

You should have labeled those pic-



tures of your employees "The Comic Section."

I am referring to that collection of photos, with a few ill chosen words, which you called, "There's No Accounting for Tastes."

Those pictures make it easy to explain the increasing number of murders. With birds like that let loose, murders just naturally happen.

Looking at their faces I laughed so hard I swallowed two gold inlays and a bridge.

The only magazines that some of them are familiar with are those on machine guns. Seems as if you got to be an alumnus of Matteawan or Sing Sing to get a job with LIBERTY.

Why ask the men on your staff such difficult questions? Why not some easy ones, such as:

1. What did you do during your last parole?

2. Excluding oxygen, what is your favorite gin?—*J. A. M.*

WACO, TEX.—Sixteen of your employees listed swimming as their favorite sport. Three of this number are men. Now, I want to bet some coin of the commonwealth that I can pick out, sight unseen, thirteen of your force that are not bow-legged.—*Sporting Guy.*

HASTINGS, NEB.—Studying the faces, *en groupe*, of your employees, which were pictured in your feature, "There's No Accounting for Tastes," I was struck by the vast improvement in looks over that outfit whose pictures you published a few years ago.

Buke Gooly, Robert W. Chambers' pirate—were he alive—could have recruited a perfect crew to his liking, for his pirate ship, from that former gang.

The ladies shown in this recent issue were selected by an expert, all of them being *very* lovely. I looked in vain for a potential bandit or hijacker among the men.

God bless your whole happy family!—*Ned Nelson.*

Sorry, but It Seems—

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I find expressions like "open thee mind freely" put into the mouths of Quakers in Louis Joseph Vance's serial "The Last of Keno Cannon."

Tell Mr. Vance to watch his step. Quakers don't speak so ungrammatically.—*F. Woods.*

—that Mr. Vance—

TEANECK, N. J.—"The Last of Keno Cannon" was okay and interesting, but why did Mr. Vance not learn how Quakers speak before attempting to write on the subject?

He made them consistently misuse the personal pronouns "thee" and "thou."

I doubt if he has ever been in conversation with a Quaker.—*Walter E. Cummin.*

—Knew His Stuff

DARIEN, CONN.—I am afraid I can offer no defense for substituting "thee" for "thy" in "The Last of Keno Cannon"—no defense, that is, except that of a fairly accurate ear and retentive memory, and the following quotation from the Century Dictionary:

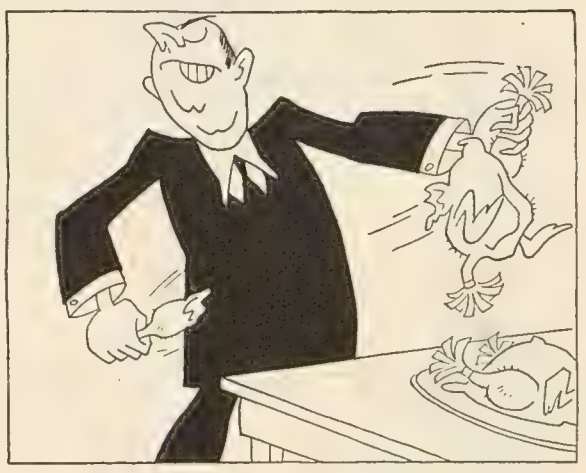
Thee, poss. pron. (A dial. var. of *thy*, or, as among the Friends, a perverted use of the obj. *thee*). Thy: as, where's thee manners? (Prov. Eng. and U. S.)

—*Louis Joseph Vance.*

Yes; It Was Fowl Play

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Here's a point of etiquette for Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins, who wrote "Mrs. Grundy Is Dead," to answer.

I was invited to an informal supper where I was the only man. My hostess had bought two cold delicatessen chickens, and she put them in front of me



and asked: "Mr. Davidson, will you please carve?"

Now, I've never carved a chicken in my life. The only kind of joint I know anything about is a speakeasy. But I knew something had to be done to main-

Pop

tain male supremacy. I said: "I've got to be alone with these birds."

Then I took those chickens into the kitchenette, shut the door, washed my hands—and tore them limb from limb.

Just as I got back into the dining room and was setting the platter on the table, my hostess said: "Oh, Mr. Davidson, I forgot to tell you there aren't any knives or forks in the kitchenette. I took them all out to clean them."

Result: one of those dames got right up and left. *Should* she have left?—*M. Davidson.*

Do You Like Any Good Ones?

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—I like LIBERTY much better than other rotten magazines.—*Van Sance.*

We Had a Couple of Complaints

CONNELLSVILLE, PA.—I want to compliment you and Walton Green, the writer of the "Little Solly" stories, for, in my opinion, they were exceptionally good stories of the modern underworld.

But you may have a few complaints against printing such things for our youths to read. People seem to forget that the modern youth reads the newspapers, where he finds more gruesome tales than in your magazine.—*Howard C. Smith.*

Does This Look Touching?

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Say! All the divorced people in your magazine are getting married to each other all over again, aren't they? I'm referring to your tale, "Women Understand These Things," by Norman S. Hall, and your clever feature, "All Is Not Alimony that Glitters," by Leo P. Bott, Jr.

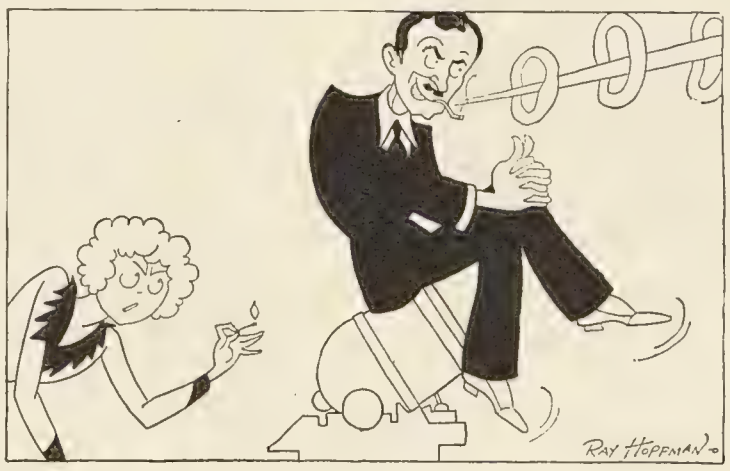
Upon reading the last named piece I was deeply moved to learn that a dog was the means of bringing the estranged couple together. That feature was good, but it would have been better

if you'd had something about the pup's reward. Perhaps a touching illustration of a wee doggie in a crib, asleep, with a string of sausages hung where its first waking glance would light on them.—*Jack R.*

Norman Is Really Very Nice

CHICAGO, ILL.—I felt I wanted to growl and bite something, out of sheer rage, when I read the beginning of your story, "Women Understand These Things." Words are weak when I try to express my opinion of that man, Norman S. Hall, who wrote it.

Here's what he said: "Never tell



women the truth when a lie will serve, because they are happier if they think a man has lied to them."

And then Mr. Hall proceeds to give the lie to this opening statement by writing a story in which a woman is made desperately unhappy—so unhappy that she gets a divorce—because she believes her husband has lied to her.

I've been trying to think of punishments for Mr. Hall.

Perhaps, some time, when he happens to be sitting on the business end of a loaded trench mortar, enjoying a cigarette and swinging his legs, I may sneak up and—well, we will see what we will see.—*Babs.*

Two that Thank as One

CHICAGO, ILL.—One of our Bright Boys from Princeton, New Jersey, thanked God, in Vox Pop, that he was not an average American.

I will raise him one. I, too, thank God that he isn't.—*C. C. M.*

Why Barbara Was Barbara

SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK, CALIF.—I have read with much interest "The Life Story of Barbara La Marr," by Adela Rogers St. Johns.

I would like to add a brief note describing an episode in her career of which, probably, Mrs. St. Johns has never heard.

While living with her father and mother in Fresno, before taking up her work in pictures, Barbara La Marr (born Reatha Watson) noticed an advertisement for chorus girls in the Fresno papers—an advertisement sponsored by the Herbert Earl Wilson Musical Comedy Company. This company I had organized.

Miss Watson applied for a position as chorus girl. Needless to say, she was accepted. However, her mother would not let her go on the road alone, so she accepted a position as wardrobe mistress.

I had written a little play, "The Race," and Miss Watson took the part of Barbara La Marr, the heroine. I played the part of hero and will never forget the thrill I always got when she fell from her horse (in the play) into my arms.

The Herbert Earl Wilson Musical Comedy Company had a brief but exciting run, and, if I remember correctly, most of the members, including the little leading lady, still have wages coming to them.

Reatha Watson soon afterward went to Hollywood and evidently kept the name of my heroine, "Barbara La Marr," for her future work.

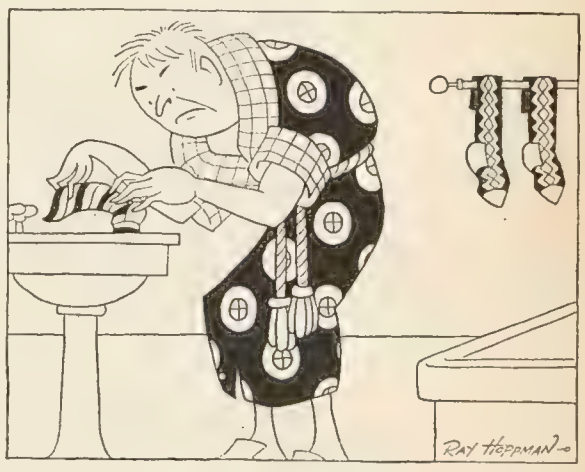
I have always felt a little thrill remembering that I am the father of the name which she made immortal.—*Herbert Earl Wilson.*

Portrait of a Bachelor

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Noted the Vox Pop letter from the man signing himself Selfish Unhurried Bachelor. He drew a picture of the average American husband, who has his nose always to the grindstone, if we believe the picture.

Well, here's the way the average American husband looks at the self-imposed (?) predicament of the average American bachelor.

He is too confounded cheap to take the responsibility that is rightfully due every honest-to-God, red-blooded man. Of all the tight, Sunday dinner grubbing bunch of genus homo, I claim the



average American bachelor takes the cake.

Did you ever see one of them who wouldn't sit in and drink up the best the cellar afforded? Did you ever see one of them who would spend anything but the evening? I never did, and I've met them from coal heavers to the so-called society club lizard who washes his socks and underwear in the bathroom bowl and hangs 'em on the towel rack to dry.—*E. J.*

The BOOB

A Story of Petticoats, the Polls, and Mr. Binks

By RICHARD CARROLL

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

"Don't you worry, Mrs. Bleat; my husband will run right over and get you."

THERE was no doubt that Mr. J. Wallington Binks was mentally deranged. For three days after the results of the general elections were published, he had gone about the house behaving like a madman. He had abused his children, quarreled with his wife and his wife's mother, and called his immediate neighbors—Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Totten—damned busybodies. He neglected his business and got gloriously drunk.

On the third day he became violent and the neighbors praised Mrs. Binks for her courage when she called in the authorities to take her husband away before he inflicted bodily harm on himself or those nearest him. It was a grave step to take, but Mrs. Binks and her mother took it with the firmness characteristic of the latter.

The solemn members of the State Lunacy Commission found in the case of Mr. Binks a subject worthy of profound discussion. Preliminary examination revealed nothing. Mr. Binks simply refused to talk. He sat in the center of the distinguished group of alienists called in consultation over him, and looked neither right nor left. The proceedings did not interest him.

At the second examination one of the doctors reported signs of suppressed irritation on the part of the subject when questions containing the words "woman," "election," or "vote" were asked. The doctor pressed his discovery.

"Whom did you vote for, Mr. Binks?"

Mr. Binks turned feverishly belligerent eyes on his questioner. With obvious effort he controlled himself.

"None of your damned business."

The doctors nodded agreement.

"That's right, my good man. That's perfectly right. Whom did your wife vote for?"

Mr. Binks leaped to his feet. With the same motion he hurled himself at the doctor nearest him. His fingers searched for the savant's throat. The others pulled him away and sat on him. Mr. Binks slowly regained his composure. The doctors reasoned with him, cajoled him, petted him, and soothed him. They were all sympathy. They wept for him and Mr. Binks broke into tears to join them and spoke.

"If you gentlemen will have the patience to listen I will tell you my story. After that you can lock me up in this peaceful asylum."

Mr. Binks settled himself in his chair, the fierceness all gone out of him.

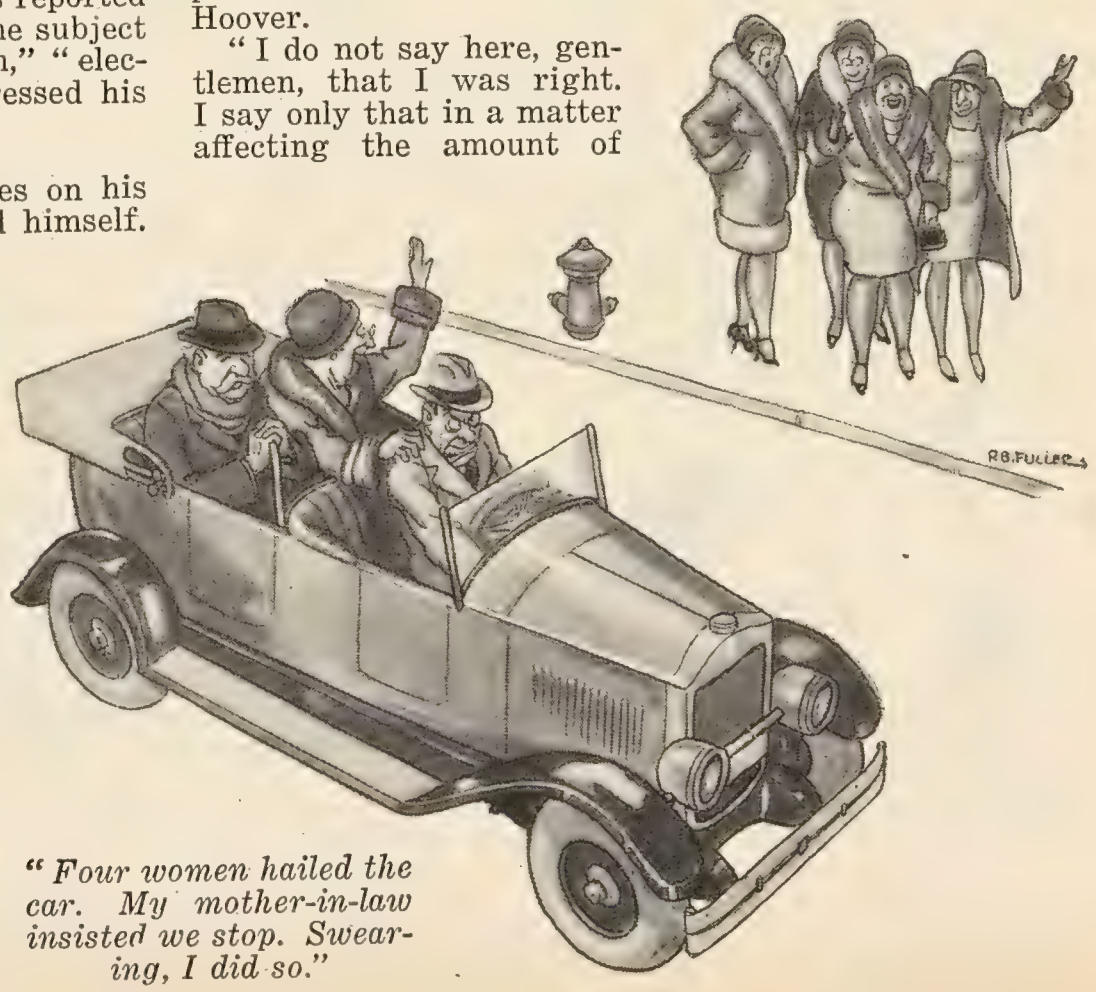
"I swear to God I am a decent citizen, trying in my humble way to make my country greater among the nations of the world, my family happier, and myself more prosperous. I have endeavored to be a reasonable husband, a provident father. From the day I stood before the altar I accepted full responsibility for the establishment of my home. I promised to keep and to cherish, to have and to hold, to shelter and guard, and my bride promised to love and to honor, to obey and keep the faith.

"Under the unwritten law of all marriages I left the direction of my home to my wife. In its conduct and care her word with me was supreme. The upbringing of the children was in her charge. To me fell the task of securing the money necessary to the successful plotting of family happiness. My field was in the world outside, to wrest from its complexities the many necessities, the few luxuries of life.

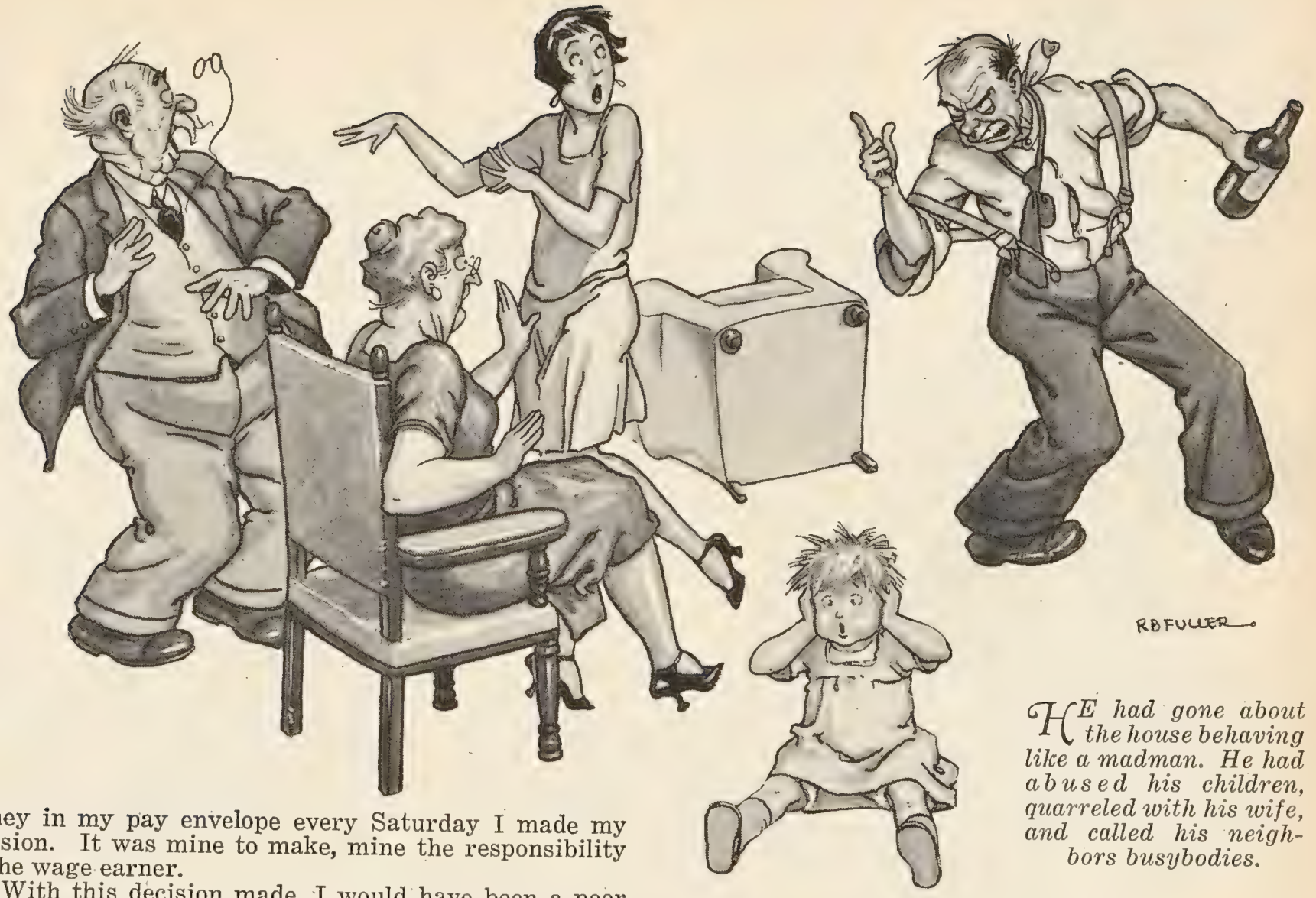
"ALL that happened in that world in any way affecting my business was of vital interest to me, and was my immediate concern. I wrestled with its problems, and in my humble way sought to make it a better, more generous world for me to work in. What would help me would help others.

"It was in this frame of mind I approached the general elections, just held. After diligent study as to how my interests would be best protected—taking into consideration all the conditions under which I earned my family's support—I decided that Candidate Smith was preferable to Candidate Hoover.

"I do not say here, gentlemen, that I was right. I say only that in a matter affecting the amount of



"Four women hailed the car. My mother-in-law insisted we stop. Swearing, I did so."



HE had gone about the house behaving like a madman. He had abused his children, quarreled with his wife, and called his neighbors busybodies.

money in my pay envelope every Saturday I made my decision. It was mine to make, mine the responsibility as the wage earner.

"With this decision made, I would have been a poor citizen if I did not work for the candidate I had selected. There were three votes in my home besides my own. As the owners of these votes depended on me for their support, I thought they would defer to my judgment in this matter that concerned my job, the conditions under which I obtained for them their daily bread. In short, gentlemen, I was laboring under the idea that I was the head of my family, its guide and its mainstay.

"I was willing to make any sacrifice to help the election of my candidate. To illustrate: I am extremely fond of golf. I play on any and all occasions. I am liberal in my tastes, tipping a glass or two if the rye be analyzed.

"How steadfastly I placed duty before pleasure you will observe when I tell you a crony of mine called me up a few days previous to election day to invite me to shoot a round or two after we had voted and then adjourn with him to sample a modest quart he had himself imported from Montreal, genuine and with the silken threads shining through the Quebec Commission's own wrapper. I refused. For election day I had promised our local campaign committee that I would place myself and my car at its disposal and would help bring in all the votes I could for our candidate.

"My family gave me my first surprise. My wife, my wife's mother, her father, were all against me and for Mr. Hoover. In vain did I reason and remonstrate. No good to tell them my reasons were business reasons—my choice made in the interest of common family prosperity. They, whose element was the home, informed me I was wrong. Let me earn my bread, and their bread, in a business world of their directing.

"I resigned myself to disharmony, resolving to let the matter rest. I figured without my womenfolk. Other women, neighbors, came trotting jubilantly to my house. They took my wife to see that she registered for Hoover. They took her mother and her father. Myself they ignored as if I did not exist. None of them was a prohibitionist. All of them were wets—at least they were when in my house. I gave up all argument.

"I consoled myself with the thought that I would make up for this disloyalty to my cause by working harder than ever to get the vote out for Smith. I would inflict my will on none, but those who would remain away from the polls because they lacked the means of transportation I would bring along. I would go into the strong Smith districts and carry the autoless Smith voters to the polls.

"Election morning found me up bright and early. Breakfast was a hurried affair. I was now scarce on speaking terms with my family. My wife's mother snickered covertly at all and sundry digs at Smith. Even the garbage collector became of intellectual consequence when he dropped a literate word for Hoover.

"My wife silently agreed with her. Her father followed the women and the path of least resistance. I had generously admired Mr. Hoover as a worthy man, though not equal to Mr. Smith. Now I began to hate him. My mental state was not normal.

"BREAKFAST over I was preparing to take out the car to get about my job of vote-carrying when my wife protested. She wanted me to take her to the polls. Her mother would stay home and look after the children. I agreed, albeit ungraciously. She delayed in getting dressed and it was ten o'clock before we left the house. The polling booths were crowded and we waited nearly two hours. We got home in time for lunch. After lunch my wife's mother accosted me. Would I please take her and my father-in-law to the polls? Would I? No! But I had to. I pictured life in that house after such a refusal.

"Another hour waiting at the polls. Nearing home again a group of four women hailed the car, neighbors of ours starting out on foot to vote. Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Totten waved, and my mother-in-law insisted we stop. Swearing under my breath, I did so.

"The damned women gushed.

"'Oh, did you cast your vote, dear? Did you know the Gumps are moving and won't vote? You're coming to the meeting tonight, surely. Rev. Mr. Twitch will comment on the results.'

"Half an hour of this. Finally, said my mother-in-law:

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Try It FREE

29-G-41

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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name .....

Address .....

In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West Toronto, 2-Ont.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

"'Won't you let John drive you to the polls? It's a long way to walk, and dear Mr. Hoover can't afford to lose any ballots, you know.'

"Gentlemen, what's the use of going into how I felt? We were almost in front of my house—or rather my wife's house—my mother-in-law calculated she would walk the rest of the way. The other women got in. Twice we barely avoided an accident when I changed my mind at the critical moment. Another two hours. At last I took them the two miles home. It was now four o'clock and the polls would close in another two hours. I went into our house to phone the committee. I had scarce opened the door when the phone rang. My wife answered. I heard her say:

"'You've had a blow-out? Isn't that too bad. Where did you say you were?'

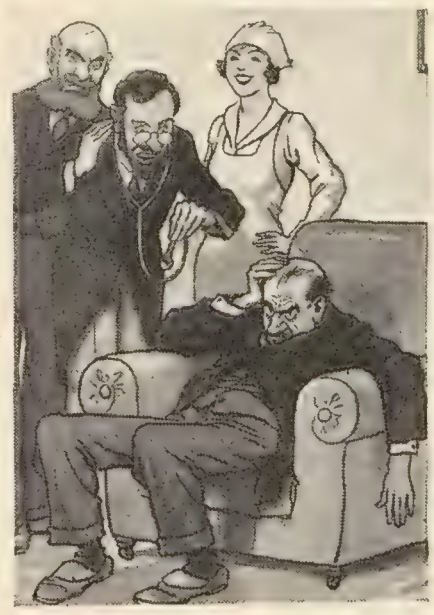
"My wife scribbled some directions on the phone pad.

"'Don't you worry, Mrs. Bleat; my husband will run right over and get you. He'll take you to the polls in time to vote. Too bad about the tire. Don't mention it. He'll be charmed.'

"Ignoring my wordless protests she hung up. She turned to find me staring at her.

"'John, the minister and his family are stuck in their car about seven miles up the road. They were coming in to vote. I told them you'd go after them and get them in on time. It will be nice to help Rev. Mr. Bleat. He's president of the Own Your Own Home Association, you know, and I'm running for secretary. . . .'

"I found the Rev. Mr. Bleat and took him and his family in my car.



"IT was ten minutes of six when I pulled up in front of the booth. The minister, his wife, his sister, and her sister's young man's sister got out and stood in a line that was several blocks long. The law read that any one in line at six o'clock would be permitted to cast a ballot. The place was jammed with motorcars. I tried to park mine across the street while I slipped over to cast my own vote, deferred for a celebration when I brought in my first load of Smith followers. A policeman ordered me to move on. I moved. I tried again. Another policeman moved me. At the end of five blocks I found a tight space and struggled into it.

"I ran for the booth. A policeman guarded the end of the line. I tried to slip past him. He shoved me away.

"'Too late, mister; it's after six.'

"I assure you, gentlemen, I did not lose my head entirely. I finally reached home, consoling myself with the reflection that my candidate would pull through without my lone vote.

"The next morning I appeared for breakfast. My wife's mother broke the news in her own gentle way.

"'That man Smith has been beaten worse than any candidate in history. I shall read you the figures.'

"I listened in a daze as the thin, exulting voice read from the Herald-Tribune the whole damning story. I refused to believe it.

"My youngest daughter, aged three, brought me from my stupor. She had found a pencil and a sheet of paper. I had never refused her anything.

"'Daddy, will you draw me a picture of an elephant?'

"YOU know what happened after that. They tell you I raved and ranted at them, that I got tight, and that I finally refused to go to work.

"I ask you, gentlemen, is it madness to do what others do if those others are so eminently sane as to be Republican? Was it madness to join a dozen clubs and neglect my office as my wife joined her clubs and neglected her home? Was it madness to bring my cronies in at all hours when my wife brought her friends in to bridge and teas while I waited for supper that wasn't on the stove? Was it madness to meddle with home affairs that before had not concerned me, when my wife meddled with my business affairs?

"If so, then, gentlemen, I am indeed mad and beyond cure.

"When the voting returns from my town came in my candidate had lost by a narrow margin. I look back over my conduct on election day. An American citizen, I, who would be independent, had so far fallen from man's estate as to find myself trapped in a flutter of petticoats, the damnedest weakling of them all. I had delivered, at female direction, eleven votes for my foe, and failed to cast my own vote for Smith."

The alienists heard Mr. Binks to the end. Some of them were again in tears. One of the most distinguished of the group left the room. He returned presently with a package, oblong, and apparently heavy.

"I am giving you a prescription, Mr. Binks. I think it is the only thing that will cure you. You will know how to apply it."

The gentlemen filed out. Mr. Binks was free. He opened the package. From the folds of its wrapper Mr. Binks drew out a sashweight. New strength came to him. He tested the instrument, swinging it lightly in the air.

THE END

Came the Dawn

The How and Why of Hollywood's Newest Aristocracy

By

FLORABEL MUIR

IN Hollywood there roll around in high-priced limousines nine editorial prima donnas of the motion pictures. They are the titular bishops. With fine arrogance and a keen sense of humor they gave themselves that name. The organization of this group around Christmas, 1927, was significant. It meant that for the first time motion picture producers recognized the importance of snappy subtitles, constructive natural dialogue, and careful editing of the film play after it leaves the director's hands.

A few years ago there wasn't any such thing as a title writer about the studios. Scenarists wrote the titles, or directors did it, or maybe the office boy and the gateman could suggest something. Today the master juggler of titles can collect as high as $2,500 a week and several of the titular bishops are doing that. One of them estimated that the nine who are stars at the business are collecting, among them, $15,000 a week.

Titles have played a varied rôle in pictures. At first they were used primarily to introduce the characters and to classify them. That was in the days of two-reelers, when most of the action consisted of a horse running away or comedy police chasing somebody in an automobile. There were no subtitles to be explained and the audience could understand everything if once they knew who was the hero and who the villain.

The following title, taken from an old picture called The Clique of Gold, would let the fans know just what to expect from the character:

"Kate Jarvins—she grew up by God's mercy but at the Devil's bidding."

No misunderstanding there as to the course Kate would take.

Garrett Graham

Randolph Bartlett

Malcolm S. Boylan

It is said that each of the nine "bishops" makes more money in a year than the President of the United States draws as salary.

Joe Farnham

George Marion, Jr.

John Krafft

The nine are, in effect, a mighty close corporation. Outside writers have tried in vain for admission to their circle.

Ralph Spence

Julian Johnson

Herman Mankiewicz

These and the six below are the self-styled "titular bishops" of filmdom, Johnson being the "titular archbishop."

When pictures developed into five-reelers and plots became more intricate, the titles were used to tell what was in the mind of the hero and heroine.

Here is an example of a young girl very much perturbed as illustrated in The Snob:

"Kathryn listened, angry, resentful, injured, then startled, then appalled."

After that title the audience should have felt in sympathy with anything that Kathryn did. Later they learned of her chagrin in the following fashion:

"She was conscious of a spreading stain of shame through her soul that deepened through the night like ink in water."

When a lover went a-wooing in the early days on the screen, he didn't know how to let the audience in on the secret, so the title did it for him. Thus we have in The Kentucky Cinderella the following:

"Then, one fine day, Dr. Tom Boling mustered his courage, took fate by the forelock, and determined to propose."

Another bold lover, in A Certain Rich Man, tried to get his sweetheart in the proper mood by reciting the following bit into her ear:

"A moonlight night for a ramble, a kiss and never tell—"

POEMS of passion were thrown on the screen in lieu of the Garbo-Gilbert kisses, to put the fans into the proper mood for love scenes.

In a play called Bettina Loved a Soldier, which was adapted from The Abbé Constantin, the heroine was depicted as one who could have any man for the asking. In order to convince the audience, it was assured in the title that:

"In the course of six months she might, had she wished it, have been married thirty-four times."

Later Bettina's delightful naïveté was revealed by this:

"I shall wave good-by to him and then he will surely see that I love him."

What a laugh that would bring from the modern youth and maiden who take in the pictures!

Next, how to get over lapses of time began to worry the directors, and they brought into play the old favorite,

"Came the Dawn."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CAME THE DAWN
Continued from page fifty-nine]

Another good one was, "When Darkness Fell."

As the art of pantomime was perfected there was less need for the explanatory subtitle. Then began an era when every director strove to turn out the screen classic with as few titles as possible. A number were made without any titles at all. Charles Chaplin led this group, chiefly with A Woman of Paris. He held that actions ought to speak louder than words and put the idea over successfully. Few could follow him into this realm of strictly silent drama, for he was the pantomime king.

E. J. Clawson was first to write the famous title, "Came the Dawn."

At another time there sprang up the literary style of titles, and here David Wark Griffith held sway. Down through the ages tumbled nouns surrounded by florid adjectives and adverbs. About this time a distinguished title writer registered one great success. It was the poet Gabriele d'Annunzio, who titled Cabiria.

Words dripping with sentiment plunged the audience into the throes of anguish, joy, mother love, despair, and religious fervor. From the Griffith school of thought sprang phraseologists who surfeited the public with a jumble of meaningless words. During the war days expressions alluding to the bleeding heart of the world tumbled from the typewriters in all screenland. Propaganda against the enemy occupied a third of the five reels. What scenarists wrote about the opposing forces in those days was nobody's business.

WHEN Anita Loos drifted on to the Griffith lot, she wrote the flowery titles with her tongue in her cheek, and soon began letting her pen drip comedy titles. They went over with a bang. Back from the war had come soldiers seeking surcease from physical melodrama. They laughed at the thought of the bleeding heart of the world, because they remembered a pal's death gasp in a stark night of mud and bullets. To preserve their sanity they had learned to laugh at heartache and pain. When anyone tried to stir them into frenzies of emotion with rhetorical flowers, they were very apt to remark, "Aw, nuts!" and walk out on the show.

Although Miss Loos was probably the first title writer to attract attention, she didn't get the financial recognition given the title writer of today. She was classified as a scenarist and the titles were more or less on the side.

Another form of title assumed importance. It was the introductory style known as the foreword. Griffith used this to set the pitch of his pictures and it became popular with other directors. Thus we had one in Love and Glory which read:

"Algeria — Burning Sands — Desolate — Pitiless — Slaughterhouse and Graveyard."

Everybody knew enough then to expect plenty of bloodshed.

Another title which warned the fans that a struggle was imminent, in which the hero would ultimately win, read:

"He saw cities with shaftlike structures biting the sky and dark banners of smoke floating above the clash of conflict. His heart was burning to be at the center of that conflict and master it."

Then there were the "Somewhere" titles, such as Somewhere in France, Somewhere in Belgium, or Somewhere in Serbia. These dropped out of use after the war.

One title which illustrates the unnatural manner in which screen characters were wont to talk was:

"General, this is no game of London Bridge. It is business—cold, clammy business."

That remark from the lips of a screen financier today would convulse the audience, but in 1920 it was a heavy retort.

It is doubtful if there is to be found in any other industry a group that has so successfully shut out all competition as have these titular bishops. Some in Hollywood believe they have done it by sheer ability. Others insist that studio politics played a hand.

THERE are hundreds of actors and actresses, dozens of highly efficient directors, myriads of skilled cameramen, many highly paid scenarists, flocks of important supervisors, but in all the business there are only nine men who are getting lucrative laurels for title writing. Each of them receives more per year than the President of the United States.

There are about twenty or more "clergymen" title writers and a few women who might be called deaconesses, but on all the big special pictures reeled off nightly for the amusement of the 20,000,000 movie fans, seldom is any but one of the bishops given screen credit for the titles.

To be invited to membership by the bishops, a man must have been credited with writing the titles for one or more of the big special super-de-luxe pictures. He must be in active demand at the studios if he is not under exclusive contract, and be in the magic circle of success. With alarming vigilance the bishops have kept the roll call down to nine, but there are a few novices who are under consideration and as soon as they make the grade they may be called into the sacred precincts of large money.

Smart-cracking, shrewd in their knowledge of human reactions, the nine titular bishops had their first training in the newspaper game. Only a few years ago any one of them might have felt lucky if he could have collected $100 a week for his efforts on the newspaper which employed him. Today they are cocky and decidedly conceited, as befits men who have suddenly been able to persuade someone that they are worth ten or twenty times one hundred per.

Julian Johnson of Paramount, who holds the honor of being designated archbishop, was a dramatic critic in Los Angeles before he won recognition in New York. Ralph Spence, next in hierarchical dignity, was the first of the group to startle filmdom with a fabulous salary. Herman Mankiewicz was a New York newspaper man. Garrett Graham, Randolph Bartlett, and Malcolm Stuart Boylan went to the studios from the Los Angeles newspapers.

Joe Farnham had a varied career as a producer and writer before he slid into fame at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. George Marion, Jr., who is considered the cleverest comedy titler of them all, went from a Los Angeles newspaper to writing stage sketches and then to the movies. John Krafft of the De Mille studio had expe-

Some Smart-Cracks by Hollywood Hierarchs

That morning, a country boy left home. He evidently expected to be gone for years—because he packed two shirts.
—*George Marion, Jr. (in Warming Up).*

"If you'd done as I told you this wouldn't have happened, you corpuscle!"

"Corpuscle, me eye—I was a top sergeant."
—*Herman Mankiewicz (in The Big Killing).*

"Your eyes are like moonlit pools—your laughter like tinkling brooks—your wavy hair—your stream lines— . . . Pools—brooks—waves—streams! I seem to be all wet."
—*George Marion, Jr. (in The Fifty-Fifty Girl).*

"You swapped a diamond bracelet for a cop's handcuffs—and insisted on giving him $2 change." —*Julian Johnson (in Half a Bride).*

Greg Lee, a dancer. His mother was a good soul, and his father was a heel.
—*Joe Farnham (in Rookies).*

A Mediterranean Port—where the battle fleet frequently puts in to re-fuel the admirals. —*Malcolm Stuart Boylan (in Sharpshooters).*

rience on several eastern newspapers.

Boylan, who in his newspaper days came by the sobriquet of "Mike," bought himself a bathtub-white car and a colored chauffeur after he wrote the titles of What Price Glory at the Fox studio. Recently they named a building on the lot after him. He characterizes the title writer as a glorified film editor.

"Title writer is really a misnomer," he explained. "We never write the title—that is to say, the name of the picture. We supply the dialogue between the characters as they appear on the screen. Occasionally and reluctantly we comment on the weather or the emotion of the actors, but the principal work is to make the players speak as the characters they are depicting would naturally speak, and to arrange this dialogue so as to advance the action of the play to its dramatic, romantic, or comedy conclusion.

"Frequently we switch the sequences of the production around until it becomes a different picture than the one the director turned out. It is possible to change the entire pitch of a screen play with titles and shifting sequences. A dull, stodgy product can be lifted into a brilliant satire with the right sort of titles and new arrangement."

ALONG this line of changing the pitch of a picture, there is frequently disapproval voiced at the previews by the scenarists who object to seeing their play take on an entirely different complexion as the result of a series of smart-cracks distributed throughout the film.

"Good title writing has an important part in the development of a screen play," said Elliott J. Clawson, scenarist at the De Mille studio, "but sometimes a title writer destroys bits of acting and directing in his effort to appear brilliant. There have been a number of poor pictures built up with good titles, but there have also been good pictures spoiled by titles that did not fit. A title writer must be in sympathy with the efforts of the director and the scenarist to be of value to the production."

Julian Johnson, commenting on the success of newspaper men as title writers, said the editorial training was a big asset.

"I think it takes an editorial mind to edit pictures successfully," he said. "A man accustomed to sifting out the high lights of news can discern the high lights of pictures. A title writer might be said to be the copy reader of the pictures. He arranges the material in the best dress for the public and sees to it that the sequences come together so as to reach the most dramatic effect. He sits in after the scenarist, director, and cameraman have finished. He is not too close to the product to view it with a clear eye. He must necessarily view it with something of the detachment of an audience."

In the last few months the smart-crack has had its run on the screen and some of the writers believe it must pass into oblivion before long. Farnham is one of these.

"I think the public is fed up on the pun style of titles," said Farnham. "The old gag about Salome being a young girl just trying to get ahead and similar wheezes are beginning to

P. & A. photo

Anita Loos used to be a scenarist, writing smart-crack titles as part of her job.

fall with a heavy thud on the minds of the public."

Talking movies will make another chance in title writing. Marion believes it will bring a brighter and better dawn for the members of his profession.

"More than ever the pictures are going to depend on good title work; that is to say, dialogue," he said. "I am not sure that the time will ever come when all of the picture will be given over to conversation, but at least there will be a number of talking sequences and a great need for brilliant, natural lines. We who are trained in screen production must provide these lines. We won't be called title writers then, but screen playwrights."

Many cinema actors and actresses owe their present vogue to the lines Marion puts in their mouths. Comedians playing in pictures titled by him look upon him as a sort of fairy godfather wno can cast a magic glamour of mirth over their efforts.

It would seem that the far-famed Broadway wise-crackers are overlooking a big bet in not attaching themselves to a studio pay roll in Hollywood, and examination into this situation reveals that last year a dozen such purveyors of the bon mot were imported to compete with the bishops. It seems none of them stuck. Perhaps their brilliancy faded under the California sunshine. Perhaps the vigilance and political influence of the bishops had more to do with their failure than would appear on the surface.

At any rate, the invasion did not take any air out of the inflated cushions of the nine who continue to ride up and down Hollywood Boulevard in their elaborately accoutered limousines.

Boylan has this to say on the subject of his Broadway rivals:

"The industry today could afford to pay $50,000 apiece to twenty title writers. There is a place for that number, but there are few successful candidates for the jobs. The fault is with the studios. There is neither time nor patience to teach even the promising men the intricate screen technique. After a bewildered attempt to click, the aspirant to fame and fortune retires in confusion, having had almost no chance to learn the business.

"The technique of the screen is quite different from any other sort of writing and it takes a long time and heavy application to learn it. The fall of Broadway idols is sometimes amusing, sometimes pathetic. They are unable to understand why lines that were red-hot to the crowds in Longacre Square will not register west of Tenth Avenue.

"A monopoly prevails today, but the screen is a fickle mistress and tomorrow a distressing situation may develop. The enchanted nine may drive up at their several studios to find nine others who have convinced the producers that they know all about title writing. Then perhaps there will be a membership drive for the titular bishops and a refurbishing of Rolls-Royces to make them last another year."

SCENARISTS who have watched the growth of motion pictures from the time that people only thought them a novelty believe that the fans themselves are responsible for the new order of titles.

Clawson, who has been writing screen plays for fifteen years, gives the public credit for most of the improvements in screen entertainment.

"People won't stand for the obvious movie plot any more," he said. "They don't want to see where all the pipe lines lead to. They are weary of the plots that after the first four or five reels expose the entire structure and everybody knows just what is going to happen next. They have become discerning and exacting. To entertain them it is necessary to intrigue them.

"The stilted title is just as much out of order in the present-day screen play as is stilted action. When a young fellow is falling in love with a girl, the fans don't want a lot of words to describe the process. They want to watch him go through all the natural emotions. Sentiment is just as strong in the human breast as it ever was, but we have learned to conceal it by a brusque, rather jesting manner.

"The pictures with too much movie stuff in them, whether it is titles or action, fail to register and exhibitors find they have a box-office flop on their hands."

THE END

BRYAN

An American Phenomenon

By

M. R. WERNER

(Author of Barnum, Tammany Hall, etc.)

Senator Tillman, "Pitchfork Ben," of North Carolina, in 1896.

"Silver Dick" Bland, who lost the nomination to Bryan.

Governor Boies of Iowa, a candidate for the nomination.

Arthur Sewall of Maine, Bryan's Democratic running mate.

Courtesy Harper & Bros.

Brown Bros. photo

"Clad in the armor of a righteous cause": Bryan in 1896.

PART THREE

CROWN OF THORNS AND CROSS OF GOLD

BRYAN'S rise, by incessant speech-making, from obscurity as a struggling young lawyer in Nebraska to the threshold of national prominence as an orator in Congress and a "free silver" advocate, was chronicled by Mr. Werner in last week's LIBERTY. The installment left him on the train for Chicago in July, 1896, a delegate to the Democratic national convention, alone in believing that he might be its nominee for President.

THE legend is that William Jennings Bryan sprang into international prominence by firing off one bombshell of oratory, and it is true that his speech at the Democratic national convention in 1896 won Bryan the nomination for President; but this success was not altogether a surprise for him, because he had planned it in advance.

As we have seen, Bryan had succeeded in making himself very well known in certain sections of the country where his party was powerful, and when he arrived in Chicago in July, 1896, he was determined to speak out loud, and he knew just what he was going to say. During the previous months he had been trying out his speech in the "sticks." Going to the Bible for his inspiration, as usual, Bryan carefully fashioned a metaphor about a crown of thorns and a cross of gold.

He had an engagement to speak at the Chautauqua in Crete, Nebraska, shortly before the Democratic national convention was scheduled to open in Chicago. In a debate with John Irish, at Crete, he used his metaphor. "I had used it a few times before that time," he tells us, "recognizing its fitness for the conclusion of a climax, and had laid it away for a proper occasion." The proper occasion had arrived, and Bryan, carefully polishing his cross of gold and brushing off his crown of thorns, waited for the opportunity to use them.

Meanwhile, he did everything possible to further the cause he believed in and to bring about his opportunity. The Bryan Papers in the Library of Congress contain a great many answers from influential politicians throughout the country to letters Bryan had sent them inclosing copies of his speeches, his editorials in the Omaha World-Herald, and his draft of a free silver plank for the Democratic national convention. He also requested these men to send him lists of the delegates to that convention from their districts, and he kept up an enormous correspondence, by means of these lists, for the purpose of interesting delegates in free silver and incidentally in himself.

His correspondence was particularly active at this time with newspaper men. On April 26, 1896, three months before the convention, a newspaper man in Little Rock, Arkansas, wrote to Bryan and explained the tactical advantage of permitting Arkansas, which came so far up in the alphabet, to lead off by voting for Bryan. His friend urged him not to be reluctant to be the standard bearer, for it was his solemn duty. There is also this letter from Alabama:

The State Herald

Birmingham, Ala., May 26, '96.

Hon. W. J. Bryan,
Lincoln, Neb.

DEAR SIR:

. . . Your friends here are enthusiastically for you for the nomination. When you think it would do the most good, I will have our paper come out urging our delegation to vote for you. If I can serve you in any way whatever write me freely. If you could make some speeches at this time in some of the closely contested states I think it would be a good idea for you to do so.

Very Truly Your Friend,

JNO. W. TOMLINSON.

Bryan had built up a chain of newspaper propaganda that was extremely valuable, and he also had wisely played for the political support of the new, but powerful, Populist party. One of the leading members of that party, in a long letter preserved in the Bryan Papers,

suggested to General Weaver, the leader of that party, that he and other leaders go to the Democratic convention at Chicago and promise the Democratic leaders that if they nominated William Jennings Bryan the Populists would consolidate with the Democrats. "Bryan," wrote this man, "is a Populist in all but the name."

C. S. Thomas, later senator from Colorado, received a letter from Bryan, dated April 16, in which Bryan urged that the Colorado delegation support him if his name was presented. He wrote that his delegation from Nebraska "may present my name. Whether it goes further than a compliment will depend upon the feeling of other states. I am not saying this to the public, but write you in confidence. The state would instruct for me, but I prefer to be a delegate so that I can help to secure the right kind of a platform. I think I can be more useful as a worker than I could as an ornament."

From Puck, June 24, 1896

A gold Democrat's sardonic notion of his party's impending convention, showing the as yet unknown nominee in the rôle of an East Indian widow, about to sacrifice herself on the dead donkey's funeral pyre.

IN this decision Bryan showed himself extremely astute. If he had gone to the Democratic national convention as an open candidate for the nomination, he would have been one of many, and his activities would have been limited; but as an ordinary delegate he was able to work more actively for his own candidacy and for free silver.

In 1896 Bryan played the same game which he played later, in 1912. There were in 1896 two leading candidates for the Democratic nomination—Richard P. Bland, the leader for years of the silver movement, who had earned the sobriquet "Silver Dick," and Horace Boies, ex-governor of Iowa. Bryan, throughout the months previous to the meeting of the convention, maintained an attitude of complacent neutrality and assumed friendship toward both of these candidates. He was begged by his friend Bland's supporters to come out in his editorials in the Omaha World-Herald for Bland, whose work for silver had earned him the nomination. But Bryan refused, giving as his excuse that Boies was also a good man, although Boies had been a Republican before he was a Democrat, and at that time to be a Republican was almost as shameful in the eyes of Bryan as, later on, it was to be an evolutionist.

Champ Clark, against whom Bryan used these same tactics of assumed friendship and noncommittal support in 1912, wrote in his memoirs of a meeting with Bryan at this time. Clark was then a politician in Missouri, the state from which "Silver Dick" Bland came, and he met Bryan in a small town along the Mississippi River where Bryan delivered a speech. They traveled for twelve miles together in the same railroad coach.

"DURING that ride," wrote Champ Clark, "he said, 'I wish I could disguise you and get you into the Chicago convention as a delegate from Nebraska for half an hour.' I inquired his reason. He promptly replied, 'To put me in nomination.' In surprise I asked, 'Are you a candidate?' He said, 'Yes, and I will get the nomination!'

"'How will you do that?' I asked.

"'By the rule of elimination,' he answered. 'Bland,' he continued, 'will not be nominated, because it is too early to nominate a candidate from one of the old slave states. I have no prejudice on that subject, but others have. Governor Mathews of Indiana will not get it because he is not well enough known. The same is true of Governor Horace Boies of Iowa. Senator Blackburn will not get it because his candidacy is only intended for home consumption. Vice-President Stevenson will not get it because he has sat on the fence too long, and I will get it,' and so he did precisely as he said he would.

"In explanation of why he would like for me to nominate him, he said his contending delegation was made up of able men, but none of them was in the habit of speaking to vast audiences, and they might get rattled."

Courtesy Harper & Bros.

Senator Hill of New York, who opposed the free silver plank. *Tom Watson, who was to be Bryan's Populist running mate.* *John P. Altgeld, the governor of Illinois, a silver advocate.*

Through Bryan's mind may have passed, too, the worry that his delegation from Nebraska might not be permitted to sit in the convention at all; for there was another delegation from that state, who were advocates of the gold standard and who contested the legality of Bryan's seat and those of his followers in the convention.

Before the Democratic national convention took place in Chicago, the Republican national convention was to meet at St. Louis, and Bryan attended that convention as a correspondent for the Omaha World-Herald, and he was thus able to see on the ground what his opponents were going to do before he planned his own course. It was certain that the Republican national convention would nominate William McKinley for the Presidency. Mark Hanna had spent some years making that certain. But it was not certain what the attitude of the Repub-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BRYAN
Continued from page sixty-three]

licans would be on the question of the free coinage of silver.

Both McKinley and his manager, Mark Hanna, were in favor of fighting the election on the old issue of the tariff, with which McKinley was identified, and merely treating the question of silver in a noncommittal plank in the platform. But there were wiser and bolder men in the Republican party who insisted that if the Republicans tried to ignore the issue which men all over the country were discussing passionately, they would lose the election.

These men also insisted that gold must be made the standard of United States currency once for all, and that now was the time to make that perilous but important fight. The bankers of the East and the leading politicians were insistent, and they succeeded in forcing the hands of both the candidate and his manager and inserting in the platform of the Republican party a plank that called for an inviolable gold standard. Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, wrote the final draft of this plank, because he was the only man present who was able to spell the word inviolable.

THERE were some Republicans who advocated the free coinage of silver, and when the leaders of the party forced the gold plank into the platform, many of these rose from the convention floor and left the hall. Bryan was in the press section during this exciting scene, and another reporter, Arthur Wallace Dunn, has described his reaction:

"With intense interest he was looking at the departing silver men, while different leather-lunged men in the hall shouted: 'Go to Chicago!' 'Take the Democratic train!'—although none said 'good-by and God bless you.' There was a gleam of joy in Bryan's eye and the least smile of satisfaction flitted across his face. Did he then have a vision of what was to happen three weeks later?"

William McKinley was nominated, and the Republican party declared firmly in favor of gold as the standard of currency.

There is another reporter who has left an account of a conversation with Bryan at the Republican convention. Colonel Franklin Pierce Morgan, a Washington correspondent for many years, had known Bryan intimately when he was a congressman. He met him again at the Republican convention and reported the following incident:

"One day he said to me: 'Frankie'—he always called me Frankie—'I see you are to be a delegate to the Chicago convention. I want you to vote for me there.' 'Vote for you for what, Billy?' I asked him. 'For the Presidential nomination,' he answered. I thought he was jesting and took his remark as a joke. But I found out that he was in deadly earnest. . . . Every time we met he would bring up the fact that I was to be a delegate to the Democratic convention at Chicago, and he kept insisting that he intended to be a candidate for the Presidential nomination and would appreciate it if I voted for him. . . . I did not make any promises. As a matter of fact, I thought the suggestion that he had any chance whatever to be chosen as the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party was about the most foolish thing I had ever heard. . . .

"When I went to Chicago to attend the Democratic convention I called on Richard Linthicum, then Sunday editor of the Chicago Herald.

"Tell me something about this man Bryan,' said Linthicum to me.

"'Why are you interested in him?' I asked.

"'I'm going to print a big picture of him on the front page of my Sunday edition,' said Linthicum, 'for I think he's going to be the Presidential nominee of the Democratic party.'

"'Dick,' I said, 'the two biggest fools in Chicago today are you and Bryan.' . . ."

WHEN Bryan arrived in Chicago, the story goes, he went to a cheap hotel. The clerk looked at him and demanded pay in advance.

The Democratic convention at Chicago in 1896 opened in dissension. The delegates were divided, as had been the delegates to the Republican convention, on the question of whether gold and silver should be the standard of currency of the United States or gold alone. But, unlike the Republicans, the majority of the Democrats were for the use of both gold and silver, and the dissenters favored gold. Some of the states had sent delegates who believed in both, and there were contests over the right to hold seats, and the leading contest was over the right to seats of the delegation of silver men from Nebraska, including W. J. Bryan. There was also an unusual fight over the selection of temporary chairman. Usually this is a cut and dried matter decided in advance by party leaders, but this was to be no cut and dried convention.

From Judge, September 19, 1896, by permission.

Republicans were piously shocked at Bryan's "sacrilege." "No man," said Judge under this cartoon, "who drags into the dust the most sacred symbols of the Christian world is fit to be President."

Those who favored gold wanted as temporary chairman Senator David B. Hill of New York, who believed in the sanctity of business. Those in favor of silver wanted Senator Daniel of Virginia, who favored the farmers and silver miners. When Senator Hill was chosen in advance by the committee, he was voted down on the floor of the convention by the enthusiastic silver delegates. Mr. Daniel then made a speech in which he pointed out that in this defeat for Mr. Hill there was nothing personal. It was, he said, a question of principle, and that principle was the unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen ounces of silver to one of gold without waiting for the consent of any other nation on earth.

This boon was, he insisted, universally desired: "It began with the sunrise in Maine, and spread into a sunburst in Louisiana and Texas."

Governor Overmeyer of Kansas told the delegates that the seat of empire had been transferred from the Atlantic states to the Mississippi Valley, and they believed his words, which happened to be inaccurate. The day of the common people had dawned, he assured them, and "the dollar of our daddies" would be restored.

Then Governor Altgeld of Illinois, who was strongly suspected of favoring anarchy because he had believed in justice for alleged anarchists, told the delegates: "Everything that the farmer and the laboring man has is mortgaged, down to the sewing machine. All these mortgages are held by English money lenders, and they are building up wealth by the toil of our people." And the band played Minstrel Boy and The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls.

Then the committee on credentials reported that the silver delegates, including Mr. Bryan, were entitled to their seats, and the convention approved the decision by its vote. Two tall Kentucky delegates were so happy over this result that they danced a breakdown then and there, while their friends patted time with their feet and the other delegates roared. Mr. Clark of Montana presented

the convention with a gavel made of silver from the mines of Montana, and the convention adjourned until the next day, Thursday, July 9.

After it was decided that he was entitled to a seat in the convention, Bryan went to the committee on resolutions which was drafting the platform, and of which he was a member. He looked to see if the platform contained the plank he advocated on free coinage of silver, and he found that it did. Then he wrote a plank on arbitration of labor disputes and one on the Venezuela question.

Bryan had been aching to speak to the convention, but at first it did not look as if he would get the opportunity. He had been mentioned for temporary chairman, but as there was a contest for his seat, he was not appointed. Then there was talk of making him permanent chairman, but it was objected that he was a candidate, and that such a position would both hamper his freedom of action and give him an advantage over the other candidates.

After the committee on resolutions appeared in the convention to report its platform, Senator Jones of Missouri sent a page to Bryan's desk. Bryan went to Senator Jones' seat, and Senator Jones asked if Mr. Bryan would be willing to take charge of the debate on the platform. There was nothing in the world at the moment that Mr. Bryan was more anxious to do. He went over to speak to Senator David B. Hill, who was scheduled to attack the free silver plank of the platform, and he arranged with him about the allotment of time for discussion of the platform. They agreed to an hour and a quarter for each side.

Senator Tillman of North Carolina was to be the principal debater for silver, and Bryan asked him how much time he wanted and whether he wished to open or to close the debate. Senator Tillman wanted more time than all the others decided should be used for closing speeches, so that it was finally agreed that he should open the debate for the free silver advocates, and that Bryan would close their side of the debate.

This was a great advantage for Bryan, as he himself pointed out in his Memoirs. "I had spoken long enough," he wrote, "to know that, comparing myself with myself, I was more effective in a brief speech in conclusion than a longer speech that simply laid down propositions for another to answer." Mr. Bryan seemed to realize that he sang better than he argued.

Then Mr. Bryan had another stroke of luck. The debate was put over until the following day. That night he sat in his hotel room and arranged his arguments. "I fitted my definition of the business man at the place that I thought best and kept my 'cross of gold and crown of thorns' for the conclusion," he tells us.

"When the convention convened," wrote Bryan, "I felt as I always do just before a speech of unusual importance. I usually have a feeling of weakness at the pit of my stomach—a suggestion of faintness. I want to lie down. But this being impossible in the convention, I got a sandwich and a cup of coffee and devoted myself to these as I waited for the debate to begin. During these moments of suspense Clarke Howell, with whom I became acquainted in 1893 and whose father was one of the leaders in the silver movement, sent me a note scribbled on an envelope. It read, 'This is a great opportunity.' I wrote under the words, 'You will not be disappointed,' and sent the envelope back to him."

THE day before, the New York World had written: "The silverites have neither machine nor boss; the opportunity is here; the man is lacking."

Senator Ben Tillman, alias "Pitchfork" Tillman, began the debate. He presented the question as a sectional battle between the South and the West on the one side and the northeastern states on the other. This annoyed many delegates, for they wished union, not division, and they hissed Tillman unmercifully. Fifteen thousand people had gathered in the convention hall at Chicago that day.

From Puck, August 12, 1896.

Puck's first cartoon of Bryan, four weeks after his nomination. The ventriloquist is Senator Stewart of Nevada, typifying silver-mine owners. Bryan is the dummy on his knee.

Senator Hill, the representative of the New York business interests, argued vigorously for gold. "He was at his best," wrote Bryan, "and presented the arguments on his side with consummate skill and adroitness. The effect upon the audience was apparent and the nervousness of our delegation increased as he proceeded." But there was also restlessness in the other delegations, for Senator Hill was not an orator, and the arguments for gold and silver were too complicated to hold the attention of a vast audience.

Then Senator Vilas spoke for gold, and while he was speaking Governor Russell of Massachusetts rushed up to Senator Hill and protested that he was occupying too much time and would leave none for Governor Rus-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Gray Hair let me end it Safely

1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. *Clean . . . safe.* Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

FREE Test at Home

WHY try to fool others with "crude dyes"? Why endanger lovely hair by poisonous chemicals? Now instead of "crude," dangerous dyes you call back the original girlhood color to your hair. Simply comb in a clear, water-like liquid containing elements that give natural shade. If auburn, hair reverts to auburn—if black, black returns.

This scientific way defies detection. 3,000,000 women have used it. Makes hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash off. May be applied only to gray parts. Keeps hair easy to curl.

Test free by sending coupon—or go to nearest drug store. Few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed.

TEST FREE

Mary T. Goldman, 356-A Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown..... light auburn.....blonde..... [Print name]

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
Hair Color Restorer

[BRYAN
Continued from page sixty-five]

sell. Mr. Bryan, hearing the discussion, suggested that the time be extended, and that time be added to his own allotment equivalent with that permitted to the gold advocates. Governor Russell was very happy at the suggestion, and Senator Hill agreed.

"I cannot say," wrote Bryan in his Memoirs, "that it was entirely unselfish on my side, and I think I would have made the suggestion if the extension of time had fallen to someone else, but, as it was, it added about ten minutes to my time, and I needed it for the speech I was to make. This was another unexpected bit of good fortune. I had never had such an opportunity before in my life and never expect to have again."

THE setting as Bryan rose to speak was just the setting to put before an orator. Most of the inhabitants of the United States understood nothing of the complicated economic problems involved in the coinage of silver and gold, but people did feel in their nerves a battle between the banker and industrialist on the one side, and the farmer and shopkeeper on the other. Somehow or other, no matter how logical their arguments, the majority of the delegates did not trust Senator Hill of New York, Governor Russell of Massachusetts, and Senator Vilas when they told them of the necessity for a gold standard. The silent listeners were not clever enough to answer the careful and stern arguments of the gold advocates, and they were annoyed at their own impotence and ready to applaud appropriate sentiment which expressed their discontent.

By courtesy of Scripps-Howard newspapers.

A Bryanite view of McKinley, to whose famous resemblance to Napoleon Bryan alluded in his cross-of-gold speech. Mark Hanna leads the elephant.

Mr. Bryan, tall, stocky, pale, with long black hair and beaked nose, sprang eagerly from his seat and hurried to the platform. The voices of the other speakers had not carried in the huge auditorium, but every one of the fifteen thousand in the audience heard Bryan's first words, beautifully modulated.

"I would be presumptuous indeed," he began, "to present myself against the distinguished gentlemen to whom you have listened, if this were a measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to speak to you in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity."

He then traced very briefly the organization of the free silver forces, and he said triumphantly: "With a zeal approaching the zeal which inspired the crusaders who followed Peter the Hermit, our silver Democrats went forth from victory unto victory until they are now assembled, not to discuss, not to debate, but to enter up the judgment already rendered by the plain people of this country. . . . We have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever imposed upon representatives of the people."

There was applause and attention. Ex-Governor Hogg of Texas, a heavy man six feet two, was "beaming with delight" in one corner of the auditorium at Bryan's left. His friend Ollie James of Kentucky, another tall man, stood in the same relative position on the right, and the orator was encouraged by the evident sympathy on those two faces.

Leading up from his introduction with a few more careful phrases concerning the gentlemen who had preceded him, Bryan sailed into an offensive with these rolling words:

"When you [turning to the gold delegates] come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course. We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application.

"The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the crossroads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day—who begins in the spring and toils all summer—and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the board of trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world.

"We come to speak for this broader class of business men."

The audience rose to Bryan's eloquence in a manner which he described as like a trained choir.

"Ah, my friends," he continued, "we say not one word against those who live upon the Atlantic coast, but the hardy pioneers who have braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose—the pioneers away out there [pointing to the west] who rear their children near to nature's heart— . . . these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of our party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defense of our homes, our families, and posterity.

"We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned; we have entreated, and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them."

There was a thunder of applause.

BRYAN then answered with generalities the general objections to silver offered by those who had spoken before him. "If they ask us," he concluded in this phase of his speech, "why it is that we say more on the money question than we say upon the tariff question, I reply that, if protection has slain its thousands, the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands."

Then he spoke of McKinley: "Mr. McKinley was the most popular man among the Republicans, and three months ago everybody in the Republican party prophesied his election. How is it today? Why, the man who was once pleased to think that he looked like Napoleon—that man shudders today when he remembers that he was nominated on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Not only that, but as he listens he can hear with ever-increasing distinctness the sound of the waves as they beat upon the lonely shores of St. Helena." An "indignant people," Bryan thought, would visit their "avenging wrath" on a man who would "place the legislative control of our affairs in the hands of foreign potentates and powers."

He expressed his confidence that the Democrats would win, and described the two opposing theories of government. And then in mellow, resounding tones he uttered his famous peroration:

"My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on

earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every state in the Union. . . . It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation; shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers?

"Therefore, we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help us, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out in the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost.

"Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

ALL through his speech there had been spontaneous outbursts of applause, but when Bryan had finished, the convention went collectively insane. Men yelled, wept, shrieked, and marched, grabbing the standards of the various states and making for the seat of Mr. Bryan. A delegate from Georgia named Bush, with long whiskers and strong lungs, trampled his way from the back of the hall with the standard of Georgia, and Joe Lacy, a Cherokee delegate from the Indian Territory, plunged through the New York delegation, which was trying to maintain a hostile composure, and upset both its dignity and its comfort.

The delegates from Alabama led "a grand march of glory" around the hall. Men grabbed for Bryan, eager to touch his coat, and finally eight heavy men managed to lift him on their shoulders, which one observer described as "a Græco-Roman wrestling match with an upright piano in a moving van." Bryan tried to look pleasant on the shoulders of his admirers, but he was white with the exhaustion of his effort and found it necessary to grasp the shoulders of his supporters to prevent himself from tumbling under their feet.

Finally he begged to be lowered into his seat, and his admirers consented, but others promptly sat in his lap, "hugged him until his collar wilted, shook his hand, shouted into his ears, danced all over his feet, and hemmed him in until he could scarcely get his breath."

The only person who seemed to maintain his cynical composure entirely was the stanch Republican correspondent of the New York Tribune, who telegraphed his paper: "In closing his speech, Mr. Bryan dramatically said: 'You shall not crucify mankind on a cross of gold.' This blatherskite declaration stirred up the depths of the Populistic convention. For half an hour nothing was done but cheer Bryan."

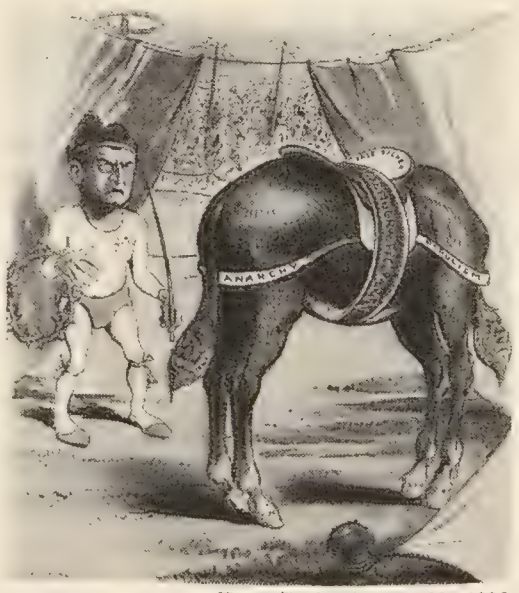
THOSE who listened to Bryan's speech received an emotional experience that remained with them for years; it was like hearing Jenny Lind or Patti sing, and innumerable grandchildren were assured that never had there been anything like it in the memory of man.

The effect on the entire nation was tremendous. "Through the nerves of the telegraph," wrote William Allen White, "that speech thrilled a continent, and for a day a nation was in a state of mental and moral catalepsy. If the election had been held that July day, Bryan would have been chosen President."

After the adoption of the platform with its plank declaring, "We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation," the convention adjourned for the afternoon.

It was generally agreed that if balloting had begun for the nominations for President at that session, Bryan would have been chosen by acclamation, and when the convention met again that evening, the enthusiasm for Bryan had not diminished. Nominating speeches were made, and Bryan's name was placed before the convention by Hal T. Lewis of Georgia, who described Bryan as "a Saul come to lead the Israelites to battle." Richard P. Bland, Horace Boies of Iowa, Governor Claude Mathews of Indiana, Joseph S. Blackburn, Robert E. Pattison, John R. McLean, and Governor Pennoyer were also presented to the convention, and then they adjourned till the next day.

Bryan did not go to the convention the next day but remained at his hotel.



From Puck, August 22, 1896.

Bryan, crown of thorns in hand, is dismayed at the problem of riding the Democratic-Populist "What-Is-It."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Father hold Willie!

For Willie's screams, kicks and threats to run away called for strong muscle-work in the "oily" nineties.

Lucky Willies of 1929—now they get Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Castor Oil doesn't need to taste bad to be good for you. All the bad taste and odor have been super-refined out of Kellogg's. No benzyl alcohol, saccharin, flavoring or coloring used as disguise. Kellogg's needs no disguise because it is 100% pure, and the only *refinery-bottled* castor oil which means it reaches you tasteless, fresh, wholesome.

KELLOGG'S
The Original
TASTELESS
Castor Oil

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PURITY

Never sold in bulk but always in the original 1 oz. (1 dose), 3 oz. and 7 oz. home-size bottles. Write for trial bottle enclosing 10c in stamps. Use the coupon.

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Sold by all druggists.

Walter Janvier, Inc.
417-421 Canal St., N. Y.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me convenient size bottle of Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

Name .....
St. and No.
or R. F. D. .....
City ..... State .....

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[BRYAN
Continued from page sixty-seven]

He was busy all the forenoon discussing the situation. On the first and second ballots Bland led and Bryan was second. On the third ballot Bryan gained, and it was realized that nothing could prevent his nomination. A banner reading, "Bryan! Bryan! No Crown of Thorns, No Cross of Gold," was carried about the hall.

On the fourth ballot Bryan received more votes than Bland for the first time, and on the fifth he was nominated, as other candidates withdrew their names, and the band played. Meanwhile, Bryan was in a barber shop getting shaved.

THE convention adjourned from Thursday until Saturday, before voting for a candidate for Vice-President. The New York Tribune correspondent denied that this had been done because Friday was an unlucky day. "A party," wrote the reporter, "that had the courage to nominate Bryan for the Presidency couldn't be frightened by a Friday." It was agreed that a man of wealth, from the East if possible, must be the candidate for Vice-President, and finally Arthur Sewall, a wealthy shipbuilder of Maine, consented to accept the nomination.

Bryan tells us that he took with him to the convention $100, and that after paying the hotel bill for himself and Mrs. Bryan, he had left $40. He had wanted Mrs. Bryan to accompany him, she wrote, because he had a feeling that he might be nominated.

After he was nominated for President, he no longer enjoyed any privacy and was able to get very little peace. There was a great wave of curiosity throughout the country embracing everything about the new candidate who was comparatively unknown in some sections of the United States.

Immediately after Bryan's stirring speech, a newspaper reporter appeared in his hotel room and asked if he might sit there. Then another arrived, and presently the room was full of them. They noted everything Bryan did and said. "The angle of inclination was noted as I lay upon the bed," Bryan wrote later. "I was given credit for using a paper to protect the bedclothes from my feet; the rabbit's foot given me as I left the convention hall was reproduced in the papers; the bulletins announced that Mrs. Bryan preserved her composure during the nominating scene, and when I remarked that I was glad she had done so, the world was at once permitted to share my joy." When the candidate and Mrs. Bryan tried to escape for a quiet Sunday, they found five carriages filled with newspaper writers following them.

Picture by Garrett Price.

When Bryan finished speaking, the convention went mad. Men grabbed for him and lifted him on their shoulders. No news photographer caught that wild scene, but it must have looked much like this.

The rabbit's foot which was thrust into Bryan's hand as he left the convention hall after his speech was one of thousands he received shortly. In one of his campaign speeches, after he had just been presented with "the foot of a rabbit killed at midnight in a churchyard during the dark of the moon," he remarked: "If the people who have given me rabbits' feet in this campaign will vote for me, there is no possible doubt of my election." He was soon to be the recipient of all kinds of gifts from his new admirers, and the house in Lincoln was transformed into a museum.

More than a thousand letters in Bryan's papers were from people who had named their children after him. Some of them had triplets and named them "William," "Jennings," and "Bryan," respectively. Several men were sorry that they had to name their new babies Bryan and Jennings because they already had Williams. Some women regretted that they could not name their girls William, Jennings, or Bryan, but named them after Mrs. Bryan instead. Most of these parents requested a photograph of the candidate so that the boy could look at it when he grew up, and many more thought it only fitting and proper that the candidate should send his new namesake something. Two letters mentioned that the neighbors had jeered and said that Bryan would send his namesakes nothing. One family had twins, and they called one William Jennings Bryan Talmage and the other Jennings William Bryan Talmage.

During the 1896 campaign a boy wrote from Japan saying that he wished to join Bryan's family and to be educated by him. Bryan answered that he already had three children and could not take care of another. Yamashita arrived in San Francisco and wrote that he would soon be in Nebraska. Bryan hastily wrote a Democratic committee man in San Francisco to discourage the boy. One day a few weeks later Yamashita rang the doorbell of the Bryan home in Lincoln. He knew very little English. The Bryans took him in for the night, and they kept him five and a half years. He went to the public schools and to the University of Nebraska and eventually returned to Japan, extremely grateful to the Presidential candidate.

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Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Old Fashioned Kind

"A family," defined May for her teacher, "is a great big fat woman and a lot of little kids."—Pauline Needham, 715 Foster St., Evanston, Ill.

* * *

Straight from the Shoulder

Harold heard his mother and aunt discussing, before they left for town, whether or not the new cook was honest and if they should leave her in the house alone. As they were going out the door, Harold said to the cook, "Now, Carrie, don't you steal anything while we're away."—Ethel Carswell, Box 741, Daytona Beach, Fla.

The never-to-be-forgotten Presidential race of 1896; the terror into which Bryan and "16-to-1" threw the conservative East; the fiasco of his speech of acceptance; his whirlwind oratorical tours and McKinley's front porch campaign; the songs, the cartoons, the bitter editorials, the silver rallies, the "gold bug" parades—all that picturesque frenzy of yesterday will be recalled in next week's Liberty.

She Was a Woman

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Bill," she said in a whisper, "I've found it —the search is over at last."

The Story of a Wife's Experiment

By COSMO HAMILTON

IT was in the Continental edition of the New York Herald which he had bought at Calais. It was looked upon as an item of interest by the paper, presumably because he had been a member of an English polo team and had made many friends in America. It was in the middle of the front page with so large a heading that it caught his eyes at once.

Major Bill Moreland, late Twenty-first Lancers, the well known British sportsman, has been divorced by his wife Rosita, daughter of Brigadier General Sir Ronald and Lady Jean Kerr-Graham. The wedding, one of the social events of 1926, took place at the Chapel Royal, Westminster, the best man being Churchill M. Spenser III of New York and Newport, Rhode Island. There are no children of the marriage.

When our London representative called for a statement at Major Moreland's house he was told that the major "was out of town." The same answer was given at Mrs. Moreland's apartment in Grosvenor House, Park Lane. There is a strong rumor in London to the effect that Mrs. Moreland will be married shortly to Captain Ashley Raikes, who fought his way this year into the finals for the Davis Cup. It was stated in the Naval and Military Club that Captain Raikes "had not been seen for some days."

On the tiresome journey on the Blue Train from Paris to Beaulieu that dull November day, Bill Moreland read these words so often and so intently that he would have been able to recognize each one if it had been shuffled deliberately among a million words. They epitomized into a short paragraph the one great tragic failure of his successful life.

He had allowed himself to be divorced because he loved his wife. He had undertaken to go through the humiliation and fake of that inhuman and hypocritical proceeding so that Rosita should be free to marry someone else. In her most friendly and tender way, after a series of incompatible months, she had asked him to do her this favor. Her head was on his shoulder and she had held his hand.

Without tears, but with those occasional heart-rending sobs which had stultified that simple fellow during and since the honeymoon, she had said; "I want to be made happy. I simply want to be made happy. You don't make me happy. I must be made happy. I was born to be made happy; unless I'm happy I'm as good as dead. Don't you understand?"

To which he had replied, lying: "Yes, of course I understand," as though he were talking to a child who had come screaming out of a nightmare and was now babbling incomprehensibly of what she had been through.

HE had never been able to make head or tail of her. Her moods, her tangents, her queer moments of mysticism, her sudden, irresistible desire for something which, when achieved, was dropped; her constant cry for an intangible happiness during moments when she had everything in the world to make her happy had been beyond the reach of his mind.

There had been whole weeks during which she had made him feel that he had married a spirit wandering through the unknown paths of another dimension; that he had imprisoned an ecstasy, a grief, a paroxysm, a shadow, an immaterial thing which, all the same, ate and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE WAS A WOMAN
Continued from page sixty-nine]

drank and smoked, laughed, talked, had her hair cut, used lipstick, went frequently to the dressmaker, spent money like water, stood in need of immediate flattery and amusement, and was very beautiful.

As a pukka soldier Bill knew war. As a junior officer in the Twenty-first Lancers, he had gone into the trenches in 1914 at the age of twenty-one. In addition to that grim business he knew polo ponies, birds, fish, tobacco, wine; but he had never known Rosita, who was an uncut book to him. All that he had ever been able to say to himself was—puzzled, amazed, and unhappy—by way of excuse, "She is a woman, and I don't know women," and give her a divorce. But he had loved her and still loved her better than all his other loves—the regiment, polo and ponies, birds, fish, tobacco, wine, and himself.

But he slept very well on the train. He could sleep very well on anything at any time under any circumstances. It was a gift. When he arrived at Beaulieu at midday, where he intended to play hermit for two or three months in order to get the taste out of his mouth of the nasty business which is called divorce, he said, "I see. Going to be married to Raikes, is she? I don't know the fellow. Plays good tennis, I'm told. Well, I wish her better luck."

THE villa, in which the man and his wife who looked after it for him lived all the year round in the basement, was a stone's throw from the sea. It had been built in 1880 by his father for the winter, and as land was cheap in those days, even in that playground, he had bought more than was actually necessary to protect himself from other people's domesticities and from being overlooked.

The garden was filled with trees. The villa was simple, solid, and roomy, gray with a red roof. You could fish if you felt like it from the terrace on the rocks or, if you happened to be there in the summer, being appalled by the English climate, you could swim in a transparent sea.

The honest and loyal Dupont was waiting for the taxi, eager to carry in the luggage of his considerate patron whom he had known when he was a boy. He still clung to the old derby hat which Bill had hesitated to give him several years ago and wisely wore a thick sweater made by his good but cheeseparing wife, although the sun was warm. His bushy mustache was white.

There were affectionate greetings and handshakes, the removal of the luggage, the shattering disappearance of the taxi, and the totally unexpected and unwelcome sight of a static Bugatti with two of its dusty tires in one of the flower beds.

And as Bill turned to enter the villa, saying to himself, "What in the name of all that's—" a man came out of the door.

He was one of those men who are born with the quick, correcting eye of an A. P. M., a dictatorial voice, and a way of saying without speaking, "Who the hell are you?" He had dark, strong hair, definite eyebrows, a fat mustache, two dark lines on highish cheek bones, and a cleft in an aggressive chin. Thin and muscular and tall, he wore a pair of brown shorts, thick brown stockings, lighter, a brown sweater of still another shade, and suède shoes with crêpe soles and lapping tongues.

He challenged Bill abruptly. "Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, beware of the dog" was stamped all over him. He might have owned the place.

"Yes?" he asked, holding the fort.

"Yes what?" asked Bill. Damn the fellow. What the deuce was he doing here, with his confounded tires in the flower bed?

"Yes what? . . . I don't take you. Let me point out that this is a private villa and I don't remember including you in the house party."

Funny wasn't the word for all this. "Here I am," said Bill to himself, "after a filthy journey, to hide away like a hurt dog and lick my wounds in a place that ought to be private and which is wholly mine . . ." He simply had to laugh.

A huge, lumbering, lazy-looking creature, with a big nose, rather wide-set boyish eyes, long legs, guffawing with his head thrown back on someone else's drive . . .!

With a little choking cry she flung he

The A. P. M. was amazed. He had been asked to make up a party of congenial people by the girl to whom he was engaged to be married, in a villa that was hers—rather a decent little place that would suit him well during England's more nasty months—and up marches a total stranger whose bags are taken in and who goes into a roar of laughter when challenged!

"Look here," he said.

BILL stopped laughing and put his foot on a step. "Wait a second, will you? What's all this about a house party? Whose house party?"

There was something in the voice which reminded the A. P. M. that there are men of higher command. "Mrs. Moreland's," he said.

"Oh!" Bill swallowed a gasp. "So *you've* arranged it, have you, being Ashley Raikes, I suppose." Well, he was a bit of a martinet. Heaven only knew whether that might not be conducive to Rosita's happiness.

"Yes," said Raikes, "I am."

"This happens to be my villa, do you see, and I'm here for a couple of months—which, I'm afraid, is going to make things a little awkward for *you*."

"Awkward for me? Why?"

"A past husband and a future husband under the same roof as the lady in question . . . I see that you agree."

In fact, "My God!" said Raikes.

Bill nodded and went slowly up the steps. His wound

ll's arms and kissed his face repeatedly.

was very severe and it would take him years to get over it. But the sense of humor with which he had been gifted, as well as the power to sleep, were considerable assets to convalescence. They always are.

"How *is* Rosita now? I haven't seen her since this legal thing began."

"She seems frightfully fit—to me." Raikes added the last words after a hesitation which went to prove that even he, cocksure as he was as a rule, was not yet perfectly certain that he didn't know more about tennis than he did about Rosita.

"WHEN did you get here? By the way, not the best thing in the world for flower beds, those tires, if I may say so."

"No. I'm sorry. Your—I mean Rosita came with the Cunliffes yesterday by train. I drove over the border half an hour ago from Italy, where I've been mucking about. Amazing roads."

"I see. Where is my—I mean Rosita at the moment?"

All the A. P. M. fell from Raikes at the question. Under what was evidently unusually strong emotion—bewilderment, stultification—he became a human person in mufti for a change.

"She was a bit upset when she saw me. At least I thought she was. Overtired, I suppose. Then, too, there was a paragraph in the Daily Mail—oh, I dunno. There were no tears or anything like that, but a burst of sobs or something and a sudden disappearance. She said that she wasn't happy and that nobody made her happy. That she *had* to be made happy and that I didn't understand. Well, I didn't, I'm bound to confess. And look here, I'm damned sorry I was so short with you just now, and that sort of thing."

Bill looked at his impending successor gravely and wondered if that's what he was.

"Not a bit," he said.

But he didn't feel very friendly. Had he allowed himself to be divorced for a confounded fellow who was going to let Rosita down even before they were married? A worse ass than himself, in fact? Damn it, of course Rosita was to be made happy. She had been born to be made happy. She had said so every day. Wasn't there a man on earth who understood?

Bill went into the villa that obviously wasn't his. There in the sitting room in his particular chair, for instance, lolled a smart and therefore overpainted young woman giving an amazing display of leg. It was attractive leg as it happened, young. And there, with his back to the fire, in an owner's attitude, stood a man with a tonged mustache and gooseberry eyes, plastered hair, and a very new pair of golf shoes with bobbles of India rubber.

Still in mental mufti, Raikes said, "Oh, look here, Enid, this is Major Moreland. Mrs. Eustace Cunliffe."

"Not, by the grace of God, Bill?" Here was a certain amount of amusement in a dull place!

"Yes," said Bill, "I'm glad to be able to provide you with something of a kick in this hermitage."

"Great Scott!" said Eustace Cunliffe. "Here's a jolly mess." He put two tender fingers to the tortured hair on his lip.

HE felt, more quickly than usual—he wasn't a fast-thinking man—that the blundering presence of Moreland in this oasis might put himself and Enid to enormous inconvenience. It was quite on the cards that Rosita might stick on her hat, make a bolt for the station, drag them straight back to London, and ruin a pleasant holiday on this devilishly pretty coast. Damn bad form for a divorced man to force himself in like that.

"Do sit down," said Enid. "It shatters me rather when tall men loom above me and cast shadows on my chair." But she rolled her eyes at Bill and showed her teeth. He looked to her to be the sort of man with whom one broke monotony. Eustace created monotony with the perfection of Henry Ford. He simply turned it out.

"There won't be any sort of a jolly mess," he said. "I'm going to remove myself. I'll get Dupont to bring my things down, telephone to the station for the taxi, and drive over to Monte Carlo for the night. Then I'll nip across the border to some Italian place. Rosita doesn't know I've been here, and there's no need to tell her so."

"I'd drive you in my Bugatti," said Raikes, "if it would take your luggage. But it won't. I think your decision is wise."

"Thanks very much," said Bill.

But as he went to the door of the comfortable sitting room in which he had intended to nurse his wounds as a hermit or a lonely dog, singing came from the stairs. Rosita, who never merely came into a room, burst upon the scene. She had mastered her sobs and renewed her make-up, changed her frock and squirted herself with scent. It was the Matchabelli Jasmine which had always made Bill tremble at the knees.

With a little choking cry she passed Raikes and the two Cunliffes, flung herself in Bill's arms and kissed his face repeatedly, which she covered with her tears. There were, it must be confessed, one or two of his. He might not have understood her, and he didn't understand her now—less than ever before—but he knew that, at that shocking and ecstatic moment, he hadn't lived in vain. If he never went through another such moment life was worth the fag. He lifted her up, held her tight, and gave her kiss for kiss.

On it went and on, until even Enid was disconcerted and Raikes found words.

"Hang it all," he said, sticking out his chin, "this is

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE WAS A WOMAN
Continued from page seventy-one]

not the sort of behavior that one expects from the woman to whom one happens to be engaged!" He floundered in pedanticism and nearly slipped on an aitch.

Bill dropped Rosita as if she were a hot brick. Good Lord! He had lost those rights. This was a young and lovely woman who was on the verge of becoming the wife of an A. P. M.

And Rosita, startled at being dropped, looked at Raikes without the slightest recognition, seemed to be caught in a sirocco, and was blown clean out of the room.

Upon which it seemed to Bill that he had better inspect the garden. This he did at once, followed by a scoff from Cunliffe, an hysterical giggle from Enid, and the sort of glare from Ashley Raikes which he had employed upon a Territorial subaltern whom he had caught smoking a pipe in Piccadilly during the war. . . .

Did this mean anything or nothing? If it meant anything it was a damn sight worse than nothing because the law had taken its course. Even such a woman as Rosita couldn't in this case eat her cake and have it, though she had that knack.

He had been very soundly divorced, having complied with every regulation including paying the bill. Under the circumstances kissing and being kissed had been a frightful break, especially in front of his successor, who, after Rosita's inconsistent look, was less likely to be that than ever. That is, if he possessed an ounce of pride and a modicum of wisdom. But was there a living man who could retain such things within a mile of his—he meant Rosita?

An hour later the tremble was still in his knees. But he still persisted in following the winding paths of the charming garden with its pines and palms and eucalyptus trees and the grass which had grown again. It had been dug up in the summer, having been burned to the roots by the sun. But he couldn't find any way out of the maze of his brain. Whenever he thought that he had got a way out, up sprang a notice board. On every one was painted precisely similar words: "I want to be made happy. I must be made happy. I was born to be made happy. Don't you understand?"

Yes, he understood. He hadn't made her happy. He didn't know *how* to make her happy, except by letting her go, and it came to him with a shock then for the first time that, by Jove, she might be one of the numerous women who never live but hope to live, who hunt for happiness so eagerly that they pass it on the road. Did she know what happiness was? Did any woman know?

DUPONT came out with squeaking boots. They had squeaked in the same way when he had come into the garden after Bill during the Christmas holidays when his father had had the place. A long time ago. He removed the old derby hat and begged to state that madame desired to see him in her room. The weather was good, but, oh, the summer. That heat! That lack of rain! Still, there was always a breeze at Beaulieu. God had to be thanked for that. Yes. A thousand thanks. His wife was well.

All that saw Bill to the steps. . . . In her room? But why in her room? Hadn't she gone to the trouble to memorize the fact that she had divorced him, damn it? He had no right in her room. He wouldn't go to her room. . . . At any rate, he had to take no orders from her now. And so instead of going upstairs he mooched into the sitting room. It was his idea to prove to Rosita that she had eaten her cake. He would have given a thousand pounds not to have had the idea. . . . There were Enid and her legs, a cigarette lopping from a red lip, monotony and cigarette smoke round her head. She was undoubtedly very smart.

She said, "Hallo, I thought you were going. I thought you were well in Monte by this." It wasn't true. She hadn't thought for years. You can't be smart and think. You must do one thing or the other. Eustace wasn't present.

"I forgot about going," Bill said. "The garden's coming on. Very useful rains. A red hot summer, I'm told. I'll ask Dupont to call the taxi now."

Enid demonstrated the fact very clearly that she owned a pair of very pretty legs. The French playwright and the modern woman can never forget those things.

"Although I ought not to say so," she said, saying it, "the sooner you clear out the less likelihood of rather nasty talk. This coast has many spies."

"Yes," said Bill, "I know." He rang the bell for Dupont.

"It appears that our strange little Rosita wants you to go up to her room. Of course you won't do that."

"Of course I shan't," he said.

Rosita's voice, like the petal of a rose, floated into the room.

"Bill!"

"Yes, dar—I mean, yes?"

"Aren't you coming up?"

"Yes, of course. At once."

Once more Enid's hysterical giggle followed him into the hall.

IN the villa's largest and most convenient bedroom there was Rosita, gnomelike, sitting on the bed. Was there a new and even more bewildering expression on her face, or was it the effect of the light? Or, again, was it something which Bill had always hoped to see and now, by a trick of imagination, merely thought that he saw?

She was sitting on her legs with her hands clasped. She looked like one who had climbed to the top of the highest possible hill and was triumphant, though a little tired and a little breathless, filled with wonder and peace. Never before had she conveyed the impression of being contented to sit. Her eyes were large and shining, her lips were slightly parted like those of a vividly imaginative and fairylike child, awed and entranced at the sight of beauty that she had only seen in a dream.

"Bill," she said in a whisper, "I've found it—the search is over at last."

"Oh?" He was as puzzled as usual, but he lowered his voice as people do in church, sympathetic and well behaved people. "What?"

"Happiness," she said. She held out a little hand with pink nails and blue veins.

This he took with his usual gratitude, but didn't know what to do with it. He never did. He knew war, polo and ponies, birds, fish, tobacco, and wine, but he had never known Rosita. He didn't know women and she was a woman to him. . . . Well, he took it that Raikes was a good egg. He played a jolly good game of tennis. "Good luck," he said.

But Rosita, who had an uncanny way of reading people's thoughts, said, "No, Ashley doesn't exist. I found it when I kissed you. I could feel it in your heart. I found it in making you happy and I made you frightfully happy. I felt it on my cheeks. At last, at last I know—it's a revelation—that all who would win joy must give it and share it—that happiness is a twin." She gave him her other hand.

And he took it, profoundly moved, and put them both to his lips. Then he dropped them as though they were hot bricks because they weren't his. He had no legal or conventional rights. He had given her a divorce. He said as well as he could, "I—I don't know what to say."

She didn't seem in the least hurt at his having fallen back. And her hands were still held out. "Say exactly what's in your mind," she said, "word for word."

He thought that he heard the Bugatti roaring along the drive.

"Rosita . . . Rosita," he said very humbly, but with a most blinding flash of understanding, "I have the honor to ask you to be my wife."

"Thank you, Bill," said Rosita with equal humbleness. "I have the honor, the joy, and the happiness . . ."

She got no further than that.

But need that be explained?

THE END

Behind The BUILD-UP

A Little Lesson in What It Means to Stage a Prizefight

Underwood & Underwood photo

A little road work at Speculator in preparation for the Heeney fracas. Left to right are trainer Lou Fink, Tunney, and Johnny Hayes, former marathoner.

By

PAUL GALLICO

THE machinery which ordinarily operates the Rickard prizefight ballyhoo, silently and efficiently, creaked so alarmingly in the case of the build-up for the late lamented fiasco between Gene Tunney and Thomas Heeney, in which Rickard blew close to a quarter of a million dollars, that even the dullest of the sports reporters assigned to cover the training camps were able to distinguish the noises and label their stories as moonshine from time to time. These stories, however, were filed just the same and duly printed.

When there is interest in a contest, the general enthusiasm generally covers up the "plants" of the great promoter and his publicity staff, but newspapers and public alike were cold to the recent match on the theory that the challenger was no fit opponent—a theory since proved to be true.

Thus, against the drab background of clammy indifference, the amazing series of whoop-up stunts to attract public attention became clearer than ever before.

The first tip-off that page one was going to be a tough spot to make came when the two heroes were permitted to depart unheralded and unaccompanied by the varlets of the press to their respective training camps at Speculator, New York, and Fair Haven, New Jersey. Tunney chose the Adirondack camp out of friendship for Bill Osborne, hotel proprietor there, and Heeney was lured to the torrid Jersey coast by Mike Jacobs, ticket broker and friend of Rickard, in order to advertise that hamlet even as Tunney was putting Speculator on the map.

The battlers moved into camp some seven weeks before the scheduled date of the fight, and the nearest thing to a newspaper man they saw were the local correspondents with buck teeth and the inevitable pencil and pad.

Dempsey would have been accompanied to camp by fifteen boxing writers, twelve feature men, two sob sisters, thirty photographers, and six office boys to bring back plates, and his doings would have been recorded at length, daily.

IT was the first of July before the stately New York *Times* condescended to print dispatches from the two camps, and the *News*, peppiest of the younger journalistic set, waited until eighteen days before the fight to assign regular correspondents to the camp. And the majority of the journals awaited the *News'* lead.

The first bid for space came when the chunky Australian took his spar mate out canoeing with him on the Shrewsbury, rolled over, seized said spar mate by the scruff of the neck, and received official credit for a save. The sparring partner later turned out to be a reasonably good swimmer, but as the story didn't get more than three paragraphs on an inside page, it didn't matter much.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

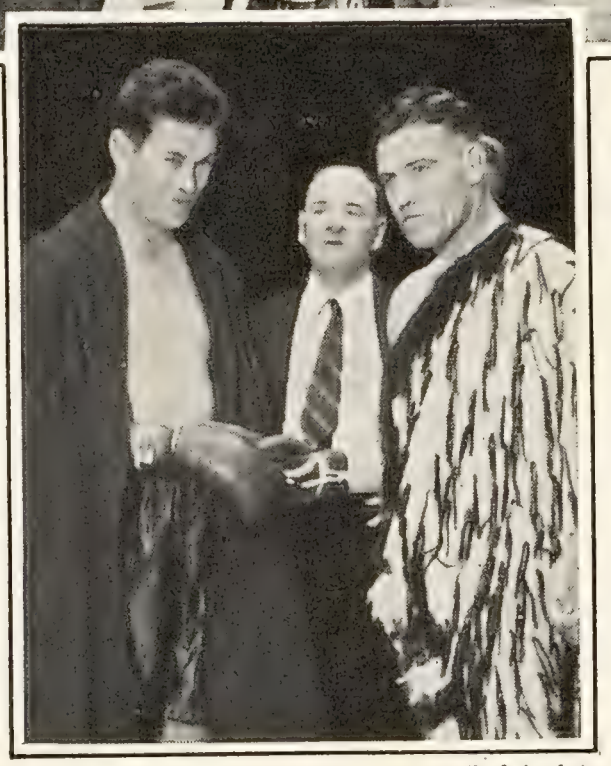
[BEHIND THE BUILD-UP
Continued from preceding page]

With admirable promptness, Tunney did the same thing on Lake Pleasant, only his companion was at least three streamers more eminent, it being none other than Mr. Thornton Wilder, author of The Bridge of San Luis Rey, and a friend of the champion. Neither, however, needed any special rescuing, and the yarn didn't go very big.

The next dispatches from Fair Haven had to do with the discovery by Heeney of a human cadaver floating about somewhere or other, but unfortunately this prime find was too far gone to permit identification, and another swell story blew. This was followed almost immediately by a touching yarn of a little gold-locked fifteen-year-old maiden with elfin ways who lived on a barge and who was to be adopted as Heeney's protégée. The gal never made page one, but she did last for two days, my own paper going for her because things were dead, and then she, too, passed out of sight to be followed immediately by the lost boy gag—the pathetic youngster who hitch-hiked, staggered, walked, and crawled for hundreds of miles to wish Tom well. Four days later, his prototype bobbed up in Speculator.

International Newsreel photo

Tunney pushing his way through the small crowd which used to watch his workouts at the Adirondack training camp.



P. & A. photo

Heeney in his picturesque robe, shaking hands with the champion in the ring just before the start of their battle at Yankee Stadium, last July.

BUT things were still very bad. There was no regular coverage. Speculator was too far, and the war correspondents suspected that Tunney would ask them to eat in the kitchen if they did go up. And Heeney was doing most of his heavy training in a rocking chair on the front porch of his cottage.

Rickard immediately hired Steve Hannagan, a live wire press agent from Miami and the Indianapolis Speedway, a fellow with a charming manner and an ingratiating personality. Master Hannagan was sent to Speculator, while Francis Albertanti, one of the minor publicists of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, hurried to Fair Haven.

Almost immediately the tip came out of the Adirondacks that Gene was a Changed Man, that he longed for his cronies of the fourth estate, and that the welcome was on the mat. The writers trickled northward, and almost immediately there came from Speculator a flow of touching psychoanalytical pieces explaining the real Tunney, while the anti-Tunney section, which included the writer, lured thither in search of copy by the engaging Mr. Hannagan, suddenly discovered the great change in the champion who overnight had become gracious and accessible, and for five days the papers were full of it.

This was the first of the real hot stuff, and Mr. Rickard made a purely mental note to raise Mr. Hannagan's salary. The best that Fair Haven could do to meet this was the time-worn Dissension-Among-Managers story, the Whosis-and-Whatsis-Reported-On-Outs chestnuts, with the brothers Harvey and the brothers Mortimer, the Heeney managerial board, apparently at odds. However, of the machinations of this great quartet, more later.

In spite of these encouraging signs, the tidings from the Madison Square Garden box office were exceedingly dolorous. Tex fibbed like a gentleman and told the resident press that the gate would go to a million and a half, the while he told himself that something drastic had to be done.

Thus, on the 14th of July, 1928, occurred the first of the absurd junkets of millionaires and Garden stockholders to the training camps of the rehearsing fighters. Tex Rickard packed some twoscore wealthies aboard his yacht Maxine along with remaining scribes, and steamed majestically up the Hudson bound for a hamlet 2,000 feet above sea level.

AT Albany, due to certain geographic difficulties, the yacht had to be abandoned for private cars, and later for busses — Tunney's camp was that isolated. Rickard will never forgive Tunney for that either.

In the meantime, the inhabitants of Speculator were breathlessly awaiting the arrival of this junket of Crœsuses which was proceeding hilariously over the mountain passes, so hilariously that Mr. Westbrook Pegler, one of the correspondents, wired his paper, the Chicago *Tribune*, that Mr. Lou (Tin-Tooth) Fink, Tunney's trainer, had gone out to meet the party and reported that they were only five saloons away.

Finally, the big busses snorted into Speculator causing the natives to swoon with joy as they spewed forth their quota of bona fide millionaires, billionaires, and trillionaires, any one of which would stand a good scratching and still show pure gold beneath.

Through the industry of Mr. Vincent Treanor, reporter of the New York *Evening World*, I am enabled to furnish the entire list of capitalists who made up this amazing junket, as printed by him in the *Evening World* of Monday, July 16. There were present:

William H. English of Arbuckle Brothers; Charles R. Weeks of Potter & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange; Samuel P. Gilman of Gilman & Unger, attorneys; John H. McKay of the Consolidated Gas Company; J. Brookes Spencer, vice president of the Southern Wheel Company; Frank Driscoll of the Erie Railroad; George Armsby, partner in Blair & Co., New York Stock Exchange, and principal owner of the California Packing Company; Donald M. Forgan, treasurer of the American Radiator Company; Roy W. Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers; Frank Houston, vice president of the Chemical National Bank; John E. King of the American Radiator Company; Benjamin B. Greer, president of the New York Air Brake Company; Benjamin L. Winchell, chairman of the board of directors of Remington-Rand, Inc.; Charles V. Bob, prominent

millionaire sportsman and purchaser of Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd's plane; J. S. Parks, partner of Phelps & McKee, members of the Stock Exchange; George LeBoutillier, vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; J. P. Maguire, president of the Textile Banking Company; Sam Pryor of the Southern Wheel Company; and I. M. Uppercu of the Cadillac Motor Car Company.

For twenty-four hours or so, Speculator swarmed with more wealth than it will ever view again, as the millionaires wandered about aimlessly, here and there laying sanctifying hands upon the heads of those members of the press who had seen the light. They watched their hireling work out and then, as suddenly as they had come, every one of the Crœsuses piled into the carryalls and vanished.

Arrived in New York, Mr. Rickard hastily dispatched minions for specimens of the current public prints and turned to page one. But there was nothing there. With the exception of the much impressed Mr. Treanor, no New York paper printed the golden list. They were kissed off in two sentences with. "Tex Rickard and his party of millionaires and Garden stockholders viewed the workout. . . ."

Rickard pulled forth his pocket handkerchief and sobbed softly into it. One page one story did break honestly—for that matter, two of them. The *Evening Telegram* spread the story of Henry Farrell, NEA correspondent—that Tunney accused boxing in New York of being controlled by thuggery—all over the front page, causing some hasty denials on the part of the champion, and giving Rickard the first pleasant day since the ballyhoo was begun. The other came when four of Tunney's personal millionaires—Barney Gimbel, James I. Bush, Charles Bob, and Sam Pryor—visited the champion in a plane and cracked up trying to take off from the spongy fairway of the Hamilton links. But again Rickard was driven almost to despair. Nobody was hurt.

International Newsreel photo

Tunney and a group of newspaper men at the time he was training for the Heeney battle. Billy Gibson, his manager, is seated at the lower left.

IN the meantime, gloomy reports were issuing from Fair Haven, where the challenger was going through his paces. Experts were going down at the behest of their papers and after viewing the New Zealander, who for purposes of whoop-up was called the Hard Rock from Down Under, were wiring back to their various sheets: "Oh, oh, this fellow is simply awful. He can't do anything at all. Oh, he's terrible. He hasn't won a decision from a sparring partner since he has been here. They are smacking him all over the lot. He won't last five rounds with Tunney," and so forth and so on.

This was a severe blow to Rickard, who was trying to impress the yokels who line the sidewalks of New York with the fact that this Heeney was a formidable challenger, who was liable to lift the title from the unpopular Tunney; and so, to counteract it, he turned in four alarms which brought the whole volunteer company of millionaires sliding down the brass pole again into waiting Rolls-Royces. The party this time included Kermit and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, which made it a most special occasion. Still adjusting their neckties and panama hats they were whisked away to the yacht Maxine, this time headed by Rickard's brightest talisman of the happy days of yore—William Harrison Dempsey—bound for Fair Haven and rescue.

THE New York *Times* of Monday, July 23, prints the following imposing list of notables who rushed to the scene of action at the call of the harassed Tex:

There was Jack Dempsey, Gertrude Ederle, who once rode up Broadway in a shower of ticker tape and who moved about through the crowd unrecognized; Tommy Loughran, light heavyweight champion; Mickey Walker, middleweight champion; Sammy Mandell, lightweight title holder; Johnny Dundee, Jimmy Johnston, Jack McAuliffe, the retired undefeated lightweight champion; Johnny Hayes, former marathon runner; Robert Bender, I. M. Uppercu, S. P. Gilman, J. E. King, James I. Bush, David Smiley, J. P. Maguire, Bernard F. Gimbel, Charles V. Bob, Roy Howard, James S. Parks, Jr., William H. English, Kent Cooper, Harold J. Coolidge, Benjamin Greer, Kermit Roosevelt, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and One-Eye Connolly.

These Who's Whos were herded to the outdoor training ringside by the busy Mr. Albertanti, where they sat and gazed at the challenger for the world's heavyweight title go through the most astonishing workout this observer has ever witnessed. For four rounds, his two sparring partners—a light heavyweight with the imposing title of James Braddock, and a beginner in the heavyweight ranks named Lawless—smacked him about the ring, staggering him with rights and stabbing him with lefts, causing him to miss and flounder, and giving him merry hell until even the spectators gasped as the rights bounced off his chin. Tex Rickard, who sat next to me, chewed convulsively on his cigar and assured me that Heeney wasn't really trying to hit his sparring partners. It was just that terrible.

No sooner had the final bell clanged, than the correspondents with one move swarmed toward Dempsey with a "Well, Jack, how does he look to you?"

The ex-champion turned his gaze to the ceiling and, without drawing a breath, recited in a monotone like a little boy getting rid of his piece before he should forget it, "I think that Heeney has more than an even chance to win it will take a superman to beat him he is strong and tough can take a punch and give one I am glad that I came to Fair Haven to see Heeney he is in excellent condition and is a big strong fellow. . . ."

Be it set down to the everlasting shame of the war correspondents, not one of them laughed in Dempsey's face, and every paper the following day carried the statement verbatim.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BEHIND THE BUILD-UP
Continued from page seventy-five]

Five minutes after Dempsey uttered the words so precious to Rickard's sale, mimeographed copies of it were being distributed to the writers, and ten minutes later the writer caught sight of the young fellow who for years has been known as Dempsey's ghost writer, slinking away wearing the well known what-a-fine-mouse-that-was-I-just-swallowed expression on his face.

Typewriters clattered, telegraph instruments chattered, the publicity expert hustled in and out, each time weighing in some new celebrity who reported that Heeney had a fine chance. One of the sports writers looked up from his typewriter and said:

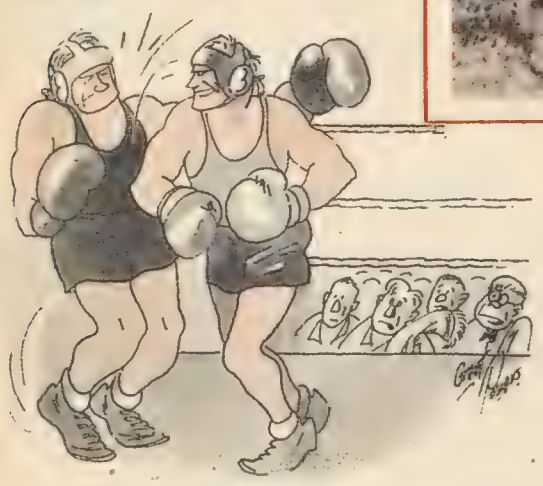
"Say, Francis, who are these guys, anyway? I mean what are their businesses?"

"Never mind," said Francis, "just call 'em millionaires."

Their duty done, the millionaires receded like a wave in the direction of a clambake that was being thrown by Mike Jacobs, leaving the Heeney camp quiet again, but thoroughly sold on the millionaire idea.

The New Zealander was managed by Charles and Eddie Harvey, his American managers, and John and Bernard Mortimer, his British stockholders. This jolly quartet, assisted by one Jim Hennessy, Heeney's trainer, began a campaign of misinformation that was simply delightful.

As the day of the contest approached, it was announced suddenly that Heeney would move from the little cottage near the Hoagland kennels and retire to the estate of a millionaire friend by the name of Gaston where he could be safe from the spying eyes of the ubiquitous press. In great danger of going stale, the challenger laid off a day to rest, and the event was thus described in the *Times* of July 21: ". . . but the fact remains that Tom Heeney spent all day today on the yacht of a millionaire, Charles Gaston of Rumson, and he will reside at Gaston's house until the fight."



His two sparring partners smacked Heeney around the ring until even the spectators gasped.

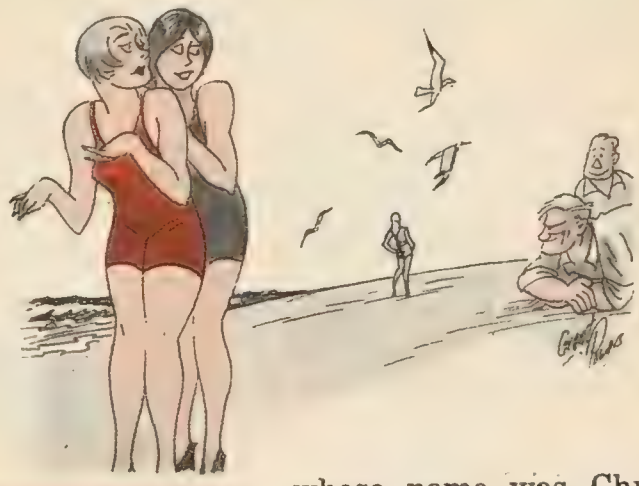
P. & A. photo

Tunney with four of his millionaire friends who escaped injury in a plane accident at Speculator, New York. From left to right they are Sam Pryor, James I. Bush, Bernard F. Gimbel, Tunney, and Charles V. Bob.

OTHER scribes expanded on the Louis XIV bedroom in which the Gisborne Gorilla had spent the night between sheets of purple silk, and still others dwelt on the palatial yacht on which Heeney had lounged.

This went great for one day until an inquisitive reporter brought to light the fact that Charles Gaston was a motor-boat chauffeur who owned a couple of gas stations in Rumson, that the palatial yacht on which the challenger had rested was a skiff with an outboard motor, and that he had spent the night in the same old cottage.

Heeney and the Mortimers explained that one. It was purely a misunderstanding on the part of the too eager press. Of course Gaston wasn't the millionaire. He was just the man who drove the boat for the *real* millionaire.



On the day before the fight Heeney gave his eyes a rest by gazing at the bathing beauties at Monmouth Beach.

whose name was Chris Smith and who owned a yacht named the Crissie on which Heeney would journey to New York. Smith had an estate in Red Bank, and Heeney would retire there two days before the fight and remain in seclusion.

BOTH the Crissie and the new millionaire, Chris Smith, made the papers, on the say-so of Heeney and the stout, bland Mortimer, and all was slick until Heeney actually vanished the day before the fight.

But an irascible sports editor insisted that the challenger be located and covered for possible damages to his valuable person on the eve of such an important event, and so the A. P. man, the U. P. man, and the *News* reporter piled into a hired automobile to hunt for the Crissie and the millionaire Chris Smith.

In one hour they determined that there never was any such yacht as the Crissie anywhere near there, nor was there any millionaire by the name of Chris Smith. In another hour they discovered Heeney sprawled on the beach at Monmouth with his trainer Hennessy, gazing raptly at the shapely stems of a flock of frails who were having a beauty parade. He spent the night in the same cottage where he had always been, and proceeded to New York the next day on a speed boat named Phantom, loaned by the Red Bank Yacht Club, and driven by a guy named Gaston.

That same afternoon in New York, Rickard made his last bid for page one. After a meeting in the Garden attended by Tex, the Mortimers, the Harveys, and Jack Dempsey, it was announced that Dempsey would go to the offices of the commission the morning of the fight and apply for a license to second Tom Heeney. Poor Rickard, with his blind faith that if he could get Dempsey into that ring somehow, people would step up to the selling booth and begin laying down forty dollars a copy for seats. The late afternoon editions of evening papers played the story with streamers on page one, and Tex perked up.

But no sooner did the news reach the ears of Frank Menke of King Features Syndicate—the outfit that disseminated the writings of the popular ex-champion—when there occurred a hasty revision. Dempsey's astute

ghost was more concerned with maintaining the value of his writer as a syndicate feature than helping Rickard's gate at too great a cost. It was pointed out that Heeney was a Britisher, a foreigner, attempting to knock the crown from the brow of a good American boy and former marine in the World War. For Dempsey to appear in Heeney's corner would be treason. It would start people discussing Dempsey's war record again. The syndicate shuddered to think that Dempsey had even considered it. And they began ringing telephone bells . . .

"Hello, Paul . . . This is Jack . . . Jack Dempsey. . . . That story about my acting as a second to Heeney . . . ridiculous . . . Nothing to it. Don't know how it ever got started . . . I wouldn't dream of it. I'm an American first and last . . . get me, kid. You can say I wouldn't go in Heeney's corner if they asked me. . . ."

The *News*, reaching 1,250,000 people, carried a headline the morning of the battle: DEMPSEY REFUSES TO SECOND HEENEY. Other sheets handled it practically in the same way.

It was the last, the very last straw. The fight began to pick at the coverlets. Tunney's flight from Speculator didn't do any good except to give Rickard a near case of heart failure. At 4 P. M. one lone soul made his way through a thousand policemen grouped around the Yankee Stadium and asked for a ticket. By 5 there was no line to speak of. The expected rush between 6 and 8:20 never materialized.

When the two gladiators stepped into the ring, there were less than 45,000 present. There was a rattling sound, and the affair delicately turned up its toes and expired. What price ballyhoo now?

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 52

1—Vermont.
2—Ruminants.
3—Spain.
4—That branch of zoölogy which treats of birds.
5—In the Cathedral of Seville, Spain.
6—A mass of metal cast into some convenient shape.
7—No; it is a sovereign state.
8—The bull moose.
9—A perennial plant lives several years; an annual lives but one year or season.
10—Sporran.
11—Thomas Jefferson.
12—Under Two Flags, by Ouida.
13—Homesickness.
14—Among Spanish Americans, a foreigner, especially an American or Englishman.
15—Home or, more specifically, England.
16—Colorado.
17—An empty tomb or a monument erected in honor of a person who is buried elsewhere.
18—It does not follow.
19—Bucharest.
20—Absurdly vainglorious or exaggerated patriotism.

Are you giving your skin really faithful care?

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S Perfect Cold Cream has stood the test of time because it is an all-purpose cream. It cleanses, soothes, heals and beautifies. It is an ideal medium for massage. It helps to prevent as well as heal chapped skin on face, lips and hands. If you do nothing else for your complexion, do at least give a few minutes each night to a gentle massage with this pure cream. Wash the face first with warm water to open the pores. Then massage thoroughly with Perfect Cold Cream. Wipe off the surplus but do not wash the face again till next morning. This is a health measure, and beauty must be built on health. In tubes and jars, 10c to $1.50.

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Enclosed find 50c (stamps, money order) for which please send me Introductory Perfect Clean-up Kit

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WHY We Wear What We Wear

By BETTINA BEDWELL

THERE is a scantiness about the clothes we women wear. No denying it. Compared to the voluminous past, the modern maiden goes about these days in next to nothing. This remarkable shrinkage in the quantity of our wearing apparel is a matter for serious thought. Why do we wear what we wear today? And why do we dress at all? What is the difference between the yard of chiffon and string of beads that make the costume of Miss 1929, and nature's uniform which Eve wore?

Alarmed people are saying that the great decrease in the fabric required for a dress indicates an equal decrease in the moral fabric of our characters. They are afraid of the future. Other, profounder minds believe that this diminution of clothes quantity is the direct result of a sturdier moral tissue. As the coat of cant and hypocrisy shrinks, there is less need for superfluous clothes.

Men are not shocked, impressed, or made bad by the emerging of the feminine figure out of the disfiguring welter of bustles, trailing, voluminous skirts, balloon sleeves, multiple petticoats, etc., which disguised it in the past. And women are freer to get out into the world, move about, and develop character and standards that are the best of all protective coverings. In short, the world is getting better, so clothes become simpler and less cumbersome. This seems to be a pretty adequate reason for the query on why we wear what we do, so far as the quantity of it goes.

Chanel designed this frock of beige wool crêpe, the ultimate word in simplicity.

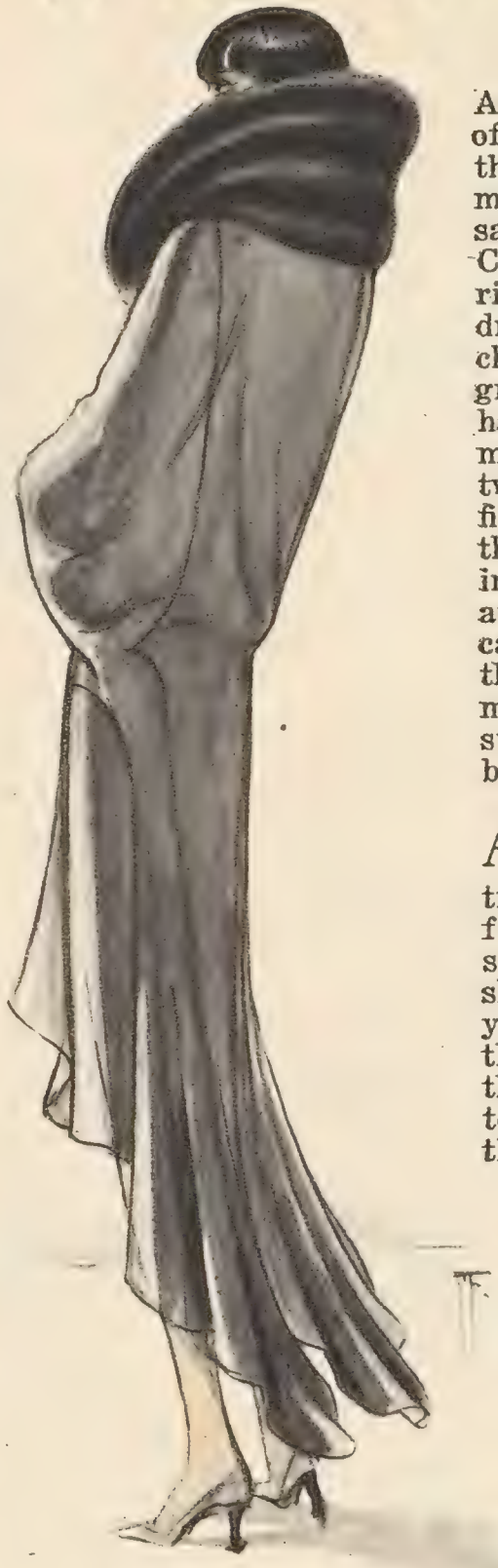
There are other, beauty, reasons. The human being is about the best example of architecture that has ever been discovered. Linens, fabrics, trimmings, etc., etc., are all assembled and arranged to produce as nearly as possible the effect of beauty of person as it was originally designed by nature.

This, my dears, is one of the most potent of all reasons why we wear clothes. The moralists have nothing to worry about on the subject of further shrinkage. A world of women minus the clothes they wear would be a world divested of that priceless element we call personality of appearance. The yard of chiffon and string of beads enable us to interpret ourselves in terms of beauty.

Dress today is brief enough to emphasize the wearer. Dress is also the color, the illusion, the personality she uses, and these she changes to suit herself and her moods.

Clothes today are all simple, and extremely abstemious about yardage.

Louiseboulanger offers this exotic evening gown of beige satin with skirt of ostrich.



Lelong gives his evening wraps a fitted hipline, shown in this model of velvet and mink.

And yet what a variety of effects we can get with them! I have had Fromenti sketch a frock I saw the other night at Ciro's, shown in the lower right-hand corner. This dress is made of crêpe de chine in one of those new gray-green shades, and it hasn't an atom of trimming. The drapery of the twisted bolero yoke, the fitted girdle that ties at the front, and the floating panels on the skirt are all of them uncomplicated details. And yet this dress is about the most sophisticated and subtle bit of silk that can be found in Paris.

AND our first sketch! Here's a maidenly trifle of beige woolen from Chanel. The striped silk scarf around the shoulders, the irregular yoke, the one hip pocket, the plaited skirt—all of these details are a league to make the wearer of this dress beautiful in an aristocratic, simple manner.

The evening gown from Louiseboulanger is exotic as a tropical bird is, with its surpliced satin blouse and its skirt made of two tiers of ostrich fringes.

The cloak sketched here, from Lucien Lelong, is designed so that, from its mink collar to the dipping panels at its red velvet hemline, it is eloquent of those feminine lines of beauty drawn by nature. We emerge from such cloaks as Venus from the foam, and the filmy frocks that we wear eliminate the handicap between beauty and the lack of it far more successfully than the extremes of too many garments and none at all. That's why we wear what we wear.

This pale green crêpe de chine dress clothes and beautifies a woman without concealing her form.

"...Unto My Nephew, Sandford Jenkins, Jr...."

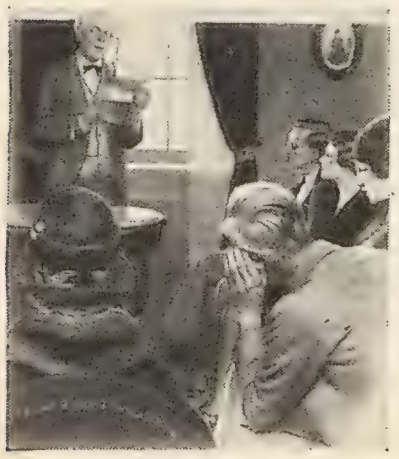
A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THE high-ceilinged, lambrequin-draped rooms of the brownstone mansion seemed very empty now that Sandy's Great-Uncle Ulysses had passed on.

"We'll donate his works of art to the Metropolitan Museum," Lil murmured. "Especially that marble hand clutching the wax rose."

"Then every day would be pay day in that museum," Sandy told her. And he sneezed on account of inhaling too quickly in front of a long bunch of wheat tied with baby blue ribbon.

They rapped on marble-topped tables, ran their index fingers spirally over dusty peacock feathers pinned to portières which trailed along the baseboard. They wabbled over loose white tiles in the hall, and became afflicted with stereoscopic eye!



This week's cover picture

"Oh, oh, oh!" Lil gasped every other minute.

Seaweed scenes. Reed chair backs woven with pink ribbon. Here a stein, there a stein, everywhere a ponderous silver-trimmed stein. The square piano's elephantine legs entwined with light blue ribbons! Every door had its brick insurance against slamming.

"Watch your step," Sandy warned, "or you'll fall into one of those jardinières!" Lil didn't reply. She thought those gay earthenware atrocities which dotted the rugs were spittoons. They all had twisted handles of gold.

Uncle U's homely brownstone mansion where nothing was ever thrown out except the table scraps!

Lil had given up counting antimacassars. Also cats. Overstuffed like the sofas, they spent sleeping hours curled up on the registers and waking hours sharpening their curved pedal sabers on the matting.

"I've counted four folding beds," Sandy said the morning that Uncle U's will was to be read. "They look like desks, but you can't fool me."

"Should we open them?" Lil asked. "You read awful stories about people being shut up inside." She was in mourning. ($42.50, including the black slip.)

"He didn't have a fussy mind in spite of his fussy surroundings," Sandy said as he opened the great front door for the attorney. "He was broadminded enough to make us his sole heirs, dear."

Three other people rang the bell. Mrs. Doolittle, the church visitor, who looked modern from the back but whose front was covered with ancient cloisonné pins; Miss Hawkins, the daughter of a dead friend; and a second cousin who'd made a modest fortune from prunes.

"Lovely day. Pleased to meetcha," each said.

They sat in a hushed manner in the stuffy back parlor, hemmed in by waxed fruit, albums, a chandelier of crystal drops, a rubber plant, and a stuffed deer head.

Mrs. Doolittle received the house, Miss Hawkins a tidy bank account, the second cousin a tract of land in Oklahoma and a gold tooth pick.

"... and unto my nephew, Sandford Jenkins, Jr...."

Why, Lil and Sandy couldn't believe their ears: They were left $500,000. Half a million! Besides that, twenty-five thousand to be spent within five years just on pleasure! Oh, oh, OH!

NOTE—The suggestion which Leslie Thrasher followed in designing this week's cover picture was made by Mrs. Alice Davis, Box 394, Ralls, Texas. An award of $50 has been sent to Mrs. Davis.

(Next week's cover adventure: Off for the South)

Avoidable Ailments

Many ailments start in the stomach, and most of these mean the system just needs a little more alkalin. For men and women of every age—and children as well—an anti-acid is what the doctor often advises. But why is he careful to say "take *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia"? First, because it's harmless in anybody's hands; is used for a score of children's ills; and even in infants' milk. Next, because Phillips Milk of Magnesia is in perfect suspension, because in no other form can magnesia do the same things accomplished by Phillips. There is no more certain relief for acid stomach, indigestion, biliousness, or heartburn.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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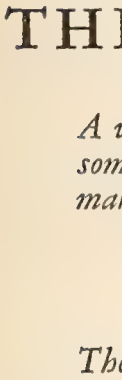
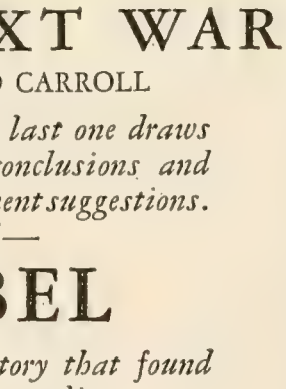
Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

AGENTS $7 A DAY





Here is a most amazing little device for the home. It sweeps floors, dusts walls, scrubs, mops floors, and washes and dries windows. Cleans autos. Looks like $20 outfit but doesn't cost one-fourth that much. Pays over half profit. Mr. Paul, Fla., sold 101 devices in one week. Mrs. Wright, Ga., sold 22 in one day. Our plan furnishes sample without any cash deposit. Write

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WATCHES : DIAMONDS : JEWELRY
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In Next Week's Liberty—

THE NEXT WAR

By RICHARD CARROLL

A veteran of the last one draws some startling conclusions and makes some pertinent suggestions.

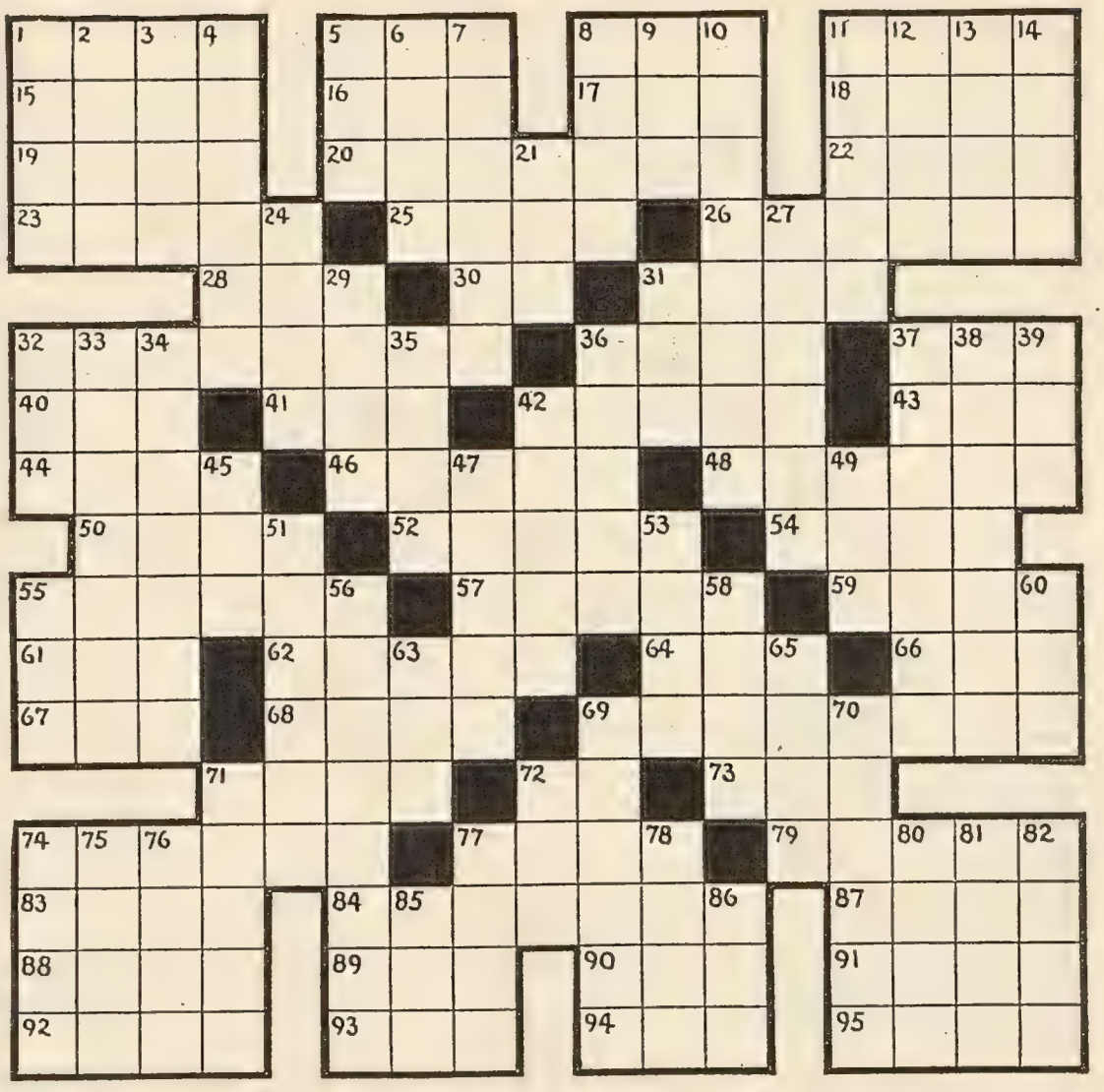
And—

LIBEL

The story of a story that found a target in reality,

By MAE TINEE

An *Easy* Puzzle—

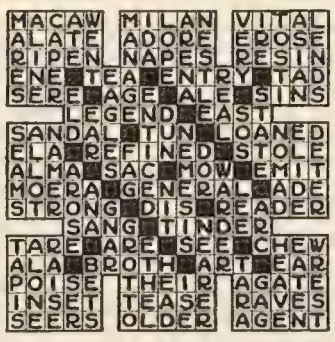


HORIZONTAL

1 Ailments
5 Form of to be
8 Plan
11 Incrustation
15 Performance by two
16 Arabian sleeveless garment
17 Crude metal
18 Woman's name
19 Gaelic
20 Withdraws
22 Norse deity
23 Measure of length
25 Cubes
26 Harangue
28 Tatter
30 Compass point
31 At this point
32 Sittings, as of a court
36 One of distinguished valor
37 Inspect curiously
40 Anglo-Saxon coin
41 Fitting
42 Shrill whistle
43 Female ruff
44 Mountain in Moab
46 Import; meaning
48 Straightforward
50 Aromatic herb
52 Risks
54 Container
55 Town in Portugal
57 Rest again
59 Broad
61 Devoured
62 A flower
64 Scotch cap
66 Atmospheric moisture
67 Footlike part
68 Egyptian goddess
69 Small dog
71 Let it stand!
72 Mother
73 Before
74 Mother superior
77 Eternities
79 Mistake
83 Forehead
84 Legislator
87 Exclamation of acclaim
88 Country road
89 Silkworm
90 Note of Guido's scale
91 Paradise
92 Gazed steadily
93 Father
94 Lair
95 Dispatched

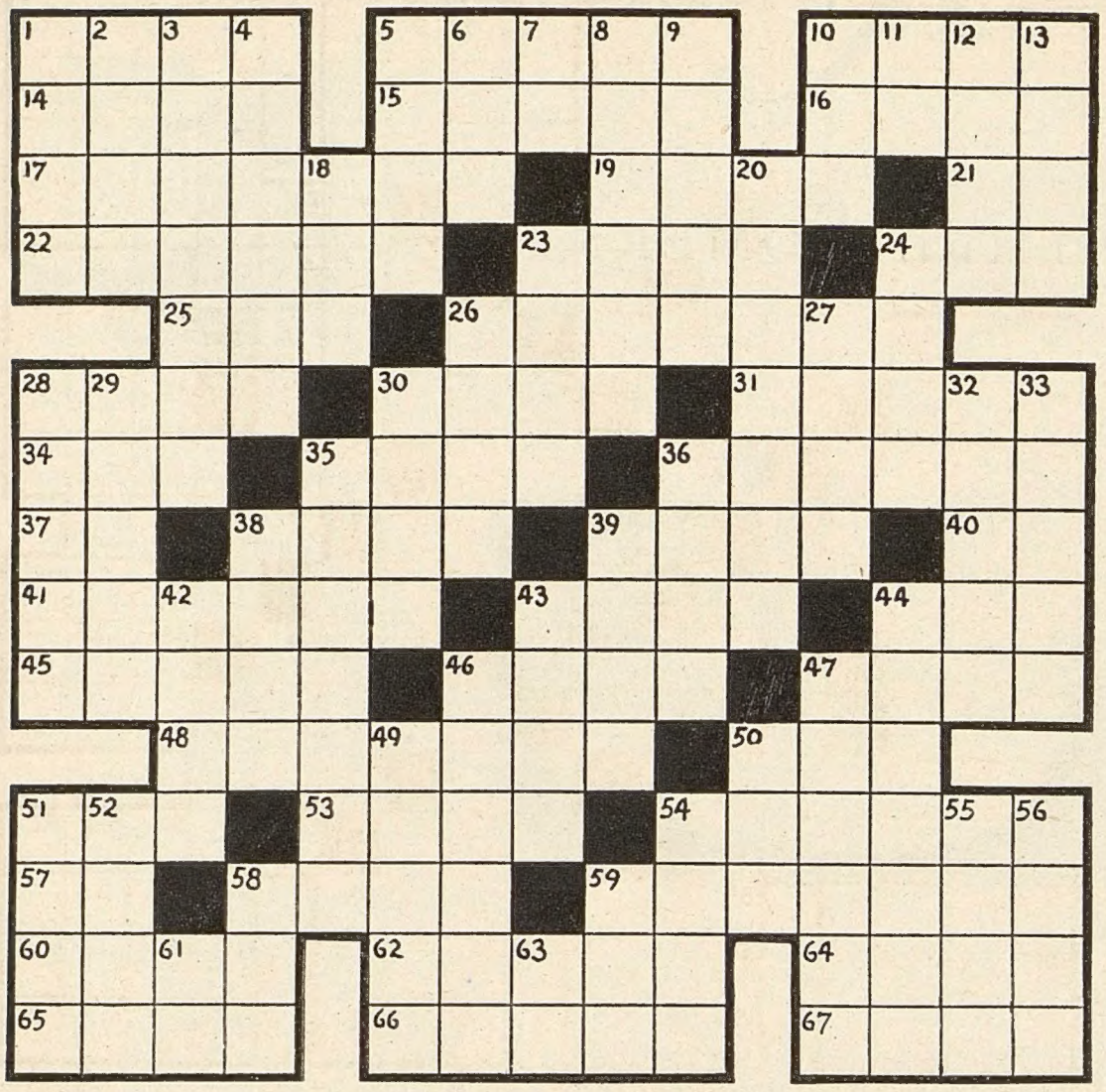
VERTICAL

1 The same (Latin)
2 Entice
3 For fear that
4 Guides
5 Conflict
6 In bed
7 Silk fabric (plural)
8 Additional
9 A form of to be
10 Annoyed
11 Twenty
12 Additional measures (music)
13 Parched with heat
14 Any cause of ruin
21 Freeze
24 Hostile incursion
27 Sarcastic
29 A disease of wheat
31 Pronoun
32 Descendant
33 Hermit
34 Ancient people of Italy
35 Require
36 Rents
37 Act as chairman
38 Withdraws
39 Still
42 More painful
45 Canadian province (abbr.)
47 Nostrils
49 Unrefined
51 Characteristics
53 Location
55 Head covering
56 Taxed
58 Grasp
60 Sheep
63 Small bird
65 Mud
69 Breathed spasmodically
70 Gives courage
71 Stitched
72 Extinct bird of New Zealand
74 Capable
75 Cry of an ass
76 Part of a skeleton
77 Woman's name
78 Part of the foot
80 Go horseback
81 Heating chamber
82 Rave
85 Period
86 Hurried



Answer to last week's easy puzzle

and a *Hard* One



HORIZONTAL

1 Bryophytic plant of the class Musci
5 Portuguese colony off the coast of China
10 Satiate to point of aversion
14 District
15 Related on the mother's side
16 A Norse god
17 Released a claim to (law)
19 Sour
21 Depart
22 Frail
23 Border on
24 A game at marbles
25 To trifle
26 Prescience
28 Biblical name (1 Chron.)
30 Caused to subside
31 Lord paramount
34 Bombast (slang)
35 Game of chance
36 More stable
37 Pronoun
38 Probe for searching a wound
39 Agreement
40 Symbol for a metallic element
41 Directed to a different course
43 Supplies with a crew
44 Female sandpiper
45 A city in Germany
46 Fish of northern Europe
47 Morsels
48 Gazing
50 Ribbed fabric
51 Title of a ruler of Tunis
53 Musical setting for a lyrical poem
54 In abundance
57 Prefix meaning from
58 Male fox
59 Benediction
60 River in Italy
62 Former Sultan of Turkey
64 Case for carrying toilet articles
65 Slight designedly
66 Measured quantity of hay or straw
67 Action

VERTICAL

1 A planet
2 River in Russia
3 Descendants of Shem
4 City in Cochin China
5 Appropriate
6 Conjunction
7 Symbol for calcium
8 Title formerly used by Turkish rulers
9 Apartment in a dwelling (class. arch.)
10 A bushy clump
11 Suffix used in naming meteors (astronomy)
12 Seaport in Russia
13 Enough
18 Skittish
20 Kind of type (plural)
23 River in Italy
24 Abound
26 A catching of the breath
27 Bound by a short cable; said of ships
28 Curve of the head of a projectile
29 A tax assessed on property
30 Dispatch
32 Animal of the civet kind
33 American Indians
35 Most acute of mind
36 To seize, as with the teeth
38 Genealogical chart
39 Sudden and transitory fit
42 Descry
43 Chinese dynasty
44 Quick retort
46 Tarry
47 Misrepresented
49 Become overheated
50 Conducted, as a business
51 Excludes
52 Man's name shortened
54 Kind of light muffin (plural)
55 Debauchee
56 Woman's name
58 Weep convulsively
59 Prefix denoting twice
61 Letter of the Greek alphabet
63 Symbol for a metallic element

W	O	A	D		C	O	D	A		H	A	V	O	C
A	R	N	A		O	R	A	L		O	L	I	V	E
T	A	I	L		N	E	S	T		N	E	V	I	S
E	T	A		U	T	A	H		H	O		A	S	S
R	E	M	I	S	E	D		S	U	R	E			
			F	E	N		T	I	M	I	D	I	T	Y
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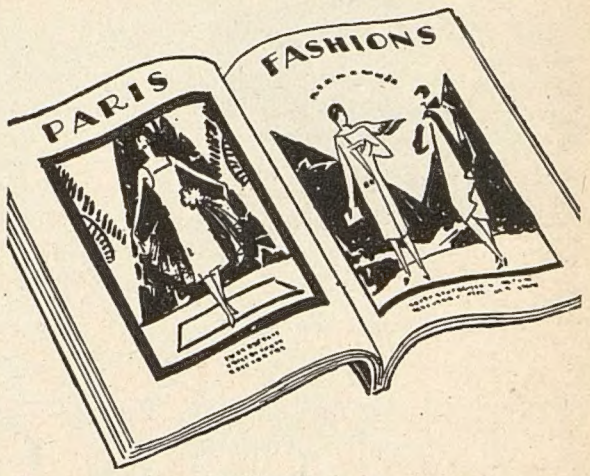
			T	E	A	L		S	T	R	E	A	M	S
I	N	S		E	N		T	I	E	D		L	E	T
D	O	L	O	R		P	A	R	R		S	I	T	E
E	V	A	D	E		O	R	E	L		A	V	E	R
S	A	T	E	D		T	O	D	Y		T	E	R	N

Answer to last week's hard puzzle

Why Fat Had to Go



Fashion Forbade It

A few years ago, Paris forbade fat. All her styles were created for the slender. Then there came a tide of disapproval for obesity, both in men and women. Youth and beauty, health and vigor demanded its reduction.

Then science came in. It found that a great cause of excess fat lay in a defective gland. By thousands of experiments on animals it found that excess fat could be banished by correcting this deficiency.

That is one great reason why excess fat has been disappearing fast. You see that in every circle. Slender figures are the rule. Mothers look like daughters. Not by starving, not by over-work, but by scientific measures.

The greatest factors in this fight on fat are embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others the results. Thus, year by year, the use has grown until it is now enormous.

Try this modern method. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Correct the cause. Watch the fat go, day by day. Watch the new health and new vigor. Do it because this is the right way and the tried way to end obesity. Don't delay. Many new joys are waiting for you when you get weight down to normal.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

In LIBERTY Next Week—

Slaves of the Scales

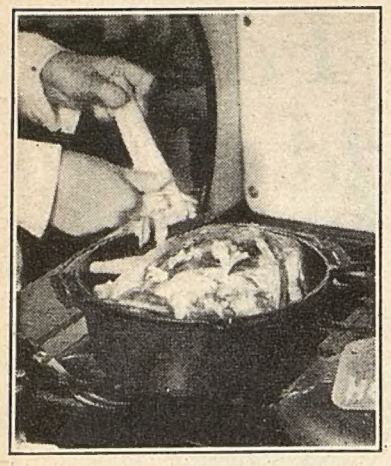
Why jockeys must starve if they want to eat.

By

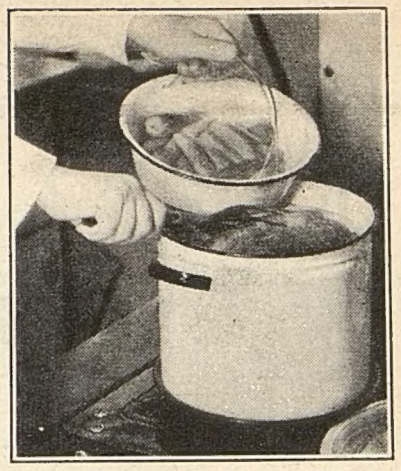
JOHN J. FITZ GERALD

Pot Roasting

By
ETHEL SOMERS



In the Dutch oven meat and vegetables are steamed in hot water.

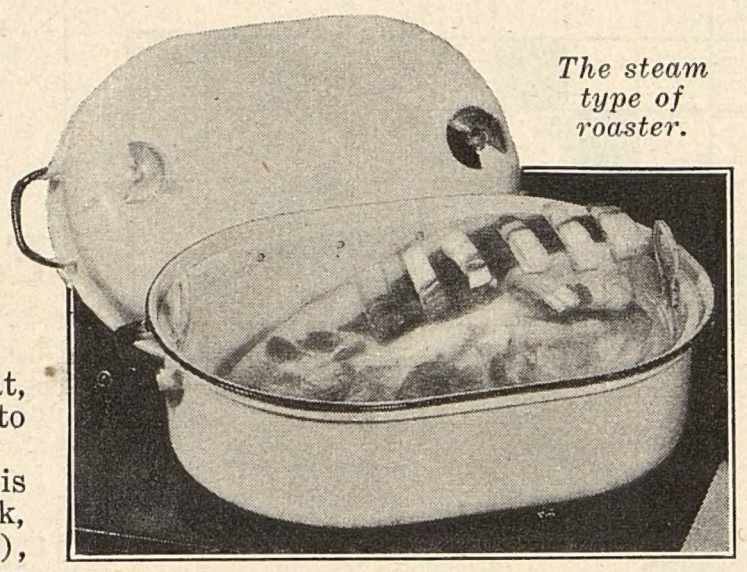


A pressure cooker quickly cooks in steam or roasts slowly waterless.

POT roasting is an ideal means of cooking the highly nutritious though cheaper cuts of meat. Rightly cooked pot roasts should be juicy crisp, for they are a cross between a dry roast and a stew.

Careful carving, in thin, neat, cross-the-grain slices, adds much to the pot roast service.

The best cuts to select for this method of cooking include the chuck, arm piece, neck (sticking piece), boned brisket, heel of round, outer rump, lower part of sirloin butt or vein piece of beef; the breast and shoulder of veal, lamb, or mutton; and the shoulder and ham butt or shank of pork. Most any large kettle or roaster, provided it has a tight cover and suspension roasting rack, is suitable for pot roasting. Heavy iron Dutch ovens, waterless cookers, pressure cookers, and roasters when rightly managed are superior for pot roasting. We recommend the following for cooking in your favorite pot roasting utensil:



The steam type of roaster.

General Recipe for Pot Roasts

- 3 pounds meat
- 4 tablespoons suet or other fat
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 to 3 cups water (depending on the tightness of the kettle cover)
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 quart assorted vegetables if desired, such as
- 1½ cups sliced carrot
- 1½ tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 1½ cups potato cubes
- 1 cup sliced celery, including some leaves

WIPE the meat selected for pot roasting with a clean damp cloth. Any soiled fat or meat particles should be cut off.

Tie or skewer the meat into a firm piece to facilitate the carving later on. Rub in the salt and pepper, which has been blended with the flour.

Then proceed as follows, according to the utensil being used for the pot roasting:

DUTCH Oven: Prepare drippings by slightly heating the suet. Sear the meat and onion on all sides in the hot drippings, keeping the kettle smoking hot. When well browned all over, add the water. This should come to about one-third the height of the meat when it is set up on the rack. Cover closely and cook gently.

Pot roast may be simmered but never boiled. Allow at least one-half hour to each pound of meat. A longer, slower cooking is even better. If the kettle cover should not be close fitting it may be necessary to add more water during the cooking. A simmer burner is all the heat that is needed.

The prepared vegetables are added for the last hour of the cooking. This permits plenty of time for them to cook without boiling. When the meat is tender remove it from the kettle to a hot platter and make the gravy.

STEAM Type of Roaster (or any roaster with a rack for the meat): Place the cleaned pot roast, with the suet or salt pork cut in fine cubes and scattered over the top, in a hot oven (see time-table).

Reduce the temperature after browning as indicated in the table. Then place the meat upon the rack, add water, and continue the cooking as indicated in the time-table or until tender. The vents in the cover should be left open to prevent a stewed effect. When the meat is done the gravy may be thickened in the roaster, placing the roaster on the top flame. Add the vegetables the last hour.

High or Low Pressure Cooking

SEAR the meat in the hot drippings in the bottom of the pressure or waterless cooker. (Some waterless cookers have detachable bases and the searing will be more quickly accomplished if this is removed.) Place seared meat on the rack, add the water, and cook at fifteen-pound pressure for thirty minutes, or at ten-pound pressure forty-five minutes in a high pressure cooker, or twenty-five to thirty minutes a pound in the waterless cooker.

The vegetables are added for the last forty-five minutes of cooking in the waterless cooker and for the last six to ten minutes in the high pressure cooker.

THERE is a complete chapter devoted to pot roasts and stews, and another on meat roasts, in the LIBERTY cookbook, 100 Standard Recipes. You will find many more valuable suggestions in the other two cookbooks which Ethel Somers has compiled for LIBERTY readers. Each one is 10 cents; but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today, and use the coupon, please.

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TIME-TABLE FOR OVEN POT ROASTING

Cut of Meat	*Searing Temperature*	*Roasting Time*
Beef (all pot roast cuts)	500° F. for 20 minutes	400° F. for 30 to 35 minutes a lb., or 300° F. for 3 hours, or 275° F. for 4 hours
Veal (shoulder or breast)	500° F. for 25 minutes	400° to 425° F. for 25 to 30 minutes a lb., or 300° F. for 3 hours, or 275° F. for 4 hours
Lamb (shoulder or breast)	525° F. for 25 minutes	400° to 450° F. for 20 to 25 minutes a lb., or 300° F. for 3 hours, or 275° F. for 4 hours
Mutton (shoulder or breast)	525° F. for 25 minutes	400° to 450° F. for 20 to 25 minutes a lb., or 300° F. for 3 hours, or 275° F. for 4 hours
Pork (shoulder, ham butt, or shank)	525° F. for 25 minutes	425° F. for 25 to 30 minutes a lb., or 300° F. for 3 hours, or 275° F. for 4 hours

NOTE—The longest, slowest cooking is best.

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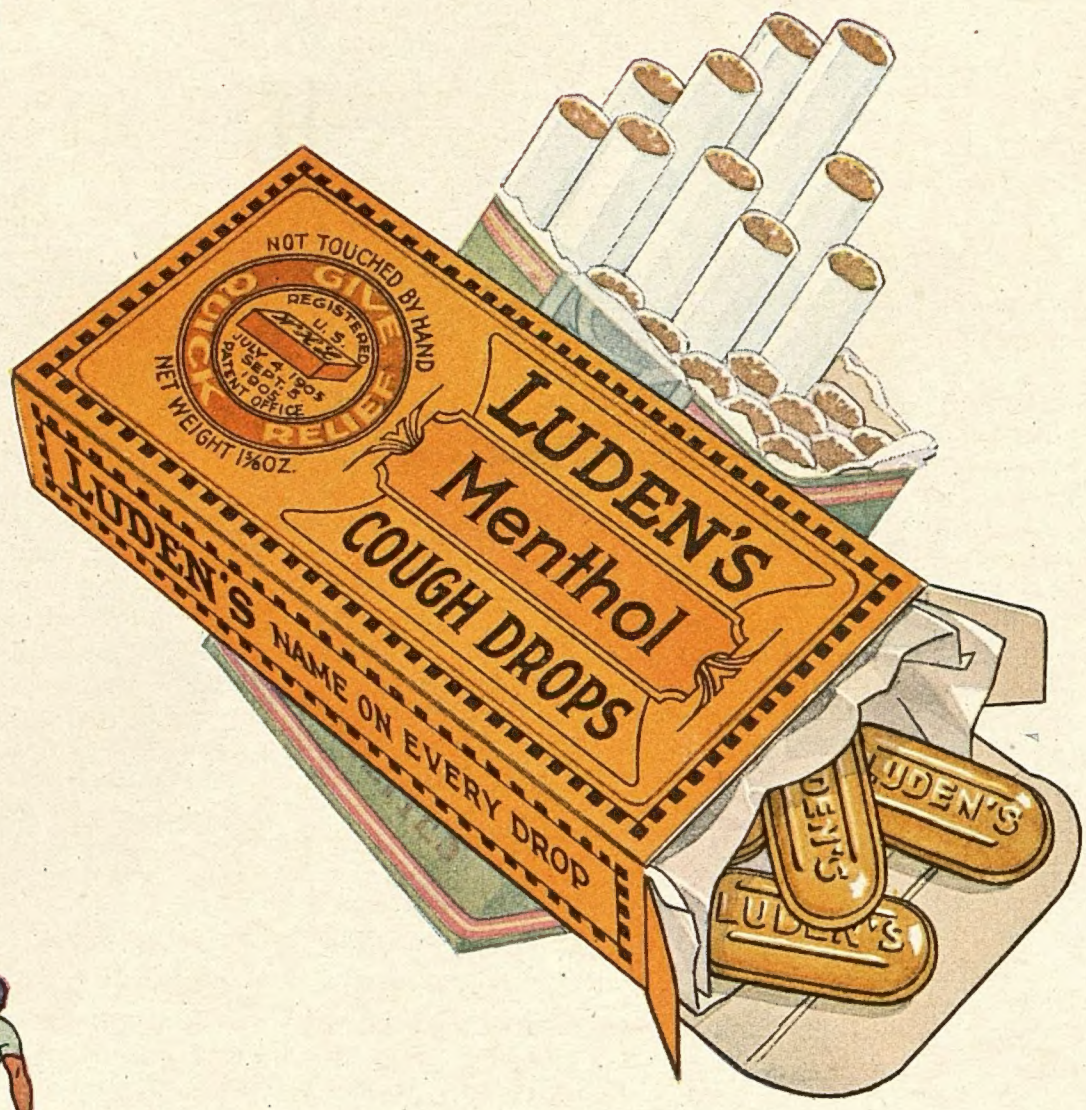

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